Rajol 1817
1712
9
2

MORDAUNT.

SKETCHES
OF
LIFE, CHARACTERS, AND MANNERS,
IN
VARIOUS COUNTRIES;

INCLUDING THE

MEMOIRS
OF
A FRENCH LADY OF QUALITY.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF ZELUCO & EDWARD.

VOL. III.

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.
HOR.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
BY S. HAMILTON, FALCON-COURT, FLEET-STREET.
1800.

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

PAGE

LETTER LXVI. *Political Conversation* 1
LXVII. *Comforts* 16
LXVIII. *An Hysterical Footman* 26
LXIX. *Lady Aspic* 38
LXX. *Ill-nature* 54
LXXI. *Repulse* 65
LXXII. *The Last Will* 79
LXXIII. *The Power of Reason on a candid Mind* 89
LXXIV. *A friendly Inquiry* 105
LXXV. *Self-Admiration* 110
LXXVI. *Reproof* 117
LXXVII. *Self-Defence* 125
LXXVIII. *Recantation* 132
LXXIX. *A cautious Proposal* 141
LXXX. *Prudent Suggestions* 149
LXXXI. *Fanny Faukener* 152
LXXXII. *The Solicitude of Friendship* 164
LXXXIII. *Intrusion* 169
LXXXIV. *Selfishness—Generosity* 181
LXXXV. *Indignation* 192
LXXXVI. *Steadiness* 197
LXXXVII. *A good-natured Friend* 210
LXXXVIII. *Retaliation* 219
LXXXIX. *A Plan of Revenge—Every thing depends on Luck* 227
XC. *Misfortune on Misfortune* 234

PAGE

LETTER XCI. *A Prudent Resolution* 247
XCII. *Romantic Notions* 258
XCIII. *A Discovery* 265
XCIV. *Ease* 273
XCV. *Precaution* 283
XCVI. *Anxiety* 287
XCVII. *Friendship* 290
XCVIII. *Scandal* 296
XCIX. *A Man of solid Sense* 301
C. *Friendly Hints* 307
CI. *Good-will* 313
CII. *Pertness—Affectation—Vulgarity* 320
CIII. *Compliance* 325
CIV. *Obliging Information* 336
CV. *Repayment of the Obligation* 339
CVI. *Change of Mind* 341
CVII. *Fortunate Inference* 344
CVIII. *Sentiments of a Man of true Honour* .. 356
CIX. *Sentiments of a Lover* 363
CX. *Another Friendly Hint* 372
CXI. *Declaration* 376
CXII. *Candour* 386
CXIII. *Congratulation* 393
CXIV. *Welcome Advice* 398
CXV. *Unexpected Incident* 402
CXVI. *Alarm—Misery* 417
CXVII. *Information* 422
Note 449
CXVIII. *Happiness* 451

MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXVI.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to Colonel* SOMMERS.

Rofe-Mount.

YOU perceive the rain continues. I will give you a fketch of a curious converfation that took place yefterday.

Some gentlemen of the neighbourhood dined with us. The difcourfe turned on the prefent unhappy ftate of Europe. Governor Flint, according to cuftom, inveighed vehemently againft the whole French nation. One gentleman implored his clemency in favour of the emigrant nobility and clergy, who were the fevereft fufferers by the revolution the governor reprobated. No—It was fuffi-

cient that they were French. The ancient governors of that nation, according to him, were as weak as the present are wicked—naming a few of the most eminent of the former.—"See what a figure they now cut!" said he; and then drew a comparison between them and certain persons in high situations in this country.

"If you wish to weigh the respective importance of two set of men," said lord Cardon, "it is not fair to put one into the scale, ornamented with stars, and ribbons, and mitres, and robes, and large perriwigs, and place the other in the opposite scale, stripped quite naked. The high nobility and clergy of France were as much respected, while they retained their situations, as those of any country in Europe; and heaven only knows what sort of a figure our own would cut in the character of emigrants! Let me tell you, governor, it is a difficult roll for even the greatest men to support with dignity."

There was, after this, ſome difference of opinion reſpecting the origin of the war.

" Whoever were the real beginners of the war," ſaid my brother, " the French are indiſputably the cauſe of its having continued ſo long; for our miniſter was, aſſuredly, diſpoſed to make peace, on reaſonable terms, when the negociation commenced at Liſle."

" Making peace at that time would have been of no uſe," ſaid governor Flint; " for the French would have recommenced the war before this time."

" No mortal can be abſolutely certain of that," lord Cardon obſerved.

" Does not your lordſhip imagine that the French of the preſent times are wicked enough to renew the war as ſoon as they think it for their advantage?"

" In that," replied lord Cardon, " I have a great notion that the French of the preſent times bear a ſtrong reſemblance to the French of former times, and to the other nations of Europe. But although I am convinced, with

you, governor, that they would be wicked enough to renew the war as ſoon as they ſhould think it for their advantage, I have hopes of their being wiſe enough to think, for a long time at leaſt, that it would *not* be for their advantage."

"They will *always* think it for their advantage," replied the governor; "they cannot exiſt without war."

"Nay, then," ſaid Travers, "you cannot blame them for continuing it."

"Not blame the French!" exclaimed the other.

"No, ſir, I could not in conſcience blame the devil for perſevering in what is for his advantage," reſumed Travers. "If, therefore, the French cannot exiſt without war, this war, inſtead of being a ſeven-years' war, or a thirty-years' war, muſt be a war everlaſting."

"That does not neceſſarily follow," ſaid governor Flint.

"What follows, then?" Travers aſked.

"We may extirpate the rafcals!" cried the governor.

"That, indeed, is an expedient which did not occur to me: but as rafcals are not eafily extirpated," continued Travers, "I fhould think the eafieft and moft natural way of putting an end to the war would be by making peace, as foon as it can be done, on reafonable terms."

"That language fmells a little of Jacobinifm," faid the governor.

"Whatever its fmell may be," retorted Travers, "it is lefs in the fpirit of Jacobinifm than your own language; for the Jacobins breath nothing but extirpation."

"I wifh extirpation to all the enemies of my country," faid Flint.

"I wifh ruin to all their fchemes againft my country" rejoined Travers; "for I love my country as much as you can, governor, though I am not paid for it by a finecure office."

"A finecure office!" cried the governor. "Do you *infer* that I would not love my country if I had not a finecure office?"

"No, fir," anfwered Travers; "I *only infer* that you would love your country for a lucrative office of any kind."

The laugh which proceeded from the company increafed the indignation of the governor.

"Do you infer, fir,"—— faid he, and was proceeding in great warmth, when my brother, clapping him on the fhoulder, faid—

"Come, come, governor, let us have no more of inferences. We all equally abhor Jacobins and their principles; and we alfo know that very improper inferences are fometimes drawn from innocent or well-meant expreffions."

To affift my brother in reftoring the good-humour of the company—

"That is very true, my lord," rejoined lord Cardon; "and I will give you a curious

instance, which came under my own observation when I was last at my estate in ——shire.

"I had, with great pleasure, observed that the vaunting proclamations of the French directory, and their repeated threats of invading this island, had excited general indignation over the country, augmented the zeal and affection of the inhabitants towards his majesty and the royal family, and increased their detestation of all whom they suspected to harbour different sentiments. At such periods there is always some risk that base-minded persons will attempt to make a merit with their superiors, by misconstruing the innocent or indifferent words or actions of their neighbours, and bringing them forward as proofs of disloyalty or treasonable intentions.

"Instances of this kind may have occurred where the accuser himself was fully convinced of the innocence of the accused. This which I am going to mention was not of that atrocious nature. Here the accuser was as

innocent as the accuſed, however ridiculous the accuſation may appear.

"I was called on, one morning, by a perſon who has a conſiderable property in the county, but whom I knew to be wonderfully weak and hot-headed.

"He told me, as ſoon as he could articulate (for, when he entered, he was out of breath), 'that a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood had committed high-treaſon!'

"High treaſon!—How?"

"By ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of his majeſty, and other branches of the royal-family,' he anſwered.

"I could not believe that the man had been guilty of a thing ſo revolting.

"He ſaid 'he could not have believed it himſelf, if he had not received it from thoſe who knew it by ocular demonſtration, having heard, with their *own ears*, the very words which the farmer had pronounced.'

"I deſired him to repeat the expreſſions.

"He ſaid that the expreſſions were—'That

the king was not a Christian monarch; and that their royal highnesses the prince of Wales, the duke of York, and the duke of Clarence, ought not to be trusted.'

"Though I thought this a most unlikely story," continued lord Cardon; "and, particularly so, as I had always heard the farmer spoken of as a religious and good kind of a man; yet I determined to make a careful inquiry into the truth of the accusation, and to have him prosecuted, if it was well founded.

"On investigation, the fact turned out to be this:—The farmer, with others, had been drinking at a public-house. One of the company had said, 'He hoped there would soon be peace all over Europe:'—to which the farmer answered—'That no Christian monarch would offer to make peace with such infidels as the French.' The former had rejoined, 'That *some* crowned heads had already shown a disposition towards peace.' On which the farmer said—'That we ought not to put our trust in princes.'

"This conversation," added his lordship, "had been repeated to the person who brought me the information, in the presence of an attorney of the village, who remarked 'that the farmer's discourse was treasonable, because it implied that his majesty, who had offered to make peace with the French, was not a Christian; and that the prince of Wales, duke of York, and duke of Clarence, who were all princes, were not to be trusted.'

"When the investigation was completed—'Now,' said my informer, 'is not your lordship convinced that those expressions respecting his majesty amount to high-treason?'

"I told him—'that I did not think they amounted to *quite* so much, because the original author of that caution against our putting trust in princes was a king himself.'

"The man seemed a good deal startled at this.

"He declared, 'that he was entirely ignorant of that circumstance.'

"He not only was a king,' ſaid I, 'but he had a numerous family of ſons, and all his ſons were princes; ſo that it was not probable that he had any wiſh to calumniate either princes or kings; particularly his preſent majeſty, king George the Third, who, though of a different character, in ſome reſpects, from king David, yet was, in common with him, a great king, and the father of princes.'

"This repreſentation," added lord Cardon, "ſeemed to have great influence on the mind of my informer. He began to ſuſpect that he had given too great weight to the inferences made by the attorney; declaring, 'that they would not have made ſuch an impreſſion as they did, if he had not known that the farmer was a preſbyterian; which, in his opinion,' he ſaid, 'was much the ſame as a papiſt.'

"After I had praiſed his zeal and loyalty, he took his leave; but returned before he had got five ſteps from the door, to put me in

mind "to admoniſh the farmer to be more guarded in his language in future."

Nothing could exceed the humour with which lord Cardon narrated this ſtory. The company in general ſeemed highly entertained. But I do not remember ever to have been witneſs to a ſtronger inſtance of a man's inſenſibility to his own particular failings, and all alive to thoſe of his neighbours, than when I heard the governor remark—"That, though weak people were apt to expoſe themſelves to ridicule by intemperate zeal, *a conduct which nobody deſpiſed more than he did*, yet it was an evil of little importance, in compariſon with the miſchief which would reſult from permitting traitors, and friends to France, to ſpread their abominable doctrines without check, and to aſſiſt the deſigns of the public enemy."

To prevent Travers, who ſeemed impatient to comment on the governor's obſervation, my brother immediately ſaid—"That nothing could be more juſt than the gover-

nor's remark; and it was equally true, that though the one was more miſchievous, the other was more probable; for baſe-minded men had been found, in all ages and countries, ready to give falſe or exaggerated accuſations, from blind zeal or interested motives; but nothing ſeemed leſs likely, than that Engliſhmen could be ſo abſurdly wicked as to aſſiſt thoſe whoſe evident plan is to lay waſte their country, ſeize their property, and overturn that conſtitution, under which they have, for above a century, enjoyed more liberty, and more happineſs, than any other people, ancient or modern."

"Wicked and abſurd as that may ſeem, my lord," ſaid the governor, "I am convinced, that the ſpirit of party can carry ſome men, and thoſe not of the loweſt, or even middle rank in life, that length."

"It is evident," added Travers, "that prejudice, and the ſpirit of party, can carry ſome men very abſurd lengths."

"*You* ſaid, ſir," reſumed the governor,

who could not be diverted from Travers, "that the ſpirit of party carried men great lengths."

"I did ſo," replied Travers.

"But when it carries them the length of treaſon, and of abetting the French," rejoined the governor, with a furious accent, "I hope you have no objection to their being hanged, drawn, and quartered?"

"Not the leaſt, ſir," ſaid Travers. "Let them be hanged for traitors, drawn for fools, and quartered for your amuſement; but, in the firſt place, let them have a fair trial."

"D—n me, if I think traitors deſerve any trial at all!" rejoined the governor.

To prevent farther diſpute, my brother ordered coffee; and the governor, who could no longer bear the ſight of Travers, left us ſoon after.

In a ſhort converſation I had with lord Cardon, I obſerved that, "notwithſtanding the careleſs manner and inattentive air of my

friend Travers, he had the faculty of diſtinguiſhing characters."

"That is," replied lord Cardon, "certainly a very uſeful faculty; but what, perhaps, is ſtill more uſeful, is the faculty of concealing ſome of the diſcoveries we make, and allowing men to believe that we think them juſt what they wiſh to appear. This is a talent which I fear your friend, Mr. Travers, has not acquired. He too plainly ſhows that he ſees through the diſguiſe men are prone to aſſume—a degree of penetration as offenſive to the affected and hypocritical as wit generally is to the dull."

Adieu, my dear Sommers.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXVII.

From the Same to the Same.

Rose-Mount.

My brother has at length opened himſelf fully to me on the grand article. He took an early opportunity after lord Cardon had left us. Indeed, I threw it in his way; for knowing a diſcuſſion on that point was abiding me, I wiſhed to have it over.—I have always had this impatience of temper. If I were convinced that I could not avoid being hanged or married to-morrow, I ſhould be inclined to have which-ever of the ceremonies I was doomed to performed to-night.

In conſequence of a hint I gave Travers, he ordered his horſes after breakfaſt, and told me, in my lord's hearing, that he ſhould not return till the hour of dinner. My brother ſoon after began the attack, marching over all the old ground,—'his own delicate health,

the kind of epileptic complaint he has been ſubject to, the dread of tranſmitting it to his poſterity, the ſatisfaction it would afford him to know that his eſtate and title would deſcend to the children of a brother he loved, and not to a family he had ſo much reaſon to be diſpleaſed with." To all this I made no other anſwer than, "that I was convinced he viewed his own health in a worſe light than his phyſicians did; that he had been free of the attacks for a long interval; and poſſibly they might never return," &c. &c. &c.

He interrupted me, ſhaking his head, with an air of incredulity, and aſked, "Whether I was perfectly free from all amorous engagement; becauſe, if I was not, he would abſtain from making to me the propoſal he intended."

Though it inſtantly ſtruck me, that a pretended entanglement of that nature would free me from farther ſolicitation on a ſubject highly irkſome, yet I overcame the temptation, and fairly acknowledged, "that I was free from all

particular engagement, though no man loved the ſex in general more."

He then began an eulogium on matrimony, the comforts attending a regular uniform life in the ſociety of an agreeable woman, the advantages attending entering early into that ſtate, by which a man had the happineſs of directing the education, and forming the minds, of his children, with the proſpect of ſeeing them riſe and proſper in the world.

I could eaſily have ballanced this laſt article with inſtances of an oppoſite complexion; but I only hinted it in general terms, with regard to the uniformity he had mentioned. I ſaid "that I never had derived much comfort from that quarter; that thoſe people who were uniformly ſurrounded with what they called their comforts ſeemed to me to live the moſt inſipid comfortleſs life in the world; they made no exertions, overcame no difficulties: that I had a curioſity often to go where comforts of their kind were not to be found, and had enjoyments which thoſe

who were wallowing in comforts could not taſte; yet, when I returned from ſuch excurſions, I could, for a time, reliſh their comforts as much as and more than thoſe who thought of nothing but pampering and living ſnugly did; that I was ſo unluckily framed, that perſiſting long in a continual jog-trot of comforts tired me, even although a plentiful table, an eaſy carriage, and a ſoft bed, were of the number; that I knew very well that he could give me inſtances of prudenter people, who thought very differently, who, for the ſake of thoſe very comforts, had bound themſelves to inſipid companions, and diſagreeable bedfellows, for life; and would drawl on until they were cut ſhort by an apoplexy, or ſuffocated by fat, and decently interred in a church-yard; but that, for my own part, I could not help preferring the free life of a batchelor, for ſome time longer at leaſt, to all thoſe comforts."

My brother laughed the more willingly at this ſketch, becauſe he ſaw it was partly

taken from an unhappy kinſman of our own, who, being in eaſy circumſtances, had married a widow of great wealth and corpulency; and, though the woman was of ſo quiet a diſpoſition, that her voice was hardly ever heard in the family, except when ſhe was in labour, he became ſo aſhamed of what little ſhe ſpoke, that he carried her to the country, ſunk into low ſpirits, and has as little reliſh for the comforts ſhe brought him, as, from the beginning, he had had for herſelf:—there the poor man remains, waiting impatiently for one or other of the cataſtrophes above mentioned.

Reſuming a ſerious air, my brother ſaid, in an earneſt and moſt affectionate manner, "You cannot imagine, my dear Jack, that I am ſo unreaſonable and ſelfiſh as to expect that you ſhall make a ſacrifice of your happineſs to my whim or vanity. I acknowledge, that it would be a very great ſatisfaction to me to ſee you happily married: in your children I ſhould behold the future inheritors of my fortune and title; but I willingly give up every idea

of that enjoyment until you meet with a woman entirely to your taſte."

"It is the eaſieſt thing in the world," replied I, "to find a woman to my taſte: the difficulty or hardſhip lies in my being bound to her for life."

"Without that circumſtance, you know, my dear brother, that, by the laws of our country, what I have in view cannot be accompliſhed." He then expreſſed aſtoniſhment at the ſingular averſion I ſeemed to have againſt marriage, enumerated the number of marriages among people of rank of late.—By the way, matrimony was never in my time ſo very much the ton. Though, in many particulars, the young fellows of the preſent age imitate the manners of the age of Charles II.; yet, in this, they follow the example of Henry VIII. who, when he took a fancy for a woman, thought of no other expedient but marrying her. It is fortunate for the wives of ſome of thoſe gentlemen, however, that they have not the power of that tyrant, who, whenever he tired

of a wife, thought of no other resource but cutting off her head.

Among the list of marriages, my brother did not omit yours, my dear Sommers; and enlarged on the account that had been given him of your happiness, and the admirable qualities of your Juliet.

To all this I answered (for I wished to give the whole discussion an air of jocularity) "that although I had always endeavoured to be in the fashion, yet it was more dangerous to indulge my inclination in this present point than in any other; because fashions were apt to change, and, if once I adopted this, it might not be in my power to conform to the new mode, however much it might be my inclination, when the taste for a single life should prevail."

"You will have your friend Sommers, at least, to keep you in countenance," said he; "and, I am sure, you would be better pleased to be classed with him, than with those idle young fellows of fashion who attempt to turn the married state into ridicule."

"I am not ſure of being claſſed with Sommers, my lord. The rare qualities which you have juſt enumerated, as belonging to Mrs. Sommers, and of which I have had the ſame account from others, render it highly improbable that ſuch another woman is to be met with, and ſtill more that ſhe would condeſcend to marry me."

"But in caſe a woman ſhall be met with who poſſeſſes equal accompliſhments with Mrs. Sommers, and who is alſo humble enough to be willing to marry you, do you, in that caſe, promiſe to pay your court to her?"

"Who is to be the judge of the reſpective merits of the two ladies?"

"You yourſelf."

"In that caſe I agree."

"To make any compariſon of this invidious kind," reſumed my brother, "would be improper; but I will make our agreement ſtill more favourable for you; becauſe, were I even to find a woman whom you could not,

in your conſcience, think inferior in beauty and accompliſhments to Mrs. Sommers, ſtill ſhe might not hit ſo capricious a fancy as yours: in that caſe I ſhould not inſiſt on your propoſing marriage to her. It is only in the event that the woman, I ſhall at ſome future period mention, does pleaſe you, that I ſhall claim the performance of your agreement."

"Why, in that event," ſaid I, "do not you imagine that I ſhould act as you wiſh without any agreement?"

"I queſtion it very much," replied he. "I imagine your prejudice againſt matrimony is ſo ſtrong, that it would keep you from propoſing marriage even to the woman you love and eſteem, leſt you ſhould not *continue* to love and eſteem her. And it is this whimſical notion alone I wiſh to guard againſt by our agreement. If I do not point out a woman, whom, on acquaintance, you ſhall love and eſteem above all others, I ſhall willingly ſacrifice my favourite wiſh to ſee you married: but, if I do find ſuch a wo-

man, I expect that you will facrifice your whim, dread, caprice (call it what you pleafe), to my favourite wifh."

So very friendly and candid a propofal could not be refifted. I promifed to abide confcientioufly by the conditions.

This agreement, however, would give me more uneafinefs, if I thought it at all probable that he could find a woman with the requifites conditioned for.

Adieu! dear Sommers.

J. Mordaunt.

LETTER LXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

Rose-Mount.

THOUGH I have been long convinced that my brother had some particular lady in view for me, yet I was not able, till very lately, to form a probable conjecture who the unfortunate woman could be: I say unfortunate, because there is but too much reason to think that a woman of delicacy would run a great risk of being unhappy as my wife, however attentively I might continue to behave to her after passion was gone. My brother avoids all explanation on that head. He expects, I suppose, that his plan is more likely to succeed by my meeting the lady, as if it were accidentally.

From an expression that fell from him unawares, and from some other circumstances, I am almost convinced that lady Amelia Melton is the woman my brother wishes me united

to.—She is a young lady of diſtinguiſhed beauty, accompliſhed, and, in point of birth and fortune, ſuperior to what I have a right to expect.

Immediately before I went laſt abroad, I met her at Bath; and, during the time I remained there, was a good deal in her company.—I was then ſtruck both with her beauty and accompliſhments. You, I believe, have never ſeen her.—Were I to deſcribe her face to you, feature by feature, you would have the idea of as handſome a woman as could be conceived: yet, when you came to ſee her, you would recollect having ſeen ſtill more beautiful women. Lady Amelia's features are all regular, and, ſeparately conſidered, ſeem perfect; but the union of the whole is ſomewhat deficient in animation. Her converſation is always ſenſible, without being lively or very entertaining. Though ſhe never knew any difficulty herſelf, yet ſhe is ready to aſſiſt thoſe who are in diſtreſſed circum-

ſtances: and, what in the eyes of ſome may appear more meritorious, though in mine it is leſs amiable, ſhe ſeems to perform acts of benevolence more from a ſenſe of duty than from any very warm ſympathy with the diſtreſs of the perſons ſhe relieves. While in lady Amelia's company, you cannot fail being pleaſed with her appearance, and approving of what ſhe ſays: when out of her company, ſhe is apt to be out of your memory. Her real preſence is neceſſary to keep up the fervor of her adorers.

She loſt both her parents when ſhe was only eleven years of age; a misfortune great in itſelf, becauſe they were both of excellent characters, but rendered ſtill greater from the circumſtance of her being put, from that time, under the care of her aunt, lady Aſpic, who, at one period of her life, was pretty generally thought one of the handſomeſt and proudeſt women in England. It is now ſeveral years ſince ſhe loſt *one half* of that reputa-

tion—the other ſhe retains in full force, and evidently borrows all the aid that paint can lend her to retain both.

The high value ſhe puts on her opinions appears in the ſlow decided tone in which ſhe pronounces them. Her health was at one time a little injured by diſſipation and faſhionable hours. Inſtead of remedying this, by removing the cauſe, ſhe applied to medicine to remove the effect while the cauſe was continued. Her health is now more broken than ever. Her diſcourſe, which formerly conſiſted of ſlanderous anecdotes, is now interlarded with the nauſeous jargon of tremors, bile, nerves, &c.

Nothing, therefore, could be more unfortunate for lady Amelia than to be obliged to live with a woman of this caſt. Whoever is early accuſtomed to that kind of diſcourſe is apt to make it a prevailing topic of diſcourſe through life, and to become needleſsly and whimſically ſolicitous about the ſtate of their

health. All perſons of this diſpoſition are as certain to be governed by phyſicians or apothecaries as bigots are by prieſts and father-confeſſors. Perhaps I have caught, from my friend Travers, part of this averſion to the company of thoſe who are eternally ſpeaking and thinking of their complaints, paſt, preſent, and to come: but, from whoever it is derived, few things ſeem to me ſo oppreſſive. I was highly pleaſed with what captain —— of the navy once ſaid to me.—In ſpite of the ſevere ſhock which his conſtitution received by his long reſidence in the Weſt Indies, he retains all his natural cheerfulneſs: and on my obſerving to him, that I never heard him complain of his health—" Nor never ſhall," replied he, " that being a ſubject which would give my friends pain: I reſerve it for thoſe to whom it may, perhaps, afford pleaſure, and ſpeak of it only to the doctors."

This habit (for it is entirely a habit which,

like others, increaſes by indulgence) is more odious in women than in men. For my part, were ſentence of immediate marriage to be pronounced on me, I ſhould beg in mercy to be coupled to a woman who never had heard that nerves, veins, arteries, or bile, formed any part of her compoſition.

My friend Dr. P—, a man verſed in the ſcience, and diſdaining the mummery of his profeſſion, aſſured me that few things are more pernicious than ſuch topics of diſcourſe, and nothing more infectious to young women than the ſight of others under what are called nervous attacks. He declared "that he had once known a whole boarding-ſchool thrown into fits by the example of one hyſterical girl. Some he conceived to be really ſo affected, others were ſuſpected of acting the part, to be excuſed from ſome taſk, or, perhaps, merely with a view to become an object of attention and ſympathy."

I will mention another inſtance of the force

of this kind of contagion, which, however extravagant it may ſeem, is, nevertheleſs, literally true.

I had once a footman, who came to me directly from the ſervice of lady Aſpic. With the legs and ſhoulders of an Iriſh chairman, this fellow had the cheeks of a German trumpeter. He occaſionally conſulted the apothecary who attended the family, and was by him aſſured that he had nerves and bile as well as his miſtreſs.

Before his being engaged in this lady's ſervice, the man had always been under the neceſſity of working a great deal, and eating very moderately; of courſe he could have digeſted more victuals than he eat; but afterwards, having little to do, and being allowed to eat as much as he pleaſed, he generally eat more than he could digeſt. This, at laſt, deprived him of what he had never felt the want of before, and his chief anxiety was derived from a new ſource:—inſtead of labouring for vic-

tuals to his appetite, he applied to the apothecary for an appetite to his victuals; but, not satisfied with the stomachic bitters and other medicines sent to himself, he occasionally preferred those directed for his mistress; and being more pleased with either the effect or taste of her nervous draughts than his own, he continued to steal them without remorse, until, being detected, he was dismissed her service, and soon after was engaged in mine, where, as Ben always rode out with me, he had little or nothing to do, but to meditate on his nerves, and his bile, and his flatulencies, which, he had learned from the apothecary, were the origin of all his misery. I was a little surprised, one morning, to see this fellow enter the room without being called. He told me, in a doleful voice, "that he was afraid he was infected with the hysterics, for he had a palpitation and a beating in his veins, which, he dreaded, would reach his arteries, if it was not stopped in time; for he

felt a dejection of ſpirits, and was ready to cry."

I ordered him to go and cry below ſtairs; and next day paid him his wages and diſmiſſed him.

When he had ſpent his money, he came and told me that he was in great diſtreſs, and begged that I would recommend him to ſome other ſervice.—I ſaid " that no ſervice would ſuit him ſo well as his majeſty's; and that, if he pleaſed, I would recommend him to my friend, colonel W——, of the foot-guards." He accordingly enliſted as a grenadier. I met him ſome months after in the park, and aſked " how his hyſterics went on?" He ſwore that the drill-ſerjeant had driven them entirely away before he had completely learned his exerciſe.—" And your palpitations," continued I:—" being now a ſoldier, I hope you are free from them?"

" That I am," ſaid he. " There is no ſuch diſeaſe in our brigade; as the French

will find, come when they will. — Your honour has made a complete cure of me."

"A complete cure deserves a fee," rejoined I: "and as it will be more convenient for you to receive than to pay it, here is a guinea for you."

I have since been assured that he is as alert a soldier as any in the corps. Thus an useful subject was made of a man, who, had he been allowed to remain in the lady's service, was in danger of becoming, from mere indolence and example, an effeminate, puffy, miserable wretch, for life.

Now, if this kind of discourse and example could have such influence on a robust fellow, I leave you to judge what it is likely to have on a delicate girl.

I do remember that, during the time I visited lady Amelia at Bath, her aunt was continually admonishing her about her health; narrating the dire effects of open windows and piercing air; interdicting one dish, and re-

commending another; in ſhort, doing all in her power to ſubject a girl in good health to all the inconveniences of one in bad, and, perhaps, rendering her a miſerable, ſickly drug-taker for life.

I could not help thinking that ſuch admonitions and ſuch diſcourſe tended to produce two pernicious effects—to render her conſtitution more delicate, and her ears leſs ſo than they originally had been. And were a woman as beautiful as Helen, as virtuous as Penelope, with the infinite variety of Cleopatra, ſhe would be odious to me if ſhe ſeemed to take delight in medical diſcourſe, or could bear the moſt diſtant alluſions to certain ſubjects, when converſing with any perſon except her phyſician. This circumſtance has brought the attachments I have experienced in the courſe of my life to certain women, particularly French women, to a termination, ſooner than otherwiſe would have happened.

I have a great notion that I ſhall have occaſion to write ſoon more particularly of lady Aſpic and her niece.

Meanwhile, I am, &c.

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXIX.

From the Same to the Same.

Rose-Mount.

It happened as I expected. I had accidentally heard that lady Aspic, with her niece, had arrived at the duchess-dowager of ——, who lives, at present, at no great distance from my brother's.

Knowing that he has the highest esteem for her grace, I was somewhat surprised that he had not proposed to pay her a visit. As he did make this proposal, however, immediately after the arrival of those two ladies, I was no longer at a loss for his reason for not proposing it sooner.

He did not mention to me his knowledge of lady Amelia being with the duchess, and I allowed him to remain in the belief that I was as ignorant of that circumstance as he thought I was.

Lady Aspic is an acquaintance of Mr.

Plaintive. I knew that Travers had ſometimes viſited her with him.

When the day was fixed for our viſit to the ducheſs, I informed Travers what company was with her grace, and added—"Your uncle will be glad to receive from you a particular account of lady Aſpic's health: I hope, therefore, you will take the jaunt with us."

"I thank you kindly," replied he, making a very wry face: "but I would juſt as ſoon take a doſe of phyſic."

"What ſhall I ſay to my brother? He expects you will accompany us."

"Tell him I am engaged to dine with the parſon—He is a very worthy fellow."

"*That* he is. But, to my knowledge, he ſet out for London yeſterday."

"Tell him I am to dine with the parſon's mother—She is a very worthy woman, and never complains of her health."

My brother, I knew, would not be ill pleaſed that Travers did not accompany us, which was my reaſon for informing him that lady Aſpic was with the ducheſs.

When my brother and I arrived at her grace's, we found the duchefs alone. After half an hour of agreeable converfation, lady Afpic entered. She entertained us with the hiftory of a head-ache, which, before fhe had finifhed, began to infect me.—"It was occafioned," fhe faid, "by vexation on account of her niece, lady Amelia, who had been indifpofed."

The duchefs expreffed furprife, as well as uneafinefs; faying—"that fhe had never feen lady Amelia look better than when they feparated the preceding night."

"Looks are fallacious," faid lady Afpic; "but I obferved her to change colour a little before fhe retired: on which account I perfuaded her to take fome drops, which always agree with her; and, accordingly, though fhe feemed a little fickifh after taking them, fhe was better towards morning, and will appear at dinner."

Though I had feen lady Afpic immediately before I went laft abroad, and knew that fhe laid on *white*, as well as *red*, pretty liberally,

yet that ſeemed nothing, when compared to the profuſion in which ſhe deals in thoſe articles now. The pains ſhe takes to conceal age and wrinkles render them more apparent. Her grey locks, fantaſtically twiſted and perfumed, her cheeks deeply rouged, and her youthful dreſs, brought Shakſpeare's lines to my recollection:—

——— "Hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old Hymen's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet."——

A gentleman of the neighbourhood, with whom I was unacquainted, was announced; and, ſoon after, two of the moſt ſpruce figures I ever beheld; the one a clergyman, the other an officer.

It was evident, that in the dreſs of the firſt an anxious attention had been paid to be up to the ſummit of the faſhion, in the moſt minute particular: and though he kept within the limits preſcribed by cuſtom for the eccle-

ſiaſtics of this country, yet the whole of his dreſs betrayed this gentleman's deſire to overleap them, and get to ſomething more buckiſh.

Travers has ſince told me, "that this young man, whoſe name is Milliner, had received a liberal education, of which few traces remain, except his knowledge and taſte in the cut of clothes, which he acquired at the univerſity, from ſome young ſtudents of faſhion with whom he was acquainted there, and in whoſe company he made frequent excurſions to the capital. He is," continued Travers, "always ſilent when any religious or literary ſubject is introduced into converſation; but he can ſpeak very eloquently on the cut of a frock, a button, or a button-hole; and makes a very pretty figure in a pulpit, in all reſpects, except preaching.—My friend, the reverend Dick Milliner," he added, "has only two moderate livings at preſent; but it is thought he cannot be long without getting one of

greater value; for, beſides his knowledge of dreſs, he plays very well on the piano-forte; and few, unleſs it be profeſſed ſingers, excel him at a catch."

The officer was dreſſed in a brilliant uniform, with a moſt umbrageous helmet on his head, and an immenſe ſabre faſtened to his ſide, and trailing on the ground. This warlike figure I ſoon recogniſed to be no other than Billy Vapour. Perhaps you may forget the name—but you muſt remember the little trim gentleman whom Travers accuſed of multiplying his perſon, like Henry the Fourth at the battle of Shrewſbury: and when ſomebody ſaid "that Mr. Vapour was no conjuror"—"How, then, will you account," ſaid Travers, "for his having been ſeen in three fruit-ſhops, two auction-rooms, the Exhibition, and Panorama, all much about the ſame time?"

Billy now belongs to a volunteer-corps of light-horſe quartered in this neighbourhood; and as he, as well as Mr. Milliner, is a di-

ſtant relation of lady Aſpic, the ducheſs had ſent both an invitation to-dinner.

Though captain Vapour's jacket fits as cloſe to his body as that of Harlequin, yet, as his movements are alſo ſomewhat in the ſtyle of that gentleman, in whirling round to place a ſcreen between lady Aſpic and the fire, he whiſked a book off the table on the floor.—"Lard!" cried lady Aſpic, "you military gentlemen pay no attention to books. Let me ſee what book you have thrown down."

"It is a volume of Spencer's 'Fairy-Queen,' which your ladyſhip, no doubt, has read," ſaid the ducheſs.

"Fairy-queen!" replied lady Aſpic; "no, I cannot ſay I have: nor, indeed, did I know that Spencer had ever written a book: but people of all ranks write books now-a-days.—How does your grace like it?"

"I like it very much," ſaid the ducheſs. "In my opinion, it is not ſo much read as it deſerves to be."

"After what your grace has ſaid, I ſhall certainly read every word of it, when I have finiſhed an exceeding pretty thing that I received lately from the circulating library. Nothing of equal genius has appeared ſince 'Betſy Thoughtleſs.'"

The ducheſs, who is as good-natured as polite, introduced another topic.

She complimented captain Vapour on the appearance of his troop, which ſhe had ſeen exerciſe on the preceding day.

He regretted "that her grace had not ſeen them when firſt raiſed, and when their clothes were new; becauſe the men had been ſince ſo much haraſſed with field-days, and damaged with rainy weather, that they had loſt a good deal of their military appearance."

"I underſtand that your lieutenant-colonel is a very active and intelligent officer," rejoined the ducheſs.

"Active enough," ſaid Billy: "he works and wears us to ſuch a degree, that in a little

while, in my opinion, the regiment will not be worth looking at."

"He is more solicitous that it should make a good appearance before the enemy, than on the parade," said the duchess.

"It is a hundred to one, however," said captain Vapour, "against its ever appearing before the enemy: whereas, it must appear on the parade every day."

"I should not think the chance of your seeing the enemy so small as you mention," resumed her grace; "for I understand your colonel, and the officers, are disposed to offer their services in Ireland, if necessary.

"Not all the officers, I can assure your grace," said the captain.

"I do think," resumed lady Aspic, "that fatiguing marches to distant parts of the island, and serving in other countries, ought to be confined to the mercenary army. The ministry, in my opinion, are to blame, in allowing such services to fall on the militia, or

volunteer-corps, whoſe officers are private gentlemen, and men of family."

I muſt aſſure you, by the way, Sommers, that however ridiculous you may think ſome of lady Aſpic's ſentiments, half of the ridicule is loſt to thoſe who do not hear them uttered by herſelf. She ſpeaks in a ſlow, quavering tone, through her noſe—a habit ſhe firſt contracted by twiſting up that feature when ſhe ſpoke to thoſe whom ſhe conſidered beneath her; in which claſs ſhe includes the whole human race, except ſuch Engliſh nobility whoſe titles are higher, or of a more ancient date, than that of her father. As for foreign nobility, ſhe makes no account of them at all. This habit is now ſo confirmed, that, even when ſhe addreſſes thoſe to whom ſhe wiſhes to be reſpectful, ſhe cannot entirely diveſt herſelf of it: yet her naſal quaver was in a more mellow tone, when ſhe ſpake to the ducheſs and my brother, than when ſhe addreſſed any other perſon in the company.

"Suppose the French were to elude the vigilance of our fleet, and actually land," said the duchess.

"Suppose they should," replied lady Aspic.—"If every regiment of militia and volunteer-corps shall defend the county or parish to which they belong, your grace cannot help observing that the whole kingdom will be defended."

The solemn and decided tone in which lady Aspic pronounced this almost overcame her grace's gravity: she durst not trust herself with any answer: which my brother observing, said—"Your ladyship's plan would unquestionably be a considerable alleviation of the fatigues of war to our militia and volunteer-corps."

"I do assure you, my lord," resumed her ladyship, "that, to my certain knowledge, though they do not like to complain, yet many of them begin to feel the war rather inconvenient; and the more so, on account of this new mode of transporting the militia

to ſerve in other countries. All innovations are dangerous, my lord. This abominable French revolution was entirely owing to a ſpirit of innovation. Does not your lordſhip think ſo?

"In a great meaſure, aſſuredly," replied he. "Altogether, depend upon it, my lord," continued ſhe, "nothing is more dangerous than taking men out of their uſual line of life. It is highly reaſonable that noblemen and gentlemen, who enter into the army as a profeſſion, ſhould be obliged to ſerve in foreign countries, or ſell their commiſſions. It is alſo proper that clergymen ſhould be obliged to preach occaſionally, until they attain the rank of biſhops; but it would be cruel to expect it afterwards. The militia ſhould be confined to the protection of the county to which they belong, and ſent to no other, for fear of accidents. Volunteer corps ſhould be reviewed when the weather is good, and receive their colours from women of quality. All claſſes of people ſhould remain within the

limits for which nature intended them; the high ſhould continue high, the low ſhould remain low, with a middle rank between the two. The original ſource of the horrid French revolution was removing low men from their proper ſpheres, and making them legiſlators. I hope there are no inſtances of the ſame kind in the claſs to which your lordſhip belongs."

"I hope," replied my brother, "we are in no danger of imitating the conduct of thoſe who at preſent govern France, in that, or in any thing elſe."

"Yet thoſe very five villains of the Directory, as it is called," reſumed lady Aſpic, "who make ſuch a ſhocking figure in the eyes of all Europe as ſtateſmen, may, perhaps, formerly have excelled in their reſpective profeſſions. Indeed, I have heard,—for what can be ſaid in favour of criminals ſhould be told as well as what is againſt them—I have been aſſured, I ſay, that one leading member of their convention was, previous to the revolution, a very reputable butcher. All

the members of the directory may have been as highly diſtinguiſhed in their particular lines as he was in his; but it ought not to have been preſumed that they were equally fit for governing kingdoms. All the miſchief they have produced has ariſen from their having been removed from the ſphere in which they were uſeful. Is there no perſuading the wretches," continued ſhe, in the ſame drawling naſal monotony with which ſhe had begun, "Is there no perſuading the creatures, I ſay, to return to the making of ſhoes, and of fricaſſees, and all their former occupations, and leave the world in peace?—Do you not think, my lord, that this is mightily to be wiſhed?"

"I certainly do," replied my brother.

"Why then, a-God's name, my lord," reſumed ſhe, "why does not our miniſtry try to perſuade the brutes to return to their old trades. They have tried long enough to get them hanged; but that will not do, though

the brutes themſelves muſt be ſenſible they deſerve it; yet, depend upon it, they never will agree to that meaſure: but they may think it a very good compromiſe to be allowed quietly to return to the exerciſe of their ancient occupations. A great many of the emigrants, I know," continued ſhe, "would be againſt this, even although the king's reſtoration depended on it. Nothing will ſatisfy them but having all the guilty executed: but the emigrants muſt be overruled in that point; and the preſent rulers allowed quietly to reſume their laſts, and their curling-irons, and their needles, for the ſake of peace, ſince a better cannot be made of it. —Have you any objection to this plan, my lord?"

"None," replied my brother: "but it may be difficult to perſuade thoſe low fellows in the directory to agree to it. Low fellows are ſometimes very obſtinate."

"If they cannot be perſuaded, my lord,"

faid fhe, "they fhould be bribed;—that is a method that generally fucceeds with low fellows as well as with high."

The entrance of lady Amelia put an end to the dialogue.

Farewell!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER LXX.

The Same to the Same.

My dear Sommers, Rose-Mount.

Lady Amelia Melton is, undoubtedly, an elegant and beautiful woman: her person and manner are both improved since I last saw her. A slight blush suffused her fine countenance, when the eyes of the company turned upon her, as she entered the room: this was a fresh embellishment; for, naturally, her face is rather too pale. My brother glanced at me with an air of triumph—implying, you never saw so handsome a woman. Except the *incognita*, I do not know that I ever did. I have not yet been able, you will perceive, to shake that woman's figure from my imagination. I wish she had stopped a little longer at the cottage, that I might have discovered something in her face, or person, to have found fault with;—

but ſhe was whiſked away when I was in the height of admiration; and, in the glance ſhe threw from the chaiſe, there was an expreſſion more pleaſing than I ever beheld in the human countenance before; but which I have had ſince repeated a thouſand times to my imagination, ſleeping or waking.

As for the uſual paleneſs of lady Amelia's face, I believe it proceeds, in a great meaſure, from the aunt's preſcriptions.

A little after the young lady entered, one of the company mentioned a new diſeaſe, to which cows are liable; which gave lady Aſpic occaſion to remark, "that there was an aſtoniſhing affinity between the diſeaſes of brutes and thoſe of the human ſpecies;"—and ſhe was proceeding, when captain Vapour, ſtruck with a very hackneyed alluſion, which he ſeemed to conſider as a bright thought, interrupted her by adding, "*particularly between men and horned cattle.*"

Many a man has injured his fortune by his wit. I did not imagine that Billy Vapour

would ever be of the number: and nothing can be a ftronger proof of the difficulty of fuppreffing any idea which a man, however erroneoufly, conceives to be witty, than that captain Vapour could not retain this, though he was folicitous to keep the good opinion of lady Afpic, knew that fhe could not bear to be interrupted, and abhorred allufions of that nature.

Her brow was immediately contracted by additional wrinkles; her breaft began to fwell with additional venom, which was ready to be poured on the captain, when a fervant announced dinner. The duchefs rofe, and, by the moft flattering attentions to her, reftored good-humour.

My brother was feated between the duchefs and lady Afpic; I, between her grace and lady Amelia, and I had fome agreeable converfation with both; which, however, was fometimes interrupted by hints from lady Afpic, on what difhes were moft, and what leaft, falutary. I obferved, with plea-

ſure, that lady Amelia, though ſhe received on her plate, yet hardly taſted, what her aunt recommended, and ſhowed a partiality for what ſhe condemned. But I was ſorry to perceive, that ſhe ſeemed ſomewhat infected with the aunt's fantaſies concerning air and nerves.—From all the contemptuous malignity that diſtinguiſhes the aunt's converſation, that of the niece is entirely free: indeed, had ſhe not naturally been of an oppoſite diſpoſition, the diſpleaſing manner in which her aunt's ill-temper was continually burſting forth might have influenced the young lady to adopt a behaviour as different as poſſible from hers. So irreſiſtible was her ladyſhip's propenſity to ſay what was diſobliging, that ſhe not only attacked thoſe who had given her any, even the leaſt, provocation, but ſhe could not always refrain from ſarcaſm againſt people who, ſo far from wiſhing to offend her, did every thing they thought moſt likely to gain

her good opinion. Several proofs of this ſhe exhibited before we had done with dinner.

I ſhould have mentioned, that, immediately before the ducheſs ſeated herſelf, ſhe had deſired the clergyman to ſay grace. He was at that inſtant complimenting me on the fancy of my waiſtcoat. Her grace's requeſt came on him like a clap of thunder in the middle of ſerene weather—he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of ſuch a demand from a perſon of her rank. He ſaw that captain Vapour was ready to laugh; and he bluſhed like a young maiden, to whom a very unbecoming propoſal had been unexpectedly made. Recovering himſelf at laſt, however, in ſome degree, he mumbled a few words in a rapid and moſt irreverent ſtyle, and then tried to reſume his uſual pert air.

The ducheſs had obſerved all this; and, as it ſtruck me, was highly offended. She behaved to him afterwards with a degree of coldneſs, very different from the reception he

had received at his introduction; but still with politeness.

In the course of conversation at table, captain Vapour expressed himself, with more decision than he had done before, against the measures of sending any part of the militia, or accepting the offer of any volunteer corps, to serve out of the kingdom, on any account whatever. Notwithstanding her having before spoken to the same purpose, lady Aspic could not let this opportunity slip of venting her displeasure against the poor captain:—"Well," said she, in a more distinct tone of voice than usual, "nothing, in my opinion, can be more contemptible, than for any man, who pretends to be a soldier, to be deficient in the essential article of courage."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Milliner, "I am entirely of your ladyship's opinion. Nothing, indeed, can, as your ladyship observes, be more contemptible."

"Unless it be," resumed lady Aspic, in the same decisive and distinct tone of voice,

"a clergyman without the leaſt appearance of religion."

Having pronounced this, ſhe preſented her ſnuff-box to Mr. Milliner, ſaying—"I perceive, ſir, you take ſnuff—will you try a little of mine?"

Mr. Milliner, without betraying the ſame diſcompoſure he had done when he was deſired to ſay grace, took a pinch, and ſaid "it was excellent."

"I was afraid," added ſhe, "that you would have found it too pungent."

"Not in the leaſt," replied he.

"Indeed," reſumed her ladyſhip, "this ſnuff is very much in faſhion."

"Is it?" ſaid the clergyman: "I beg your ladyſhip will indulge me in another pinch."

The ducheſs riſing, the ladies withdrew with her grace; and the men followed ſoon after,—all but captain Vapour and the clergyman, who, being informed that their chaiſe was at the gate, retired together.

When we joined the ladies, I overheard the duchefs, in a jocofe manner, accufe lady Afpic for having been too fevere on her relations.—“ As for the captain,” replied fhe, “ your grace could not but obferve that he had provoked me by his petulance.”

“ Perhaps fo,” faid the duchefs; “ but that will not palliate what you faid to the clergyman; for, though the young man feems to have the weaknefs to be out of countenance at performing the duties of a profeffion, which a wifer and more pious man would confider as an honour, yet I do think what your ladyfhip faid to him was a little too fevere.—Why, you might really as well have infinuated that he was an atheift.”

“ If I had,” faid lady Afpic, “ he would not have minded it, nor any thing elfe, unlefs I had infinuated that he was a ‘Quiz,’ which, I underftand, is the fafhionable term for a perfon ridiculoufly, that is, unfafhionably, dreffed.”

As all the time that lady Aſpic can ſpare from the care of her own health, and calumniating her neighbours, is dedicated to cards, the ducheſs arranged a party at whiſt, in which neither lady Amelia nor I were included. Her grace and my brother were partners againſt lady Aſpic and a gentleman who had dined with us. Lady Amelia having declined playing, I remained converſing with her during the whole evening, which I paſſed very agreeably.—This was not the caſe with the gentleman who was lady Aſpic's partner, particularly during the two laſt rubbers. She murmured through her noſe many ſevere reflections againſt him for holding bad cards.

He bore it with great patience; acknowledging the fault, and modeſtly hinting that it was involuntary.

At the end of the third rubber, lady Aſpic, having loſt all the three, expreſſed herſelf, while paying the money, with redoubled bit-

ternefs.—"She could not conceive what was the meaning of his holding fuch very bad cards."

The gentleman confeffed, with every mark of contrition, "that his cards had been very bad."

"Bad!" rejoined fhe; "they were deteftable, fir!—I never faw any body hold fuch cards: I own I do not underftand it."

"Why, madam," faid he, "that my cards were bad was my misfortune as well as your ladyfhip's."

"That is nothing to the purpofe, fir," rejoined fhe.

"I really do not know what apology would fatisfy you," refumed the gentleman; "but I may fafely affure your ladyfhip, upon my honour," laying his hand on his breaft, "that I had all the inclination in the world to hold good cards."

"Sir," replied fhe, with a look of dignity, and in the accent peculiar to herfelf, "I would not, willingly, call any gentle-

man's honour into queſtion; but I cannot help remarking that you had good hands, and generally held two honours during the firſt rubber, when you were her grace's partner: it was not till you became mine that you had bad cards, and ſeldom a ſingle honour among them. This, you will permit me to ſay, ſeems to be a little unaccountable."

The gentleman being at a loſs how to underſtand or anſwer ſuch an inſinuation, the ducheſs interfered, ſaying, with a gay air, "However unaccountable it may ſeem, I think I can explain it on your ladyſhip's own principles. You have often told me that the counteſs of Deanport's notion, that every thing at whiſt depends on ſeats, is quite erroneous. Your ladyſhip maintains that winning or loſing depends on what you called *runs*; and, that when any body is in a run of good luck at whiſt he often holds honours; whereas, if he is in a run of bad luck, he ſeldom does. The gentleman's having held honours when

he was my partner, and not when he was yours, therefore, may have proceeded from my being at present in a run of good luck, which I own is the case, and your ladyship's being in a run of bad."

"That will account for it, unquestionably," replied lady Aspic; "but I wish your grace had been so good as to have informed me a little sooner of your being in a lucky run."

"Why, truly," replied the duchess, "I only began to suspect it myself after I had won the second rubber; and I was not absolutely certain until after I had won the third."

My brother and I were pressed by the duchess to stay all night: but he seldom sleeps out of his own bed; and, as the weather is mild, we returned to Rose-Mount very late.

He was highly delighted with the pleasure I seemed to have taken in lady Amelia's company; and I joined very sincerely in the praises he bestowed on her as we returned. He informed me that the duchess, who is her di-

ſtant relation, regretted that ſhe continued to live ſo much with her aunt, and would be happy to have more of the ſociety of the one, if it could be obtained without the oppreſſive taxation of the others.

But lady Amelia thinks herſelf under obligation to her aunt for the attention ſhe paid her after her mother's death. That attention, undoubtedly, has been a real misfortune; but, in ſpite of this, as lady Amelia knows that it would afflict lady Aſpic if they were to live ſeparate, ſhe is unwilling to propoſe it. And, though ſhe probably wiſhes it, the ducheſs thinks ſhe will not have the reſolution to make any ſuch propoſition; and, of courſe, will continue to live with lady Aſpic until her marriage. This, you will naturally imagine, cannot render her more averſe to matrimony; and a woman of her beauty, birth, fortune, and accompliſhments, muſt, of courſe, have had many ſuitors.

On this ſubject the converſation was puſhed no farther; but I clearly believe that lady

Amelia is the person he wishes me united to. I do not dispute that the union would do me honour; but I question much whether it would render either of us happy. She has been bred up with infinite tenderness and delicacy. They say she is of great sensibility, and easily alarmed. This may be called amiable; but it is dreadfully troublesome. She made an observation about nerves, which I own *alarmed* me. But I hope this is merely a plan of my brother's, and that lady Amelia herself has no thought of ever being united to me, but would reject such a proposal with disdain, if it were made to her. I have so much good-will to her, that, were she to consult me on the subject, I should most sincerely give her that advice.—Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

P.S. Just as I was going to seal this long letter, my brother came in, and told me, "that he had received a note from the duchess, in-

forming him, that lady Aſpic had heard of a buſineſs that required both her own and her niece's preſence in London; and that they had ſet out this very morning."—I perceived that this gave him ſome uneaſineſs, though he came to no farther explanation with me. As I intended returning to the capital in a day or two, this incident will, I imagine, make him agree to my leaving him with leſs difficulty than, perhaps, he would otherwiſe have done. I am impatient to ſee the marchioneſs, who has returned from Richmond. My next will probably be from London.—Farewell!

LETTER LXXI.

Miſs H. Clifford *to Mrs.* Sommers.

My dear Juliet. London.

In my laſt I informed you of my reconciliation with lady Deanport, and the more eaſy footing I was then on with both the mother and the ſon. All that is now over: at leaſt I am inclined to think ſo.—You ſhall judge.

Her ladyſhip viſited my aunt the very day after ſhe had ſpoken ſo courteouſly to me at the embaſſador's. Her behaviour, in all reſpects, was calculated to convince me, more and more, that Mrs. Demure had miſrepreſented her. Two days after, ſhe called again in the forenoon. She turned the diſcourſe on poor Mrs. Denham. She ſaid, "that having heard that her eldeſt ſon was deſtined for the army, lord Deanport had offered to make an application for an enſigncy in the Guards for him; that his lordſhip was on ſuch a

footing with adminiſtration, and the commander in chief, that ſhe had no doubt of his ſucceeding, and deſired me to write to lady Diana on the ſubject; and, in caſe it was agreeable to the youth's mother, that the application would be directly made. You may imagine how much I was delighted with all this. Notwithſtanding that I have uſually been hurt by the obſequious behaviour of my aunt, both to lady Deanport and her ſon, yet I joined in the attentions ſhe paid him when he came into her box at the opera, after this obliging conduct on the part of his mother. I now moſt ſincerely wiſhed that my aunt might be entirely miſtaken in her notion of his lordſhip's paſſion for me, becauſe, being ſenſible that I could not make him a ſuitable return, it gave me uneaſineſs to think I ſhould ever be under the neceſſity of giving him any. I really felt ſo much good will towards him, that it muſt have been apparent in my whole looks and manner.

After the opera, he attended us to our car-

riage. One of his footmen told him, juſt as we were ſtepping in, that his own chariot was far behind, and could not get up to the door for ſome time. My aunt, obſerving that it rained a little, offered to ſet him down at his own houſe, which was not much out of our way. I did not entirely reliſh ſome of his behaviour in the coach, which could not be obſerved by my aunt; but which, I afterwards thought, muſt have been merely accidental,—ſo unwilling was I to conſtrue any thing to his diſadvantage which could bear a favourable meaning. Lady Deanport called the following morning; and, *without* coming out of her chariot, ſent word that ſhe waited for my aunt, who had juſt before informed me "that ſhe expected her ladyſhip to carry her to ſee a collection of birds, at no great diſtance from town, and that ſhe ſhould not return until about the uſual time of dreſſing for dinner."

After ſhe was gone, I took up a pamphlet, which had been brought that very morning,

When I tell you that it pleafed me highly, you will readily believe that it was not of the nature of thofe ufually fent to my uncle: it had no reference to that everlafting fource of calumny and diffenfion, the politics of the day. Much that has been written on that fubject might be called, The *Pains* of Recollection. The performance which pleafed me fo much is entitled, *The Pleafures of Memory*. I have fent it to you by the ftage, with an earneft prayer, my deareft Juliet, that your life may continue to be fupplied with incidents of the moft pleafing remembrance.

As I finifhed the perufal, lord Deanport was fhown into the room. Though I was a little furprifed at his lordfhip's entrance, the pleafure I had received from the poem muft have been predominant in my countenance, and may have been imputed by him to my fatisfaction at his appearance: indeed, as foon as I recollected what he had undertaken in favour of young Denham, he judged in fome meafure right.

He had not ſat long, before he began to compliment me on my looks, &c. &c. &c.

I bowed, and, without taking farther notice of the common-place praiſe, ſtarted another ſubject. He did not anſwer my lead, but reſumed the ſtale ſtrain.

"Why, you told me all this laſt night, my lord," ſaid I. "Are you ſurpriſed that I look as well in the morning as I did in the evening?"

To this he replied, at firſt, with the ſmile which is his uſual reſource when he has no other anſwer ready. And, after recollection, he added, with an obſequious geſture, and in a tone which appeared to me rather ridiculous, though certainly intended to be very captivating, "That he thought me charming at all times; that"——But I need not repeat what he ſaid; you have had it all addreſſed to yourſelf, my dear, twenty times, by twenty different men.

"Pray, my lord," ſaid I, interrupting him, "did you never feel remorſe, for try-

ing to render the brains of women more giddy than they naturally are, by flattery?"

"I know one woman," ſaid he, bowing very obſequiouſly, "to whoſe merits I cannot do even juſtice."

"Leave the woman then," replied I, laughing, "to do juſtice to herſelf; ſhe is probably fully appriſed of all the merit that really belongs to her. Her faults, indeed, may eſcape her diſcernment; but, believe me, my lord, it is a thouſand to one that the moſt minute of her good qualities will not."

I remember I ſpoke this in a very gay manner. How it ſtruck the man I know not; but, with a vivacity unuſual to him, he ſwore I was irreſiſtible, ſeized my hand, and, before I could diſengage it, proceeded to other liberties.

Forcing myſelf from him, I rung the bell twice, very briſkly. He ſtood diſconcerted. When the ſervant entered, I pronounced, with as much coolneſs as I could aſſume, "*his lordſhip's carriage.*"

"I *walked* hither," ſaid he, with a diſturbed voice.

I nodded to the footman to retire; which, when he had done, I replied,—"Your lordſhip may return in the ſame manner."

He began an apology; but, before he had finiſhed, I left the room.

When my aunt returned, I made no mention to her of what had happened; nor ſhall I to any other perſon.—I hope we ſhall ſee no more of his lordſhip; and I ſhall, with patience and reſignation, bear being pitied by my aunt and others, as one of thoſe unfortunate nymphs, who, after having entertained ambitious hopes, have been forſaken by high-born faithleſs ſwains. The lamentations of my aunt will be ſincere: thoſe of ſome other of my female friends, who, I could eaſily perceive, ſaw his lordſhip's attentions to me with envy, will be uttered with the accent of ſorrow, and the ſenſation of joy.

Yet, people are ſo dexterous at finding excuſes for their own conduct, and ſo ready to

censure that of others, that, I dare say, his lordship thinks I behaved like a coquette at the beginning of this business, and like a prude at the conclusion. I regard not what he and many others may think; but, as I dislike both these characters, it is of importance to me that my friend, and only confidant in this transaction, should be satisfied that I was actuated by the spirit of neither. You cannot but have observed, my dear, that when I relaxed a little in appearance from the indifference I really felt for this lord, on my first getting acquainted with him, it was not from a spirit of coquetry, but merely to vex lady Deanport, who, I perceived, was dreadfully out of humour at her son's attentions to me, and I had no other way of retaliating on her for the malicious style in which she spoke of lady Diana. When I afterwards had reason to believe that I had been misinformed with regard to her, and knew his intentions regarding young Denham, my behaviour was still less prompted by coquetry, but entire-

ly by genuine good-will, as it would have been towards any man of his rank, for whom I had no other ſentiment.

As for the imputation of prudery, that gives me ſtill leſs concern; for, although his lordſhip's behaviour in the coach was equivocal, and the liberties he attempted next day of no very heinous nature, yet I could not help conſidering the ſecond as an explanation of the firſt. Perhaps in this I may be miſtaken; but the very circumſtance of his rank in life, which had increaſed my ſenſe of obligation for his friendly conduct regarding Mrs. Denham's family, and which ſoftened my behaviour to him, had a contrary effect when he attempted liberties which I ſhould have repelled in any man, but which ought to be more guarded againſt from a man of rank than another,—and which excite greater indignation, becauſe the idea he himſelf entertains of his high birth may be the ſource of his preſumption.

I ſhould not like to be thought over-nice and ſcrupulous by any *woman* of ſenſe and virtue (for men are no proper judges): but a becoming pride, independent of any ſuperior conſideration, I am convinced, will juſtify my treating this noble lord as I did.

I ſhould be as well pleaſed, however, to hear nothing more on this ſubject. It is not likely that his lordſhip ſhould ever mention it. You write ſometimes to lady Diana: I beg, my dear, that you will give no hint to her.—Whether lord Deanport will ever wiſh to ſee me more, I know not; but I am determined to avoid him as much as I decently can. It will be difficult to account for this to my aunt, without letting her know the whole, which I am not inclined to do. This difficulty I muſt encounter directly, for I hear her coming. Adieu!

H. Clifford.

LETTER LXXII.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq. to the Countess of* DEANPORT.

MY DEAR LADY DEANPORT, ——shire, Wales.

WHY should I expatiate on the cruel disappointment I have met with, when I can give you a complete idea of it in three words. —The man is dead!—his whole fortune is left to another, with the exception of a few legacies to poor relations, and one hundred pounds to me, to purchase a mourning ring.— Curse the legacy and the legator!—Did you ever hear of any thing so perfidious?—I never had the least suspicion of the fellow whom he has appointed his heir.—How could I?" He is but a very distant relation, of the name of Evans, a young artist, as poor as Job—said to have genius: that alone would have prevented me from suspecting him?—Whoever knew fortune so very bountiful to genius?—

As it is now apparent that he is one of her favourites, he will henceforth be ranked among the dunces.

This young fellow had been ſent abroad by the old hypocrite, who remitted him ſmall ſums, to enable him to proſecute his ſtudies as a painter. I met him when he was laſt at Dreſden; and, as I knew that he wrote ſometimes to Phillips, I thought it prudent to ſhow the fellow every civility in my power. I recommended him to Mr. Mordaunt, and to ſeveral Engliſh gentlemen, who bought pictures of him.—He ſeemed wonderfully grateful, and be d—d to him! Every body is grateful, as your ladyſhip knows, while they are receiving favours: ingratitude never begins till the benefactor loſes the power or inclination of granting more. One perſon, who had purchaſed ſeveral of his pictures, carried them to England, and ſhowed them to Phillips, ſpeaking, at the ſame time, very highly of the lad's private character—" that he would be an honour to his family," &c.

This gave the old dotard the firſt idea of making him his heir.—The will was made privately—the attorney and witneſſes were ſworn to ſecreſy.—Never was an innocent, unſuſpecting man, ſo completely duped as I have been. It is enough to drive one mad, to think on the curſed fatality by which I contributed to my own misfortune. If I had not recommended this young puppy to the officious blockhead who carried his works to Phillips, and ſpoke of him as one who would do honour to his family, the old raſcal would never have dreamt of leaving him more than two or three hundred pounds;—even that would have been too much for ſuch a beggarly dog.——Honour to the family!—D—n him, he is——What?—a painter,—a fellow employed, from morning to night, in ſpreading colours on canvas—in endeavouring to impoſe on mankind, by giving beauty to features intended to expreſs deformity; by putting ſenſe into countenances which honeſt nature intended for fools; and very often re-

presenting actions, for which those who performed them deserved to be hanged. I have heard of one of them (who is called a man of great genius too), who is employed in painting a series of pictures, in which Satan himself plays a principal roll.—And this they call one of the fine arts.—A very fine art, truly; but, fine or coarse, is nothing to the purpose: —Phillips had no taste for it, in any of its branches: he never paid a farthing for a picture in his life, except once, to an itinerant limner, whom he accidentally met at the inn at Landilo.—As the story will give your ladyship some idea of what a brute this kinsman of mine was, it is worth recounting.

The limner, being in distress for money, offered to paint Phillips's portrait, or that of any of his friends, for a moderate sum. Phillips took him home in his carriage, saying—"That, as for his own face, it was not worth painting; but that he should like to have the portrait of a worthy friend of his, who, he feared, was in a declining way."—

Who do you think this friend was? Why, an old Welch poney, who had carried him up and down the mountains for above a dozen years; and who, as he aſſerted, had rendered him more eſſential ſervices than any friend he had. The portrait of the horſe was painted accordingly: it was thought ſo like, that Phillips paid the artiſt double the ſum he had bargained for, hung it up in his parlour, and never looked at it, after the death of the original, without a ſigh, and a ſhort panegyric on his excellent qualities.—Did your ladyſhip ever hear of any thing ſo inconſiſtent? That the ſame man, who could behave with ſuch generoſity to a vagrant dauber, and ſhowed ſo much regard for the memory of an old horſe, ſhould be capable of the blackeſt ingratitude to his neareſt male relation—one who had hurried from the continent on the firſt rumour of his danger—who had attended him, with much aſſiduity, during a tedious illneſs—who, on his account, had been agi-

tated between hope and fear, for months together—and, after all, to be thus treated! I hope, from the bottom of my ſoul, that the old villain is now ſuffering, in the other world, for all his——. No, no, I will not carry my reſentment that length. I have ſtrong reaſons for hoping there is no ſuch place: it is beſt, on the whole, that he ſhould remain without feeling.—Hang him! he never had either feeling or natural affection, otherwiſe he would not have blaſted all my expectations in this manner. So far from having any ſympathy with me, on recollection, and putting circumſtances together, I begin to think that he enjoyed my preſent diſappointment by anticipation. I now perfectly remember, that ſeveral times, when I was diſplaying great uneaſineſs on account of his ſufferings, or was more than commonly aſſiduous in offering him my aſſiſtance, a kind of contemptuous, or ſarcaſtic ſmile, appeared in his countenance.—Is it poſſible that the old

fox really penetrated through all my disguises, and saw the true state of my mind? On my conscience, I half suspect it.

To maintain the appearance of genuine sorrow, when the heart overflows with joy, is a very difficult attempt. We see it tried, every day, by heirs, widows, and others, without imposing on any mortal. I do not believe it was ever executed in a more exquisite manner than by your ladyship, after my lord's death. I have reason to believe that my attempts have been less successful.—I remember, one time in particular, a little before Phillips died, I stood at his bed-side, sighing very boisterously, and making every effort to muster affliction or despair (if possible) into my countenance: I shall never forget the expressive ironical glance he threw on me. It made a transient impression at the moment;—it makes a *deeper* on recollection. I believe, in my conscience, that the unrelenting old villain meant it to say—" Sigh and sob as you please, cousin Grindill—you

do not deceive me; and, with all your hypocrify, you will be confoundedly bit."

But, if that glance had meant as much as Burleigh's ſhake of the head meant in the play of *The Critic*, I deſerve it all, for recommending that curſed little prig, at Dreſden, to the notice of any of my acquaintance.—Oh! that ſtings deep.

Yet I cannot accuſe myſelf of having been often guilty of teazing my friends, in favour of needy vagabonds, neither. What a cruel aggravation! that I ſhould have deviated from my uſual prudence in this ſingle inſtance, and thereby contributed to *his* happineſs who is the ruin of mine!—After all, this may not, perhaps, tend to his happineſs at the long run: there is ſome comfort in that thought. Had Phillips left him only a moderate legacy, he would have perſevered in the practice of an art in which he took much delight, and in which I was aſſured (in ſpite of what I ſaid before) he was daily improving: he might gradually have acquired for-

tune and high reputation, and paſſed his life more agreeably than he is likely to do after this windfall, which, it is a thouſand to one, will relax his efforts, blaſt his hopes of improvement as a painter, ſink him into indolence, and overwhelm him with *ennui*. This might have occurred to the old ſcoundrel on his death-bed. He might have reflected, that by ſuch an unjuſt will he would render me miſerable, without making this diſtant couſin of his happy.

Yet I queſtion whether even that conſideration would have had any weight with a man ſo completely ſelfiſh and devoid of principle :—but, of one thing I am certain ; that, by this diabolical will, he has made me ſuffer as much vexation in reality, as I had, in appearance, on account of his illneſs. I am ſure I need ſuffer no other. But though I may ſay, with Hamlet, "*Man delights not me!*" I cannot add, *nor woman neither* ; for I ſtill have the pleaſure of reflecting on the favour with which your ladyſhip honours me, on every reverſe of fortune.

I could not delay a moment in acquainting you with what has happened; and your ladyship will not be surprised that my letter is written in an incoherent style. Prompted by a variety of painful feelings, I must remain in this cursed country for some time longer; but I shall have the honour of waiting on you in London very soon.

I remain,

Your ladyship's most faithful

and most afflicted humble servant,

J. Grindill.

P. S. This misfortune has come so unexpectedly, that I have nothing provided; and never in my life stood in more need of a supply.

LETTER LXXIII.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to* *Mrs.* Sommers.

London.

You are right, my dear—this business did not end where I expected. I really was in hopes that his lordship's pride would have been so much wounded by the issue of our last interview, that he would never have deigned to attempt to renew it.—In this hope I have been disappointed. I received a letter from him of apology for his conduct, imputing it to the fervor of his passion, admiration, &c. which made him forget himself for a moment; and this is followed by a thousand protestations of respect, affection—I don't know what; and concludes with a request to be allowed to wait on me the same day, or the following, *on a business on which the happiness of his whole life*, as he very formally protests, *depends*.

This letter vexed me heartily. I foresaw that it would be the forerunner of disputes with my aunt, which I have always endeavoured very carefully to avoid. Being told that the servant who had brought the letter waited for an answer, I immediately wrote one to the following effect:—"That I should think no more of the affair which he seemed so anxious about, and hoped that he would give himself as little concern.——I thanked him for the polite expressions in his letter; but as I was fully convinced that I had not, and never could have, a connection with any thing on which the happiness of his lordship's life depended, I desired to be excused from the interview he requested, and also from the honour of receiving any more letters from him."

A few days after, I was a good deal surprised to understand, on my return from an airing with my uncle, that lord Deanport had called and passed a full hour with my aunt. I saw by her countenance that she was full of

what ſhe conſidered to be of great importance, and waited with impatience for an opportunity of communicating it to me. My uncle aſked two or three times, during dinner, if any thing particular had happened.—He received a note, which obliged him to go out earlier than uſual.

My aunt then informed me that lord Deanport had been with her, and had expreſſed great uneaſineſs, on account of a coldneſs which had taken place, on my part, towards him; that he had ſpoken of me in the higheſt terms of admiration, and had begged of her to uſe her influence with me, that he might be allowed to pay his court to me as formerly. She then commented to me on the folly of behaving with coldneſs to a ſuitor of his importance: "for," added ſhe, "although he did not ſpeak of marriage in direct terms, it is evident that he intends it, and probably will make the propoſal the very firſt time you give him an opportunity."

As I perceived that he had not mentioned to my aunt the immediate origin of the coldneſs he complained of, I alſo thought it beſt not to enter into any detail on that ſubject. I contented myſelf with expreſſing much concern for not being able to meet the wiſhes of ſo near and ſo affectionate a relation; but that, in an affair of this perſonal nature, I muſt be allowed to be directed by my own feelings.

As I could gueſs pretty nearly what ſhe would have urged, and as I wiſhed to avoid altercation, I pronounced this in a more decided manner than I ever ſpoke to my aunt before. The conſequence was what I expected—She parted from me without deigning to ſay another word.

Next forenoon I happened to be amuſing myſelf, looking at a collection of prints in a ſmall room adjoining to the library, when my aunt entered it with my uncle, who was juſt returned from his ride. She immediately

began to ſtate to him what had paſſed between lady Deanport and her the preceding day.—The door was not quite ſhut—I heard diſtinctly what was ſaid.—She certainly thought I was in my own apartment—I believe I ought to have withdrawn: but as there was no other way of quitting the room, than by paſſing through the library, I had not the courage to move: and this enables me to give you the following dialogue.—After complaining of my *unaccountable obſtinacy* in refuſing to hearken to the addreſſes of lord Deanport, my aunt begged of her huſband to uſe his influence with me, that I might not a ſecond time allow a moſt advantageous match to eſcape from me; and concluded by aſking, "when he, or any of my friends, could expect that I ſhould have ſuch another offer?"

Mr. Darnley. That is a queſtion, my dear, which, I confeſs, I cannot anſwer.

Mrs. Darnley. The earl of Deanport is young, handſome, rich, of high rank, and

likely to obtain ſome diſtinguiſhed office in the houſehold.

Mr. D. Perhaps you mean in the ſtate or army, my dear?

Mrs. D. By no means, my dear. The one is troubleſome, and the other dangerous, eſpecially at the preſent times. An office in the houſehold is equally honourable, and by much the ſafeſt. And, beſides, my lord's lady may have an office in it as well as his lordſhip, which ſhe could not have in the ſtate or army.

Mr. D. Have you repreſented all this to Horatia?

Mrs. D. That I have,—again, and again, and again.

Mr. D. Since ſo many alluring circumſtances, uniting in one man, are not able to bias her in his favour, do you not imagine, my dear, that this forms a ſtrong preſumption of her having a very valid reaſon for refuſing him?

Mrs. D. No, Mr. Darnley, ſhe can have

no reaſon for refuſing ſuch a man as lord Deanport, except her having taken a fancy for ſome other.

Mr. D. Well, my dear, if that ſhould be the caſe, do you not think it a pretty valid reaſon?

Mrs. D. Not at all: for that muſt be mere caprice, and will ſoon wear off.

Mr. D. Let us, at leaſt, wait, my dear, till it *does* wear off.

Mrs. D. It will, then, be *too late.*

Mr. D. Of that, my dear, we cannot be ſure; but of this we are abſolutely certain—that to begin to perſuade a woman to marry one man, before her love (or caprice, if you pleaſe) for another is worn off, would be beginning too ſoon.

Mrs. D. I have known many inſtances of women who have become fond of their huſbands after marriage, though they were not in love with them before. People's tempers conform and accommodate to each other

on near acquaintance, and when they have a common intereſt.

Mr. D. I have known, at leaſt, as many, my dear, of women, who, being indifferent about their huſbands before marriage, came to deteſt them after it, preciſely becauſe they became better acquainted with them. I ſhall only inſtance your relation, poor Charlotte, who, in ſpite of her diſlike of the man, was perſuaded to marry ſir Joſeph Waddel. She was told that ſhe would like him better and better by degrees, that ſhe would enjoy great affluence, and, of courſe, live very comfortably. Inſtead of better and better, however, the poor woman (you told me yourſelf) likes him worſe and worſe, lives very *uncomfortably*, and, of courſe, has little or no enjoyment in her affluence.

Mrs. D. There is a difference between ſir Joſeph Waddel and a handſome young man.

Mr. D. There is ſo. Yet a woman who

diſlikes them both, in my humble opinion, ſhould marry neither.

Mrs. D. Beſides being young and handſome, lord Deanport is a peer.

Mr. D. You ſeem to have a great partiality for peers.

Mrs. D. Depend upon it, all woman-kind have.

Mr. D. I have ſometimes thought that men ſacrificed rather too much to obtain that rank—I can be no longer of that opinion; but now, for the firſt time in my life, I regret very much that I am not a peer.

[My aunt was certainly a good deal affected by this laſt ſpeech of my uncle.—I diſtinguiſhed the tone of tenderneſs and emotion in her voice, while ſhe ſaid]

Mrs. D. You do me great injuſtice, if you are not perſuaded that there is one commoner whom I prefer to the whole houſe of peers.

Mr. D. Since that is the caſe, my dear,

I am again reconciled to my rank in life, and have no longer a wifh for a peerage.

Mrs. D. After all, my good friend, don't you think the world will be greatly furprifed if you neglect to do every thing in your power to prevail on your niece to accept of fo advantageous an offer.

Mr. D. I have made it a rule through life, my dear, to confider whether a meafure is right or wrong in itfelf, and to act accordingly, without confidering in the leaft whether the world would be furprifed or not. If Horatia does not like the man, which there is great reafon to believe is the cafe, it would be wrong in us to perfuade the girl to marry him, merely to prevent the world from being furprifed.

Mrs. D. Not merely for that, though the opinion of the world ought to have fome weight, but alfo becaufe the man in queftion is elegant, accomplifhed, and—and—

Mr. D. And a lord.

Mrs. D. Very well—I do acknowledge that in my opinion, that very circumſtance ought to have conſiderable weight.

Mr. D. I grant it, my dear: but you muſt admit alſo, that although all women have a taſte for lords, yet ſome lords are not to every woman's taſte. Now the particular lord in queſtion, with all his elegance, happens not to be to the taſte of your niece, which, in my opinion, over-balances the advantages which you think he poſſeſſes. Let me tell you, my dear, that a young woman is placed in a very dangerous ſituation who is married to a man ſhe does not like.

Mrs. D. I feel no uneaſineſs on that ſcore. Horatia has had too good an education, and is of too virtuous principles, ever to deviate from the fidelity ſhe will owe to her huſband.

Mr. D. I have a very high opinion of Horatia, and the utmoſt affection for her; on which account I am the more averſe from having any hand in perſuading her to become

the wife of a man ſhe does not love.—I wiſh to keep thoſe I value out of danger.

Mrs. D. Good Heavens! Mr. Darnley, what ſtrange fancies you have. Can you imagine that a woman, well educated, who has always been in good company, who is married to a man of high rank——

Mr. D. Rank makes no odds: there are as many cuckolds in the Houſe of Peers as in the Court of Aldermen.

Mrs. D. Well, Mr. Darnley, you really aſtoniſh me. I never heard you ſpeak ſuch language. Have you ſuch an opinion of Horatia Clifford as to think that——

Mr. D. You miſtake me, my dear; I mean no inſinuation againſt Horatia: I love her as much as I could were ſhe my daughter. There is no young woman on earth of whom I have a higher eſteem;—but, I repeat it, I would not place any perſon I love, young or old, man or woman, in dangerous ſituations, if I could avoid it: and, a young woman who is married to a man ſhe diſlikes,

is, in my opinion, in a very dangerous situation. But, if you will not admit it to be dangerous, you cannot deny it that it is disagreeable, which is sufficient to deter her friends from pressing her into it. Besides, my dear, as women do not enjoy all the privileges which men do, I am for leaving them in the full possession of those they have.

Mrs. D. I do not understand to what you allude.

Mr. D. Why, my dear, as the fair sex are not allowed to pay their addresses to those they like, I am clear for supporting them in the privilege of rejecting the addresses of those they do not like, whether peer or commoner.

Mrs. D. As Horatia has never hinted a prepossession in favour of another man, her objection to lord Deanport must proceed from her having heard something against his temper or disposition. Do you not think, then, it would be worth while to make some inquiry on this head?—and, in case of its being found that such rumours are ground-

lefs, you will then, perhaps, judge proper to convince my niece of her error.

Mr. D. If the cafe were precifely the reverfe, my dear;—if Horatia, on account of his rank and handfome perfon, were inclined to marry a man of a bad character or temper; I fhould think it my duty to bring proofs of this to her, that fhe might alter her intention: but, in the prefent cafe, notwithftanding her having no prepoffeffion in favour of another, fhe feems to be averfe from marrying this man. It is true that there are women, who, from motives of intereft or ambition, do marry men for whom they have a contempt or averfion; but Horatia does not poffefs that kind of philofophy. And fhe has, on fo many occafions, manifefted fo great a defire to oblige me, that I cannot bear to make a requeft which fhe may have an invincible repugnance againft complying with, and yet have great pain in refufing—I feel much uneafinefs at this moment, my dear, in not agreeing to what you have propofed with

ſo much earneſtneſs:—why ſhould I give equal, or, perhaps, greater uneaſineſs, to one who, I know, has the utmoſt inclination to oblige me?

[There was no immediate anſwer made to this. After a ſhort pauſe, my aunt ſaid]

Mrs. D. My dear, I cannot anſwer what you have ſaid—I believe I have done wrong in preſſing Horatia—I ought not to reaſon with you—I am a weak reaſoner—I wonder you could think of marrying a woman who can argue ſo ill.

Mr. D. It was not on account of your arguing talents that I married you, my dear, but for a thouſand more amiable qualities, by which you have rendered me a very happy huſband. One of them is, that you acknowledge a miſtake as ſoon as you are made ſenſible of it, even though it be in the heat of the diſpute, which is a degree of candour that very few great diſputers are capable of.

[Here a footman entered, and having pronounced the name of general Randal, they

both left the library with that eagerneſs which they always have to ſee that gentleman, and I ſlipped to my own apartment, extremely pleaſed not to be known to have overheard ſo ſingular a converſation.

My aunt entered my room ſome time after—"Your uncle has convinced me, my dear," ſaid ſhe, holding forth her hand, "that I was wrong to trouble you in the manner I did about lord Deanport. I know you are angry—Pray let us be friends."

I need not inform you, Juliet, what return I made to ſo affectionate an addreſs—it quite overpowered me. I do not know that I could have refuſed her any thing.—I am glad ſhe did not at that moment renew her requeſt reſpecting lord Deanport.—I will not deſcribe the ſcene which paſſed between us, farther than juſt to mention one expreſſion of my aunt.—"You have been peculiarly fortunate, my dear Horatia," ſaid ſhe, "in your neareſt relations. Your father was a man of acknowledged honour and admirable good ſenſe;

your mother was a ſaint; and to your poor aunt you are obliged for being niece to the moſt juſt and moſt benevolent man in England."

I could not love my aunt more than I did; but I certainly have a higher eſteem for her than ever.

I knew, my dear Juliet, that this detail would give you pleaſure: I ſtayed, therefore, from the opera, that I might have the pleaſure of writing it.

Yours ever,

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXIV.

LADY DIANA FRANKLIN *to* *Miſs* H. CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, Plimton.

I HAVE had hints in various letters from London, reſpecting the attentions which have been of late paid to you by the earl of Deanport; but, as you never mentioned that nobleman in your own letters, I took it for granted that my correſpondents had miſtaken the uſual politeneſs of a man of high birth for extraordinary courteſies; therefore, in my letters to you, I took no more notice of the hints than, in yours to me, you did of the attentions. I ſhould, probably, have continued the ſame conduct, had I not received a letter from your uncle by the laſt poſt, in which he tells me, that, though at one time you ſeemed rather pleaſed with the preference which the earl gave you, which was alſo countenanced by the counteſs his mother, you have ſince de-

clared to your aunt, "that you were determined to discourage his addresses, and even to avoid giving him any opportunity of making them."—Do not imagine, my dear, that I mean to impute blame to you for not consulting your relations or friends respecting your acceptance of a man whom you felt yourself determined to reject, in case he should make you a proposal of marriage. I think it rather conformable to your general conduct, that you waved informing them you had an admirer of that rank, since you felt no inclination to favour his addresses. Many young ladies, even if they had come to the same resolution, would still have thought they derived importance from having it known they refused such an offer.

As this young nobleman has been represented to me, however, as remarkably polite, handsome, accomplished, and free from some of the excesses of which the young men of the age are accused; and, as at one period, you received his attentions in a favourable

manner; I confess I should like to know (provided you feel no reluctance against giving me the information), what determined you to change your behaviour, and take such a decided resolution against him.

I have tried to account for this by various conjectures; and, particularly by one, which nothing but the strongest proofs of attachment and affection to me, which you have on different occasions evinced, joined to the indignation you feel against all whom you have reason to believe are ill-disposed towards me, could have raised in my mind. It is, that the coldness which has long existed between lady Deanport and me may have had weight in determining you on this occasion. If there is any foundation for this conjecture, I beg that every thing of that nature may be thrown out of the scale; for, whatever prejudices against me may have arisen on her ladyship's part, they would, in all probability, be effaced in case the connection in question should take place; and, even although no great intimacy

ſhould ever exiſt between her and me, I ſhould ſtill feel a very ſenſible ſatisfaction in your being advantageouſly married.

Notwithſtanding what you tell me of the agreeable ſituation of the marchioneſs at Richmond, I fear ſhe will think it ſtrange that I have been ſo long without waiting on her. On other accounts my abſence from town at preſent is vexatious; but I plainly perceive that my leaving Mrs. Denham at preſent would afflict her more than her weak ſtate of mind and body could bear.—I muſt not propoſe it till ſhe gains a little more ſtrength: ſhe has no other friend.—Adieu! my dear Horatia.

Pray give me a little light reſpecting lord D.

LETTER LXXV.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, London.

HAVING sometimes heard people turned into ridicule for asking their friends' advice, whether they should accept or reject those to whom they were already married, or at least fully determined to marry, I thought it would be equally ridiculous to consult mine respecting the addresses of a man whom, in case of his ever making the proposal to me, I was fully resolved to refuse.

I am happy to find that you do not disapprove of this. But you wish to know my objections to a man of high rank, who has been represented to you as handsome, polite, and accomplished.—With regard to the first, it would be affectation to pretend to look on it as an article of no weight; but I may say,

with truth, that when I perceive it has a great deal with the man himſelf, it has very little with me.

As for the ſecond, I do conſider it as eſſential to the character of a gentleman; and I know that lord Deanport is ſpoken of, by ſome people, as remarkably polite. Without troubling you with my preciſe idea of that term, I ſhall only ſay, that I diſlike his lordſhip's kind of politeneſs. He performs the common civilities of ſociety as if they were, in him, acts of condeſcenſion. His air, his geſture, his ſtately, yet obſequious bows, all betray a notion of his own ſuperiority.

The great uſe of politeneſs, as my dear and ever lamented father explained it to me, is to correct the partiality, and check the rapacity, of ſelf-love. He compared politeneſs to a maſk with the features of benevolence, by which men try to cover the deformity of ſelfiſhneſs. Some wear this maſk ſo aukwardly, that they continually ſhow part of the ugly features behind it; others let it fall from their

face entirely, by too profound and too frequent bendings. This accident has frequently happened in my presence to the noble lord in question. He who, in the midst of the homage he pays to the company, plainly discovers that he thinks himself superior to them all, certainly defeats the purpose of politeness. Such a man is like one who, in the very act of obsequiously bowing to another, is all the while admiring his own attitudes, in a mirror placed behind the person he pretends to be treating so courteously.

I have often beheld lord Deanport acting this ridiculous part, and, all the time, he seemed convinced that he was admired by the spectators as much as he admired himself.

I tried to discover on what his own admiration could be founded; for, after all, a man must, in spite of the delusions of vanity, know something of himself. I could find out nothing on which he could possible rest it, unless it were his figure and rank; in every

attainment that depends on genius and exertion he muſt be ſenſible of deficiency. This conſciouſneſs would have been advantageous if it had prompted him to acquire what he felt the want of. It has had no ſuch effect on this noble lord: he ſeems only ſolicitous to conceal the deficiencies; and can hear with complacency, inſtead of bluſhes, praiſe for imputed accompliſhments; than which I know no ſtronger proof of a mean mind. Pride on account of qualities we do not poſſeſs, or actions we never performed, is pride which, according to Pope's expreſſion, "licks the duſt." I acknowledge, at the ſame time, that pride, on account of high birth, is natural to man; and, when accompanied, as it often is, with a deſire of imitating the example of illuſtrious anceſtors, it is, in a great meaſure, juſtifiable. But, to be inflated with pride on account of being deſcended from thoſe to whoſe characters our own has no reſemblance, and whoſe example we never attempt

to follow, is, in my opinion, equally abſurd and ridiculous.

From what I have had opportunities of obſerving in life, I am led to think, that perſons born of high rank are in general more unaſſuming, and poſſeſſed of greater eaſe of manner, than thoſe who are raiſed to the ſame rank by marriage, or otherwiſe. If what I have heard of the late lord Deanport be true, his lordſhip and his lady were inſtances of the truth of this remark; for he has been deſcribed to me as a man of very elegant manners. It is to be regretted, indeed, that the politeneſs and elegance of manner, which generally belongs to people of birth, is not always accompanied with benevolence. It gave me pain, in a company where I was lately, to hear it aſſerted, that the late lord Deanport was, with all his politeneſs, devoid of that virtue; and that every appearance of it in his conduct proceeded from oſtentation and vanity.

To return to your letter,—you have been informed, that at one time I behaved to lord Deanport in a manner that made people imagine that his addreſſes were agreeable to me; and you wiſh to know my reaſons for the alteration that afterwards took place in my conduct.—I own I intended to have concealed this from you; but the inclination you expreſs to be acquainted with the whole is more than ſufficient to make me overcome the reluctance I had to trouble you with ſuch a communication.

N. B. The reſt of this letter conſiſts of an account of miſs Clifford's firſt acquaintance with lord Deanport, the rude manner in which lady Deanport had behaved to her, the manner in which ſhe herſelf had retaliated, the alteration that took place in her ladyſhip's conduct; and concludes with an

account of lord Deanport's behaviour at Mr. Darnley's: but as this narrative is, in fubftance, the fame with what is contained in the letters addreffed to Mrs. Sommers, it is here omitted.

LETTER LXXVI.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miſs* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA,

I HAVE conſidered, very attentively, the account you give of your adventure with the noble lord, and every other part of your laſt letter: the whole is written with that energy and ſprightlineſs which belong to your character. The proofs it contains of that generous and warm friendſhip, which has long been a ſource of happineſs to me, affected me greatly; yet I muſt acknowledge that ſome pain was mingled with the pleaſure I felt in the peruſal, from the idea that your ſenſibility to whatever concerns me has led you a little out of the direct line of propriety, which you uſually purſue. I will not allow your warm affection for myſelf, my deareſt girl, however pleaſing to my heart, to prevent me from

communicating to you my real ſentiments, when I find the leaſt thing cenſurable in any part of your conduct.

Though you do not ſay it, yet I am quite certain that the manner in which you have heard that lady Deanport expreſſed herſelf, regarding me, provoked you more than her inſolence to yourſelf; yet your own obſervation might have convinced you that ſuch intemperate expreſſions are more hurtful to the people who uſe them than to thoſe they mean to injure, and are beſt anſwered by ſilent contempt.

I will not take upon me to decide whether your remark on the manners of people *born* to high rank, compared to thoſe of perſons *raiſed* to it, be well founded or not; but I can aſſure you that the conſtruction you heard put on the late earl of Deanport's conduct is equally uncharitable and unjuſt. I had the honour of his acquaintance; and I always thought him a man of real politeneſs and benevolence. Nothing can diſplay a more ma-

licious turn of mind than a diſpoſition to put bad conſtructions on actions which naturally would bear good ones. When a perſon takes trouble, and puts himſelf to expenſe, not in giving ſumptuous entertainments to the great and powerful, but in relieving the wants, and preparing ſome comforts to the pooreſt and moſt wretched claſs of our fellow-creatures, how ungenerous is it to aſſert, or inſinuate, that this proceeds from any unbecoming motive!—yet I have heard the annual entertainment provided at Portman-ſquare, for the poor chimney-ſweepers of the capital, imputed to vanity and oſtentation. The imputation gave me a very unfavourable impreſſion of the perſon who made it, without, in the ſmalleſt degree, diminiſhing my eſteem for the inſtitutor, whoſe enlightened mind may exult in the reflection that her benevolent feſtival diffuſes more enjoyment than all the luxurious entertainments that are waſted, on ſated wealth, from the beginning of the year to the end.

In these sentiments, my dear Horatia, I am persuaded you join with me: but I fear we differ a little in our notions of the manner in which you resented lady Deanport's rudeness. Instead of despising a behaviour which dishonoured her, not you, perceiving that she was alarmed at her son's attentions to you, although you had received them before with coldness, you now seemed to relish them, and assumed an air of complaisance to him, merely to vex and teaze her, without regarding the construction he would put on an alteration in your behaviour, so flattering to him. I greatly suspect, that if any improper sentiment, respecting you, ever suggested itself to the mind of lord Deanport, it was at this time; and that he never would have dared to have behaved to you as he did, when he found you alone at your uncle's, if the sudden alteration in your manner had not encouraged him.

How can his conduct be otherwise accounted for?—How came he to change his

behaviour to you, immediately after you changed yours to him?—He then ventured on freedoms he had never riſked before. Why did he not make a propoſal of marriage when he found you alone?—he never could expect a more favourable opportunity. Inſtead of this, he began to take unbecoming liberties. It is clear, my dear Horatia, that the man put a libertine conſtruction on the alteration of your behaviour to him. This alteration conſiſted not only in its being expreſſive of more kindneſs than formerly, but alſo of more than you really felt. His ſubſequent conduct is one proof, among ten thouſand, of the conſtruction which men put on a coquettiſh behaviour in women. This is not unworthy of your ſerious attention, my lovely young friend. Pray obſerve:—The ſame man, who had always treated you with the moſt reſpectful politeneſs, takes freedoms which ſhock you, the moment that ſomething of coquetry intermingles with your behaviour to him; and, as ſoon as you re-aſſume your

natural character, and the dignity of a virtuous woman, he is overawed, disconcerted, and, in the humblest tone, begs forgiveness.

Though I am not at all uneasy at being called an old maid, I should be sorry to be thought a prude; particularly if great austerity be implied in the word: yet I would much rather be a prude than a coquette.

It will be said, that a coquette may be a virtuous woman;—she only amuses herself by attracting the attention of men, and deceiving them with false hopes. I am not now speaking of that playful and thoughtless coquetry which has no object beyond drawing a little admiration; of that species of coquetry nothing need be said, but that it is sometimes a dangerous game, and that the object it aims at may be better attained by other means. But of the other kind of coquetry, I own, my opinion is very different.

Deceiving men with false hopes!—Hopes of what nature?—What do you think of this, my dear, as an occupation for a virtuous wo-

man? For my own part, so little of a prude am I, that I do not think *that* a woman of the town is a vast deal more reprehensible.

I am sensible, my dear Horatia, that you despise real coquetry. The alteration of your behaviour to the young lord flowed from a different source: but, though different, it was not perfectly pure. You wished to punish the insolence of lady Deanport, and the childish impertinence of the two other women, by making them believe that you had some partiality for the noble lord, and that you intended to accomplish what they dreaded. This, in my opinion, was not only improper, but superfluous: it would have been better to have overlooked the malevolence of all the three. Envy and malevolence contain their own punishment; for, while those women seemed so merry, at your expense, they were, in reality, feeling more pain than they gave. Besides, my dear, you ought to have recollected that you were not only deceiving

them, but also lord Deanport, who, at that period, had given you no cause of offence.

However displeased lady Deanport may have been with her son's attentions to you, it appears that she is of a different way of thinking now. This, I confess, I do not perfectly understand: but, since you have ranked his lordship among the polite gentlemen who are bowing to the pretty fellow in the glass, while they pretend to be making obeisance to the company, I am convinced she has no reason to dread that he ever will be the husband of my Horatia Clifford.

Adieu!

Yours, affectionately,

DIANA FRANKLIN.

LETTER LXXVII.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, Southbury-Park, Surry.

THE day after ſending my laſt letter to you, I accompanied Mr. Darnley and my aunt to this place. They had expreſſed a wiſh to paſs a few days with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tranquil. Some time this month I preſſed them to put their intention into immediate execution, while the marchioneſs remained at Richmond, that I might not be abſent when ſhe ſhould return to town. I wiſhed alſo to have no chance of meeting lord Deanport, for ſome time, at leaſt.

We have paſſed ſome days, very agreeably, with this family. What can be more agreeable than living with benevolent people, of elegant manners, cultivated minds, and ac-

commodating tempers; fond of each other, and esteemed by their neighbours?

We intended to have remained some time longer; but I have just received a letter from my brother. He has been already three days in London; and my uncle, perceiving that I was impatient to see him, and, unwilling to let me go to town alone, we are all to leave this place to-morrow morning. His servant brought your letter this evening. I can have no chance of sleeping until I answer it. I will frankly tell you, my dear lady Diana, that some parts of it vex me. I cannot subscribe to your doctrine of bearing injuries without retaliation, under the refined pretence of despising them, or on the supposition that the aggressor will be sufficiently punished by the painful sensations which malevolence excites.

What sensations malevolence excites none but wicked people can precisely know; but we see them exult, and express pleasure, in the pain they give to others. This is not

eaſily to be borne, particularly by thoſe they injure; nor do I ſee ſufficient reaſon for not retorting upon them, and making them feel in their turn.

This is abſolutely requiſite for preſerving the peace of ſociety:—forbearance provokes freſh inſults.

I could put you in mind, my dear madam, of various inſtances, in which your having deſpiſed the darts of malignity, and remained paſſive, has only ſerved to draw from your enemies a freſh ſhower, dipped in ſharper poiſon than the former.

It is true, the point fell blunted to the ground, and the poiſon had no effect: but the aggreſſors were equally criminal; and their remaining unpuniſhed will render them ſtill more ready to make new attacks on you or others.

You will ſay, that we are enjoined to forgive our enemies. I cannot think that precept is to be underſtood in the literal ſenſe, and to the extent you do; for thoſe who con-

tend for this entire forgiveneſs ſtill think it their duty to give teſtimony againſt their injurers, and to deliver them up to the cognizance of law. I am perſuaded, therefore, that this precept is wrong interpreted. When the injurer expreſſes ſorrow or contrition, no mortal would be more ready to forgive than I; and, if thoſe who had injured me were fallen into misfortune and miſery, I hope I ſhould have no heſitation in endeavouring to relieve them; but to allow an arrogant woman to inſult and tread upon me, as if I were a worm, without uſing the privilege which even worms uſe, is a degree of patience and long ſuffering which I cannot attain.

Beſides, though it is written that we ought to forgive our own enemies, yet it is no where written that we are bound to forgive the enemies of our friends.—No, my deareſt lady Diana, I have endeavoured to imitate you in many things, particularly in that attachment to your friends, which remains unſhaken, not only by their errors, but (and

this is ſtill more rare) even by their misfortunes, it never will be in my power, from the heart, to forgive thoſe who calumniate, and ſhow an inclination to injure, the perſons I love and reverence.

The conſtruction which, you ſay, may be put on coquetry, never occurred to me before. Acquitting me entirely of it, in that ſenſe of the word, you ſtill accuſe me of having deceived lord Deanport, by liſtening to his addreſſes with an air of greater ſatisfaction than I had done before;—but you forget that I told you, in my laſt, my dear lady Diana, that, after he expreſſed a deſire to ſerve Mrs. Denham's family, I really felt more good-will to the man; and, though I ſtill continued to put a juſt value on the ſilly things he whiſpered in my ear, yet they did not create the ſame diſguſt as formerly:—ſo that very little deceit can be laid to my charge on that account. And as for the attentions I ſhowed him, immediately after lady Deanport and the Moyſtons had behaved

with ſuch rudeneſs to me, if you had been preſent to ſee how much my complaiſance diſconcerted her ladyſhip, teazed the aunt and niece, and ſet the whole three a *fidgetting*, I am convinced you would have been very much entertained; and, I cannot help being ſtill of opinion, that the entertainment was a very innocent one.

As for the effect which any harmleſs gaiety of mine may have on him, or on any preſumptuous fool or libertine whatever, I do not think myſelf at all anſwerable for it. Your ladyſhip, however, may be in the right in ſuppoſing that the ſmall alteration in my conduct produced the audacity of his; and that idea will, you may be aſſured, keep me on my guard, to prevent his having any opportunity of renewing it in future.

Whether the change in lady Deanport's behaviour is a complete proof of her having no diſpleaſure at her ſon's attentions to me, as your ladyſhip ſuppoſes, is what I cannot determine; nor can I comprehend from what

motive ſhe acts:—but of this I am certain, that I wiſh to have no further intercourſe of any kind with him, and as little as poſſible with her ladyſhip.

Having now ſaid every thing I wiſhed, on certain expreſſions in your letter, which, I own, hurt me a little, I ſhall go to bed and dream of my meeting with William, inſtead of dreaming of thoſe ſame expreſſions, as I certainly ſhould have done, had I not told you all that was on my heart.

Farewell! my deareſt lady Diana. Continue to love your own

HORATIA CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXVIII.

James Grindill, *Esq. to the* Countess *of* Deanport.

My dear Countess,

——shire, South Wales.

I did not imagine that the devil himſelf could have contrived any thing more vexatious to me than that which was the ſubject of my laſt letter.

I now find that I have under-rated the devil's talents:—he has improved on his laſt by a new invention to torment me; and he inſtigates the very perſon, from whom I expected relief in the midſt of my ſufferings, to point it againſt me with the moſt infernal energy.

I have juſt received a letter from lord Deanport, full of reproaches. He accuſes me of exciting your ladyſhip to teaze him to form connections which he loaths, and to prejudice him againſt perſons he loves. He adviſes me to take no farther concern in his affairs, but

to look after my own, adding, with an infernal ſneer, "that he underſtands they require my *utmoſt attention.*" He does not condeſcend to explain the cauſe of his ill-humour; but Townly informs me "that lord Deanport had failed in the execution of his inſtructions, had made a premature and feeble attack on the damſel, by which, inſtead of carrying her on his own terms, he had diſcovered to her that ſhe could have him on hers; and, in conſequence of this, ſhe had beaten him out of his purſuit, and diſmiſſed him from her preſence, with all the dignity of the heroine of a romance; which has enraged him againſt me, made him break with Townly, and rendered him more her admirer than before." —Townly adds, "that he is fully convinced that the next news I ſhall hear of them will be their marriage; for it is not to be doubted that a woman of ſo much addreſs as miſs Clifford has ſhown herſelf to be, will, to prevent accidents and anticipate his repentance,

take care to have the ceremony performed as ſoon after the propoſal as poſſible."

I dare ſwear he has already made the propoſal, and that his lordſhip's fury againſt me is in conſequence of an explanation and treaty with the lady.

This is the more likely, as Townly informs me that miſs Clifford's brother is returned from abroad, and, ſince his arrival at London, has been much with his lordſhip.— I know they were intimate formerly.

This, unqueſtionably, is an unfortunate buſineſs, and much to be regretted. Nothing could have been more wiſely arranged than your ladyſhip's ſcheme of uniting him to miſs Moyſton. *She* would have been eaſily guided by your ladyſhip; her immenſe fortune would have enabled him to be uſeful to his friends; and ſhe would have enjoyed about as much of his affections as miſs Clifford will do half a year hence. Theſe conſiderations are, no doubt, painful. My fear that they may

make too deep an impreſſion on a mind of ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility as that of your ladyſhip, and, perhaps, prompt you to a conduct inconſiſtent with your uſual prudence and laſting intereſt, is the cauſe of my ſubmitting the following ſuggeſtions to your calm conſideration.

In the preſent ſtate of lord Deanport's mind, he is not to be reaſoned with. Oppoſition to what he ſeems ſo determined on would be vain, and might provoke him to meaſures highly diſtreſſing to your ladyſhip. *If I remember right, the additional thouſand pounds of jointure is not as yet confirmed by an irrevocable deed.*

Your ladyſhip has already condeſcended to make advances to miſs Clifford. Though this was done with different proſpects than exiſt at preſent, yet it will be highly expedient to continue the ſame conduct, and let her carry her point: ſhe cannot fail being greatly flattered. Her influence with lord Deanport will be without any limits while it laſts—but it will

not laſt long after their marriage. You may apply that interval to an important uſe. The young lady is of a careleſs diſpoſition reſpecting money: the leaſt hint, if you are on friendly terms with her, will make her eager to fix the affair of the jointure—vanity will hurry her on to it. The time will come, no doubt, when ſhe will repent it; and that time will be when his lordſhip begins to feel remorſe for having preferred her to miſs Moyſton. He will regret, at the ſame time, very probably, the augmentation of your jointure; but it will then be too late.

From what I have heard of miſs Clifford, I am convinced that, while ſhe lives on good terms with her huſband, ſhe will allow no other perſon to have the management of him: but they will not live on good terms a vaſt while. Her beauty, which, whatever other qualities ſhe may poſſeſs, is the only one that *he* values, will ſoon become familiar to him. Women, whom at preſent he conſiders as leſs handſome, will then appear more beautiful

than her. He will neglect her; ſhe will deſpiſe him, without taking the trouble to conceal it; in conſequence of which he will hate her. Your ladyſhip will then ſeize the reins; and may, with prudent management and addreſs, govern him for life.

I heartily hope that your admirable good ſenſe will prevent the recollection of miſs Clifford's former inſolence from precluding, or even retarding, a line of conduct ſo ſtrongly required by the preſent circumſtances. Let not your pride be at all alarmed by this behaviour. Pleaſe to recollect, that by acting as I adviſe, ſo far from ſubmitting to miſs Clifford, you are uſing her as a mere tool for effecting your own purpoſes. Though I deſire you to conciliate the mind of the girl by every appearance of affection, you cannot think I have an idea that your ladyſhip ſhould abate the leaſt portion of the genuine hatred you feel againſt her, and which you may rely on my aſſiſting you to gratify, at a proper oppor-

tunity, by any safe means which you may propose.

Your ladyship knows of what importance his lordship's favour is to me, particularly after the diabolical dispensation that has lately taken place: you cannot doubt, therefore, of my having adopted the plan I recommend. Notwithstanding the stinging severity of some expressions in his letter to me, I have answered in a style calculated to remove his resentment:—in the language of self-condemnation, I retract every insinuation against the purity of miss Clifford's character and the lustre of her beauty—I pretend to have just received the most delightful account of that young lady's disposition from a person who had known her from her childhood: no accomplishment or quality that can render a woman amiable is omitted.—I hope he will show her my letter.—I take due notice of his discernment in preferring her to such a vulgar dowdy as miss Moyston, and selecting

ſuch a genuine jewel from the counterfeits that glitter in every aſſembly. This would be thought too ſudden a wheel, and too ſtrong a doſe of flattery, by thoſe who are unacquainted with the real reach of his diſcernment, and his capacity in ſwallowing praiſe.

I hope ſoon to have the honour of throwing myſelf at the feet of your ladyſhip; being, with the ſincereſt and moſt inviolable attachment,

Your faithful, &c.

J. GRINDILL.

P. S. I ſaw a gentleman yeſterday who had juſt arrived from London: he told me that he had ſeen your ladyſhip at an aſſembly with Mrs. Demure; he gave me the pleaſure of knowing that you looked charmingly: he alſo commended her appearance. But I could not help ſmiling when he added—" that what ſtruck him moſt was the looks of mutual

affection that paſſed between you and that lady:" he ſaid "it afforded him real pleaſure to ſee ſuch genuine marks of friendſhip, as, he was perſuaded, exiſted between you."

From the account with which you once favoured me of that lady, it is pretty evident that this gentleman is no very accurate phyſiognomiſt.

LETTER LXXIX.

Mrs. Berkley *to* Lady Diana Franklin.

Dear Lady Diana, Exeter.

I intended to have done myſelf the honour of waiting on you; but am prevented by a threatening of my old complaint; which obliges me to trouble you with this letter: the ſubject of which I ſhall acquaint you with in as few words as I can.

My nephew, Mr. Carelton, I find, is greatly ſmitten with your young friend miſs Clifford. Indeed, I am not ſurpriſed at it; for, though I underſtand ſhe has no ſuch fortune as could be a temptation to him, yet, I muſt confeſs, that a lovelier or genteeler young woman I have ſeldom ſeen, either in Devonſhire, London, or any-where elſe.

He informs me, that his intention, when laſt in London, was to have mentioned this matter to miſs Clifford's uncle, Mr. Darnley;

of whom, by the way, every body, almoſt without exception, ſpeaks well: but, underſtanding that the earl of Deanport was at that time paying his addreſſes to her, he thought it moſt prudent to deſiſt. But, ſince he came to the country, he has received a letter from one of his friends in London, aſſuring him that his lordſhip's ſuit is now entirely at an end. As ſoon, therefore, as my nephew has concluded the buſineſs which brought him to the country, I have reaſon to believe that he intends to return directly to London, with a view to pay his addreſſes to miſs Clifford.

I can aſſure your ladyſhip, that, both from what I ſaw, and from what I have heard you and others relate, of that young lady, I moſt heartily wiſh he may ſucceed. The chief conſideration, which renders this at all doubtful to me, is her having refuſed lord Deanport; becauſe it rarely happens that a ſimple gentlewoman refuſes to marry an earl; and the reaſon is plain,—though men have va-

rious methods of being made lords, marriage is the only means by which spinsters can be made ladies. But miss Clifford's refusing him may have proceeded from her having a prepossession for, or being under an insurmountable engagement with, another. If either of those happens to be the case, I should take it as a great favour, and yet not greater, I hope, than your friendship for me will incline you to bestow, to give me a hint of it.

My reason for making this request I will frankly tell to your ladyship. About seven or eight years ago, when my nephew was only twenty years of age, he fell desperately in love with a lady, five years, at least, older than himself, but still a good deal admired for her beauty; who, after having encouraged his addresses some months, married a rich West-India merchant, to whom she said she had been engaged from her childhood.

In consequence of this, my nephew fell into a dejection of spirits, which alarmed all his

friends, and particularly myſelf, who have the moſt affectionate regard for him,—as well I may, for a better diſpoſed young man, I will venture to ſay, England cannot boaſt.

My nephew ſucceeded to the great Wiltſhire eſtate the year immediately after, though there had been no leſs than two lives between him and it at the time when the lady preferred her merchant, who, by the way, has ſince become a bankrupt, which made her, no doubt, grievouſly repent having refuſed my nephew. I do not mention this from any ſatisfaction it gives me, for I hope I am a better Chriſtian than to rejoice in any perſon's misfortune; but I cannot help thinking, that whatever pain and remorſe this woman may experience, ſhe well deſerves it, as a juſt puniſhment for her folly.

To cure him of love, my nephew was adviſed to turn his head to politics, becauſe they uſually beget hatred. He accordingly obtained a ſeat in Parliament, applied his mind to public affairs, and his ſpirits have

ever ſince been riſing in proportion to the proſperity of the country.

With regard to both his own eſtates, I believe I need not inform your ladyſhip, that, taken together, they are conſiderably more valuable than lord Deanport's, and they are quite clear of debts and incumberances. I know that your ladyſhip regards titles and eſtate as of leſs importance than a good character; and I dare ſay you have inſpired the ſame ſentiments into your young friend, who has been for ſome years in a manner what lady Mincing calls your *elève*.

I ſhall therefore give you my nephew's character in a few words. He is a ſtout comely youth, of twenty-nine years of age; rather full-faced; and in perſon, what lady Mincing, who often prefers a French word to an Engliſh, would call *embonpoint*, though *plump*, in my opinion, would do as well.

He is good-natured and obliging, having always, from his youth, done to the beſt of his abilities what his neareſt relations deſired him

to do; which, your ladyſhip will admit, is a valuable diſpoſition in a huſband; becauſe, when a man is married, his wife becomes his neareſt relation.

He is of a ſedate temper, and ſolid underſtanding, though given to ſilence through modeſty. He never ſpoke in the Houſe of Commons but once; when, in the middle of a debate, a certain noiſy member, looking accidentally at him, bellowed, "Hear! hear! hear!"—to which my nephew calmly replied, "*I never do any thing elſe, ſir;*" which immediately got the applauſe of the whole houſe, and ſhowed that he could ſpeak to the purpoſe when he pleaſed.

My nephew is rather charitable to the poor than otherwiſe, which, I know, is a quality particularly eſteemed by your ladyſhip; and, I dare ſay, he will be more ſo ſtill, if miſs Clifford deſires him.

Your ladyſhip may have heard it laid to my nephew's charge, that he never applies to the people in power, with whom he has influ-

ence, in favour of any of his poor friends or acquaintance. This is very true; but it does not proceed from want of good-will to the people, but merely becaufe, as he needs nothing for himfelf, he does not choofe to be laid under any kind of obligation. As he keeps a remarkably good table, is extremely hofpitable, and reprefents one of the oldeft families in the county, few men are more refpected.

Having now, ufing the freedom of an old acquaintance, reprefented thofe things to your ladyfhip, I renew my requeft, that if you know (and nobody is fo likely to know it as yourfelf) of mifs Clifford's being engaged to another man, you will be fo obliging as to acquaint me, that I may prevent my nephew from embarking in a hopelefs project, and being fubjected to a mortification fimilar to that from which he fuffered fo feverely on a former occafion.

But, on the contrary, if the dear young lady is entirely difengaged, my nephew will

immediately ſet out for London, to pay his addreſſes to her, in the hopes that you will promote his ſuit with your influence:—in doing which, your ladyſhip will not only moſt particularly oblige an old friend; but alſo, as I am firmly perſuaded, greatly contribute to the happineſs of the young lady.

I beg you will preſent my beſt compliments to Mrs. Denham, whom every body muſt think exceedingly lucky, in the midſt of her misfortunes, in having a friend like you.

I remain, your ladyſhip's

moſt ſincere friend,

and obedient ſervant,

A. BERKLEY.

LETTER LXXX.

Lady Diana Franklin *to Miss* Horatia Clifford.

Plimpton.

If you were as determined to live ſingle as I am, my dear Horatia, you would find it more difficult to adhere to your reſolution than I ever did; becauſe a greater number of people are intereſted in perſuading you to abandon it. No ſooner have you diſmiſſed one ſuitor than another appears.

I have juſt received the incloſed letter from my old acquaintance Mrs. Berkley.—I do not remember ever to have ſeen the gentleman; but I have often heard him ſpoken of as a very worthy man. Every body agrees in his being extremely good-natured, modeſt, and by no means deficient in underſtanding. He is of an honourable family, much reſpected in the county. He appears to greater diſad-

vantage in his aunt's letter than in any account I ever received of him; but that proceeds from the peculiar character and ſtyle of my old friend, and will have no effect on your judgment, particularly as you have ſeen, and are in ſome degree acquainted with, Mr. Carelton.

Modeſty and good-nature are valuable qualities; and, when joined to a good underſtanding, never fail to form an eſtimable character, and one far more likely to ſecure domeſtic felicity than ſome which are compoſed of more brilliant qualities. How many women have I known, who have been rendered neglected and miſerable wives by thoſe very qualities in their huſbands for which they themſelves moſt admired them before marriage! whereas good-nature, probity, and plain good ſenſe, are ſecurities for a man's continuing an affectionate huſband to a virtuous wife for ever. And if, with theſe, he is in poſſeſſion of a large fortune, the pleaſure of her life will increaſe with her power of doing good

A woman of this disposition is not only an ornament to her husband, but an extensive blessing to the country in which she lives.

That she might not imagine I had consulted you before I answered her letter, I wrote to Mrs. Berkley directly, that I knew of no engagement of the nature she mentioned; that I knew too little of Mr. Carelton to offer any advice; and so, with a few civil expressions to my old friend, concluded my letter. I dare say you will see Mr. Carelton some time next week, and will then judge for yourself; but, before you come to an absolute decision, I shall, perhaps, hear from you.

I hope you will have a happy meeting with your brother.—Adieu, my dearest Horatia!

D. FRANKLIN.

LETTER LXXXI.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

London.

I CONFESS, my dear lady Diana, that I am a little mortified at your having anſwered that ſtrange letter of Mrs. Berkley in the ſtyle you did; as alſo with the concluſion of yours to me, in which you ſeem to think me in ſuch danger of marrying a libertine wit, that you are diſpoſed to puſh me into the arms of a good-natured dunce.

Though I do not expect ever to experience the mighty paſſion of love in the degree that poets and romance-writers deſcribe, yet I hope not to be thought very romantic in determining never to be the wife of a man for whom I have not a very high *eſteem*. And, without harbouring any doubt of the gentleman in queſtion being ſedate, good-natured, well-

difpofed, and *plump* into the bargain, I acknowledge that I do not precifely entertain that fentiment for him.

I will not condemn thofe women, who, having no warmer fentiment for any other, confent to marry men, for whom they have a complete indifference, from views of wealth, grandeur, or from compliance with the requeft of their relations; but I cannot envy them their prudence nor complaifance. I was bleft with parents who never would have urged me on fuch a fubject: but, had it been otherwife, I am convinced I fhould have difplayed a degree of refiftance to their inclination which I never fhowed on any other occafion.

On this principle I acted, when, pretty early in life, I refufed the hand of a young man of immenfe wealth, abroad; and, lately, when, with lefs hefitation, I rejected the propofals of lord Deanport. I never, for a moment, repented my determination, and, I am fully fatisfied, never fhall. Yet I imagine

that I have a due regard for wealth, and that I put a proper value on the comforts and conveniences it puts in our power. From ſuch obſervations as I have been able to make, I am led to believe, that few things are ſo much over-valued, in this country particularly, as riches.

For my part, I am certain that I ſhould feel more laſting mortification and pain from being put to the bluſh by one inſtance of ignorance, dulneſs, want of ſpirit, or of generoſity, in my huſband, than I could receive pleaſure from his poſſeſſing the wealth of ten nabobs, and living in all the magnificence of the Eaſt.—Good Heaven! how many perſonages do we ſee yawning through life in magnificence! I have a notion that I know a greater number of very opulent people, particularly of our ſex, who paſs their lives with leſs enjoyment, and more fretting, than any claſs, except, perhaps, thoſe who are in want of the common conveniences of life.

The fate of poor Fanny Faukener, with whom I was intimately acquainted at Lausanne, made a strong impression on my mind.

I have known few young women of more amiable dispositions, more accomplished, or more capable of rendering a man of sense and sentiment happy, and of being rendered happy by him.

Her greatest weakness lay in her having too little reliance in her own judgment, and being too pliant to the importunities of others. She was persuaded, by her relations, to marry Mr. Buckram, a young man who, by the death of an elder brother, had acquired an immense fortune. Her relations assured her, "that he was the best young man in the world;" and when she confessed to them, that, in spite of his good qualities, it was impossible for her to meet with a man for whom she could feel more indifference, she was told, *that* was an objection of no importance, because she might

come to like him more, but would never like him leſs, which was an advantage many married women did not enjoy. She might, perhaps, have taken a ſmall bias in his favour, from the reflection that he had given a preference to her over the prodigious number of young ladies in London, whom he might have had for the aſking; but one of her good-natured friends informed her in confidence, a little after her marriage, that Mr. Buckram had never once thought of paying his addreſſes to her until he was deſired to do ſo by his grandmother.

Yet, although Mr. Buckram had never paid miſs Faukener any particular attention before, he thought it his duty to fall in love with her as ſoon as his grandmother ſignified her inclination that he ſhould do ſo; and, from the ſame ſenſe of duty and decorum, he was very attentive to her after ſhe became his wife.

Mr. Buckram was a great obſerver of decorum and uniformity, and particularly fond

of whatever was new. As he had taken a wife, which was quite a *new* thing to him, to pleafe his grandmother, he refolved to have other parts of his eftablifhment as new as her, to pleafe himfelf.

He therefore took a new houfe, ordered new furniture, new carriages, new liveries; caufed his old pictures, particularly a Holy Family by Raphael, to be new varnifhed; and he exchanged an antique ftatue, which his father had brought from Rome, for one a great deal newer. He rejected the propofal of having fome old family-jewels to be new fet for his wife, and ordered others for her, all fpick and fpan new:—in fhort, every thing he prefented her with was new, except his ideas: of thefe he had but a fcanty portion; and, what few he had, were worn thread-bare by ufe.

The frequent repetition of obfervations, not worth making, was rather tirefome to the moft patient of his acquaintance, but to his wife became oppreffive. As Mr. Buckram

was a very good-natured man, he would probably have corrected this, in ſome degree, if he had had any ſuſpicion of it; but, unfortunately, however tireſome his obſervations were to others, they ſeemed ſo amuſing to himſelf, that he generally introduced them with a ſimper, and accompanied them with a laugh.

As young Mr. Buckram lived as well, according to the phraſe, as moſt men, he had abundance of viſitors. His houſe was peculiarly convenient to ſome of his wife's relations, who were fond of entertainments, and to whom it was more agreeable to enjoy them in their friends' houſes than in their own. Poor Fanny was thought by ſome to have been made a ſacrifice to this taſte of her neareſt relations; for, whatever happineſs they might have in her houſe, ſhe had none. She was miſerable, however, in a different ſtyle from other unfortunate people; not from want, but from ſuperabundance:—ſhe had a profuſion of every thing, and ſeemed

to have a relifh for nothing. There were few things of which fhe had a greater fhare, and for which fhe had a fmaller relifh, than her hufband's company: indeed, few women would have been flattered with the reafon he gave for beftowing on her fo much of it. He faid he confidered it as a duty, incumbent on every hufband, to be as much with his wife as his other avocations would permit. What he began from a fenfe of duty, he continued from habit. But habit had an oppofite effect on her: fhe relifhed his company lefs and lefs; and, when fhe told him that fhe was fo dejected fhe could not utter a word (which was often the cafe), he declared that he would remain with her, on purpofe to raife her fpirits by his converfation.

When I firft knew Fanny Faukener, fhe lived with her mother, in a frugal manner, and fhe was one of the moft cheerful girls I was ever acquainted with.

When I vifited her after her marriage, I found her in a houfe like a palace, furround-

ed with gaudy fuperfluity; but fhe, herfelf, with a face of languor and dejection. At fight of me her features were enlivened; I recognifed the countenance of my old companion; but, her hufband coming in, it refumed its former dejection. Nothing, to be fure, could be more teazingly ceremonious than the behaviour, or more oppreffively infipid than the converfation, of this worthy man. His wife blufhed as often as he fpoke. She made one attempt to get rid of him, by putting him in mind of an engagement. "There would be more impropriety," faid he, "in leaving you and this lady, my dear, than in breaking the engagement."—I intreated he might ufe no ceremony. He faid "he underftood politenefs better."

When I faw the cafe defperate, I rofe to withdraw. He led me through feveral rooms to exhibit his new-coloured pictures, and the fplendor of the furniture.—"You fee, madam," faid he, addreffing me, "that your friend is in poffeffion of every thing that can

render a woman happy."—The tears ſtarted into my poor friend's eyes; and I hurried away, that ſhe might not ſee I had perceived it.

If I had not been ſo determined before, this example would have made me reſolve never to be the wife of a man I did not both love and eſteem in a ſupreme degree, whatever his wealth and his good-nature might be.

Unqueſtionably, inſtances may be produced of women who have been rendered unhappy by huſbands whom they both loved and eſteemed at the time of their marriage:—but even thoſe women, though on the whole unfortunate, had enjoyment for a certain period at leaſt; whereas poor Mrs. Buckram has never had a day free from *tedium* ſince that of her marriage. Her hours, which formerly danced away as lightly as thoſe of Guido's Aurora, now move at a ſnail's pace, along a heavy cheerleſs road. All ſhe has

to quicken them is, a constant *routine* of entertainments she *dislikes*, in the company of a man whom she was persuaded to marry on account of his riches; who, she knew, had married her at the request of his *grandmother*; who kept her company at first from a sense of *duty*; and who now declares he can no more live without her than he can without snuff. She hears it daily repeated, however, by her own relations, that she has been wonderfully fortunate in her marriage, and that she is one of the happiest women in England; and if any of her husband's relations, particularly his grandmother, chance to be present, the poor girl suppresses a sigh, constrains her features into a smile, and answers—"Oh dear! yes, I am very—very happy indeed!"

I am certain, my friend, that a want of elevation of mind in my husband, an insensibility to that honourable distinction which arises from talent and character, would render my fate similar to that of poor Fanny Fauk-

ener. Good ſenſe, generoſity, and ſpirit, with humanity, are indiſpenſable requiſites in the huſband who has any chance to render my condition happier than it is.

I began this immediately after receiving yours; and ſhall ſend it by this night's poſt, that you may contrive, if poſſible, to ſave the plump gentleman the fatigue of a journey to London, and a mortification when he arrives, that I am convinced will be as painful for me to give, as for him to receive.

I have not yet ſeen my brother. I expect that pleaſure every minute.

Adieu! my dear lady Diana.

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXXII.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miſs* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, Plimpton.

I WRITE this to free you from all apprehenſion of being viſited by the perſon whoſe addreſſes would, you ſay, diſtreſs you. Immediately on receiving yours, I wrote to Mrs. Berkley in terms that will, unqueſtionably, induce her to prevent her nephew from taking the journey he intended.

Perhaps I judged wrong in ſending you her letter. But as you had frequently ſeen, and were, in ſome degree, acquainted with the gentleman, and, as I expected that, at all events, you would have opportunities of knowing him ſtill better in the courſe of the viſits he propoſed making to you, I thought your judgment would not be misled by the

aukward light in which he is put by my old friend in her letter to me. Inftead of making extracts, therefore, I fent you the original.—This might have convinced you that I meant to leave you to your own reflections, without wifhing to attempt perfuafion.

Be affured, my dear, that I never fhall endeavour to perfuade you to marry a man you do not like; but knowing that Mr. Carelton was a gentleman much refpected in the county, on account of his family, fortune, and benevolent character, I thought it highly proper that you fhould have allowed yourfelf to be more fully acquainted with him before you fhould come to the decifion of rejecting his fuit.

Though I never fhall wifh you to marry a man you diflike, yet I am not fo fully certain, my dear Horatia, that I may not wifh you to diflike fome man whom you may have an inclination to marry.—You are wrong in think-

ing I am difpofed to pufh you into the arms of a dunce on purpofe to fecure you from falling into thofe of a libertine. I hope you will fall into the hands of neither. But I acknowledge that it is my decided opinion that you would have opportunities of doing more good, and would be a happier woman, on the whole, as the wife of a man of the character of Mr. Carelton, than by being married to a man of brighter talents, loofer principles, and lefs benevolence.

I am fufficiently acquainted with your turn of mind, to know that you are not to be bribed into matrimony by fortune or by rank; but I do think, my deareft Horatia, that there is a poffibility of your being allured into it by qualities in a man, which give as little fecurity for a wife's happinefs as either fortune or rank; and it would be eafy for me to give you the hiftory of women married to men of bright talents and acknowledged wit, who have been rendered fully as unhappy by mar-

riage as your friend Fanny Faukener. This consideration, my dear, may make those who are solicitous for your welfare wish, that, instead of becoming the wife of a brilliant man of this kind, you were united to a respectable man, of a disposition and fortune to allow your beneficent and generous mind free scope.

I have heard again from the marchioness: she seems highly delighted with what she has seen of the country of England; she is greatly struck with the high cultivation, the pleasing variety, and smiling verdure of the fields. This is often the case with French people. But I never met with one of them who did not think London *un triste séjour* in comparison with Paris—I mean before the revolution;—for, since that period, I should think the latter by much the most mournful abode on earth: yet I am told it is not so. I have heard that the Parisian women are more gay and fantastical in their dress than ever; and that the men frisk through the

ſtreets, humming cheerful airs, as merrily as before.—Is this credible? Or ſhall we ſay, that, like Cymon in the fable,

"They whiſtle as they walk, for want of thought?"

Pray write the moment you have ſeen your brother.

Yours, affectionately,

D. Franklin.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

London.

AFTER ſo long an abſence, I was moſt impatient to meet my brother.—A few kind expreſſions in his letter had effaced the impreſſion which ſome part of his conduct had left on my mind: I recollected nothing but the agreeable ſcenes of our childhood, and his ſtriking likeneſs to my father. On our way to town, I put my uncle and aunt in mind of this reſemblance.

My uncle ſaid, " he hoped that time and reflection would incline William to endeavour, in all reſpects, to reſemble the excellent man to whom he had ſo ſtrong a likeneſs in the features of his countenance." My aunt, with whom my brother ever was a favourite, added, " that ſhe was ſure it would be ſo."

The tender remembrance of my father, ever linked to that of my mother, gratitude for the kindneſs of my uncle and aunt, a thouſand endearing ideas and recollections, ruſhed on my mind at once. When I attempted to thank them for the pleaſing hopes they imparted, my heart was ſo full that I could not articulate—I preſſed their hands, and burſt into tears; yet my ſenſations were not painful: and though I hardly ſpoke during the whole of our journey, my reverie was not painful.

I ſent word to my brother of our arrival. We expected to have ſeen him that night—he did not come till the following day.

Mrs. Demure called ſoon after breakfaſt. As my uncle expected William every inſtant, and did not wiſh to have our firſt interview diſturbed with the preſence of any ſtranger, he had given orders to admit nobody.

Mrs. Demure found her way in, notwithſtanding. She made her apology, by ſaying

"ſhe knew we were all at home, and waiting for my brother; that ſhe would withdraw as ſoon as he arrived; but, in the interval, ſhe hoped we would forgive her impatience to ſee friends for whom ſhe had ſo high a value as ſoon as poſſible after their return from the country."

I aſked if ſhe had ſeen my brother, and how he looked.

She anſwered, with a vivacity unuſual to her, "that ſhe *had* ſeen him the preceding night at lady Deanport's aſſembly, to which he had been brought by his lordſhip, with whom he had almoſt conſtantly been ever ſince his arrival; that his appearance was generally admired; and ſome of the ladies preſent had pronounced him to be the handſomeſt man in town.

"That would not have been the caſe, perhaps," ſaid my uncle, "if your friend Mr. Mordaunt had been preſent."

"My friend!" ſhe repeated, with an air

of ſurpriſe.—"I cannot conceive, Mr. Darnley, what ſhould make you think Mr. Mordaunt a particular frind of mine."

"I did not ſay a *particular* friend, madam," replied Mr. Darnley.

"Mr. Mordaunt," reſumed ſhe, "is, unqueſtionably, of my acquaintance."

"I meant no more," ſaid he.—"We are apt to call people's acquaintance their friends, though the people themſelves may, perhaps, have reaſon to think them their enemies."

"We are ſo, Mr. Darnley," replied ſhe, ſimpering, and with an air of indifference: "but the perſon you mentioned happens to be neither friend nor enemy of mine. Yet, if I recollect his figure perfectly, even if he were in town, I ſhould think Mr. Clifford ſtill the handſomeſt—Would *not you*, my dear?" added ſhe, looking to me.

I reminded her that I had been in the country or abroad when Mr. Mordaunt was

laſt in town, and had never ſeen the gentleman.

My aunt ſaid " ſhe had ſeen him; that he was, certainly, both a handſome and an agreeable man: though," ſhe added, " I muſt confeſs I am of Mrs. Demure's opinion, that he is not quite ſo handſome as my nephew."

" Quite ſo handſome!" exclaimed Mrs. Demure; " not within a hundred degrees ſo handſome: nor can he be compared with your nephew, Mr. Darnley, in any reſpect, either in mind or body."

" I will not pretend to give any opinion on Mr. Mordaunt's beauty, after the point has been decided againſt him by much better judges," ſaid my uncle, ſmiling; " but I think he is generally allowed to be a man of wit."

" Many a man," replied Mrs. Demure, " who paſſes for a wit among fools, would be thought a fool among wits."

" It is pretty clear," ſaid my uncle, " that

the gentleman in queftion has not had the wit to retain your favourable opinion."

"He could not retain what he never poffeffed," replied fhe, with quicknefs. Then, turning to my aunt and me, fhe added—"I cannot conceive how we come to talk fo much about a man whom none prefent have any concern with, when we are in expectation of feeing one in whom we are all fo much interefted."

This is not the firft time I have remarked that the mention of the name of Mr. Mordaunt feemed to agitate Mrs. Demure. There are particular points on which the moft circumfpect are thrown off their guard. Mrs. Demure creates a ftrong fufpicion that Mr. Mordaunt is a perfon who interefts her a great deal, by her earneft and repeated declarations that he does not intereft her at all.

What my uncle faid was without any meaning beyond the plain import of his words. He mentioned Mr. Mordaunt merely

as a common acquaintance of Mrs. Demure's. I have ſome reaſon to believe he thinks ſomewhat differently now.

Mrs. Demure regretted that my brother was on ſuch an intimate footing with lord Deanport, who ſeems to be as little a favourite of hers as Mr. Mordaunt.

I recollect lord Deanport's having told me that he had met with my brother abroad. He ſpoke of him in high terms of commendation. The panegyric afforded me ſmall ſatisfaction, becauſe I had no high opinion either of his lordſhip's ſincerity or judgment.

My brother did not arrive till near one o'clock. He was received by Mr. and Mrs. Darnley in the moſt affectionate manner. I need not tell you how I was affected at ſeeing him. Mrs. Demure did not leave us till a conſiderable time after his arrival. She then repeated her apology for having intruded at ſuch a moment among near relations; for which, ſhe hoped, her warm regard for *all*

the company would be received as an excuse.

My brother handed her to her carriage—a ceremony I hardly ever ſaw him perform; but, indeed, he could not well avoid it on the preſent occaſion; for, as ſhe retired, ſhe actually preſented her hand to him; and, after ſhe was in the carriage, ſhe continued to ſpeak to him with an air of great ſatisfaction, and did not order her coachman to drive on till ſhe ſaw me at the window.

My aunt had before this told me, "that, previous to my brother's going abroad, he had ſeemed to be a good deal captivated with Mrs. Demure; that her behaviour then was ſo cold to him, that he had fallen off in his aſſiduities; but that ſhe had certainly repented afterwards of the neglect ſhe had ſhown him, for of late ſhe ſeemed fond of ſpeaking of my brother to her, and always with commendation."

My aunt at one time added, "that if Mrs. Demure really had a partiality for William,

which ſhe began to hope, nothing could be more fortunate for him; becauſe ſhe would make juſt ſuch a wife as ſuited him in all reſpects, being a woman of great beauty, wealthy, and of admirable good ſenſe."

If this woman were poſſeſſed of all the wealth of Peru, I ſhould be ſhocked with the alliance. The emotion ſhe always betrays at the name of Mordaunt I do not like; the adventure in Kenſington has left a very unfavourable impreſſion on my mind; and I am by no means pleaſed with her behaviour to my aunt. Though ſhe is more cautious before my uncle, ſhe flatters her intolerably when he is not preſent.—After pouring forth rather a profuſion of this incenſe, the other day, ſhe ventured to inſinuate ſomething in favour of the acuteneſs of her diſcernment and reach of her judgment. My aunt bluſhed—begged ſhe would give over;—but that ſame evening ſhe told me, " that Mrs. Demure was by much the moſt judicious woman of her acquaintance."

My aunt told me, at the ſame time "that ſhe had blamed her friend for the coldneſs ſhe had formerly ſhown to William." This accounts for the alteration in her behaviour now.

She alſo informed me, "that Mrs. Demure had ſucceeded to a conſiderable Weſt-India eſtate ſince the death of her huſband; adding, "that, as ſhe believed I had more influence with my brother than herſelf, that I could not uſe it more for his advantage than by adviſing him to pay his addreſſes to Mrs. Demure."

Without informing her of all I thought on that ſubject, I anſwered, "that the effect of my advice on the laſt perſon to whom I ventured to give it was ſufficient to prevent my attempting any thing of that nature again; that a young lady, a relation of my own, who I had reaſon to believe of as docile a character as my brother, but whoſe face was rather plain, affected the liſp of a diſtinguiſhed beauty; that all her acquaintance knowing that ſhe could ſpeak in the moſt diſtinct manner, turn-

ed her into ridicule; but as I had a great deal of good-will to the young woman, this gave me uneafinefs, and I advifed her, in the gentleft and moft friendly terms, to give over lifping; fhe thanked me for my *obliging* advice, has always avoided fpeaking to me fince, and lifps more than ever to all the world befide."

Where have I been wandering? Do I not abufe the privilege you gave me of writing whatever occurs? Without troubling myfelf with arrangement, I fat down with the intention of giving the particulars of what paffed between William and me when we were left alone. I ftill have time, and now you fhall have them.

My dear lady Diana,

I muft defer them to another opportunity. My aunt has juft informed me that lady Blunt met with a very extraordinary accident as fhe returned laft night from the opera. Her chair was ftopped near her own houfe, which is in a remote ftreet, her footman

knocked down, the flambeau snatched out of his hand, and thrust through the glass of the chair, which was overset, as were both the chairmen, by three ruffians, who rushed suddenly upon them, and, as soon as they had performed this strange exploit, made their escape.

The most unaccountable circumstance is, that no attempt was made to rob her ladyship: but, by the account which my aunt received, her face is scorched by the flambeau, and she is otherwise a good deal hurt.

This affair has agitated and disordered my aunt so much, that I do not choose to quit her long.

Adieu! my beloved friend.

H. C.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to Lady* Diana Franklin.

London.

I was a good deal surprised to find Mrs. Demure again with my aunt in the evening. Her pretext for calling was to know the particulars of the accident that has happened to lady Blunt, for whom she expressed very great concern. She informed us, however, of a circumstance we had not before heard. The three men who stopped her ladyship's chair were frightened, it seems, by a carriage which was passing. This accounts for their having fled without robbing her; and renders it probable, that their thrusting the burning torch into the chair happened in consequence of their alarm and confusion. Poor lady Blunt is miserably scorched, but in no danger.

If Mrs. Demure returned in the evening in the hope of feeing William, fhe was difappointed. He fent a note to inform Mr. Darnley that he was engaged to fupper. A little after this note arrived, Mrs. Demure recollected that fhe had an engagement, and took her leave.

I will now inform you of what paffed between William and me on the day we firft met.

As foon as my uncle and aunt left us together, my brother informed me, "that lord Deanport had acquainted him with what he termed his *paffion* for me, and that he had authorifed him to make me an offer of his hand."

I expreffed my obligation to his lordfhip; but affured my brother that I declined the offer.

He affected to believe that I was not in earneft, faying, "he was fure I could not be *fo great a fool* as to refufe an alliance fo very honourable."

I told him that "I really was a fool of that magnitude."

"What!" ſaid he, "have you entered into any raſh engagement with another man, which you fancy you cannot get over?"

"I am not quite ſuch a fool as that," I replied.

"Come, come, Horatia," ſaid he, "let us talk frankly: I know you are a girl of ſenſe and ſpirit; I know alſo that you have your own ſhare of pride. You are provoked that lady Deanport ſhould have ſhown herſelf averſe to her ſon's inclinations: but we muſt make allowances for the humours of an ambitious woman, who certainly had higher views for a ſon, whoſe rank and fortune entitle him to the hand of the nobleſt heireſs in England."

"I not only make allowance for her humours, my dear brother," anſwered I, "but I heartily wiſh her ſucceſs in her high views; and I am as averſe as her ladyſhip

can poſſibly be to her ſon's giving up his hopes of the nobleſt heireſs in England, and dwindling to the huſband of a plain ſpinſtreſs, the ſiſter of William Clifford."

Deceived by the playful manner in which I ſpoke this, he ſeemed ſtill more convinced that I was entirely in jeſt.

"You will no ſooner be counteſs of Deanport," ſaid he, "than you will be totally independent of her ladyſhip."

"I cannot be more independent of her than I am at preſent."

"I can aſſure you, my dear ſiſter, that you will have nothing to fear from that quarter; for, between you and me, lord Deanport has no great veneration for her ladyſhip."

"You cannot mean it as a recommendation of his lordſhip, my dear William, that he has no veneration for his mother."

"Poh! you know what I mean," ſaid he. —But, though lord Deanport ſeems a little

vain and haughty, yet, upon the whole, he is of a character that may eafily be governed."

"But I am of a character, not to wifh a man for my hufband who needs to be governed."

"Why your favourite, Pope, fays," rejoined he, "that *every woman would be queen for life.*"

"I fufpect that Pope underftood poetry better than women, brother."

"In this article, however, I have a great notion that his maxim is juft," replied he.

"Well, if you will think it juft in general, you muft allow me to be an exception; for, fo far from wifhing to be a queen, I do not defire even to be a countefs."

"Poh! poh! we have had enough of jefting. This is an important bufinefs, and the fooner it is finally concluded the better. You muft be fenfible, fifter, that I fincerely wifh your happinefs."

"Are not you ſenſible, my dear brother, that I wiſh it as ſincerely?"

"Whatever you may wiſh, you do not ſeem to know ſo well how it is to be obtained."

"Now, my dear William, do you really, in your conſcience, think, that, with all your ſuperior knowledge in other reſpects, you are a better judge than myſelf of what will make me happy?"

"Without entering into a needleſs diſpute," replied he, "about which is the *beſt* judge, ſince there can be no doubt that we both have your happineſs at heart, let us cordially join in bringing it about.—It will be rendered more certain by your marriage with lord Deanport, than by any other meaſure that can be adopted.—He is my friend.—You do not know the happineſs that awaits you.—Let me guide you, my dear Horatia, in this point."

"That is to ſay, my dear William," replied I, "that, before it is determined which is the beſt judge, you would have me to make you the *ſole* judge."

Without taking any notice of this, he proceeded to enumerate all the tempting circumſtances that would reſult to me from ſuch a ſplendid connection. When he had finiſhed, "One eſſential advantage," I ſaid, "would ſtill be wanting."

"What is that?" ſaid he.

"Sincere affection for my huſband," replied I.

"Affection!" repeated he, with a peeviſh and diſdainful tone. "Why ſhould you want affection for him?"

"It is unneceſſary to declare *why*," ſaid I, calmly; "ſince, whatever be the cauſe, the fact is certain."

He ſeemed provoked, and ſpoke in a paſſionate manner.

"After ſo long an abſence, my dear William," ſaid I, "taking hold of his hand, let us not quarrel the very firſt day we meet. Why ſhould our thinking differently on a ſubject, which perſonally concerns me only, occaſion any coldneſs between us?"

"It concerns me very materially alſo," ſaid he.

"How?"

"Lord Deanport is my friend."

"Let him remain your friend: I ſhall regard him as ſuch; but ſhall never be connected with him by any nearer tie. And I cannot conceive why that ſhould diſturb you."

"I lie under obligations to lord Deanport," ſaid he.

"Obligations to lord Deanport!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, I owe him a gaming debt of conſiderable amount, which I contracted abroad; and he has advanced me two thouſand pounds, which I had immediate occaſion for, ſince I came to London."

I was ſorry to hear that my brother lay under ſuch obligations to lord Deanport, and ſhocked at the implication that his mentioning them to me at this time ſeemed to convey.

I ſaw nothing preſſing, however, in the nature of the firſt; but I told him that "I was ſurpriſed he ſhould have thought of borrowing from lord Deanport, and that the borrowed money ſhould be repaid directly;" offering at the ſame time to ſell out of the funds for that purpoſe.

As you diſapproved of me formerly, for advancing money to him on a particular emergency, I fear you will blame me, my dear lady Diana, for what I have now done: but I ſaw my brother diſtreſſed; I could not bear the idea of his remaining in lord Deanport's debt for money actually advanced. The ſtock has been ſold,—the money was brought to me by my broker,—and I delivered it to my brother, with my own hand, as neither of us wiſhed the tranſaction to be known. I had before exacted a promiſe from him that he would lay his affairs open to Mr. Darnley, who had expreſſed a deſire to aſſiſt him in arranging them; and that he would reſtore the management of them to Mr. Proctor. My

brother dined with my uncle and aunt the ſame day,—declared his intention of ſetting out in a ſhort time for Northumberland. He ſeemed in high ſpirits; and my uncle, with whom you know he never was a great favourite, was delighted with his behaviour. I cannot help indulging the hope that the inconveniences he has ſuffered from paſt imprudence will render him more circumſpect in future. Few people can make themſelves more agreeable; and I cannot expreſs how happy it would make me to live on a friendly and confidential footing with him.

I never concealed any part of my conduct from you, my dear madam, without having cauſe to repent it. Notwithſtanding my bold anſwer to your letter on the ſubject of coquetry, I formed a reſolution, at that very time, never again to conceal from my wiſeſt and beſt friend any thing of importance regarding myſelf: for which reaſon I have now informed you of this laſt tranſ-

action between my brother and me; which, however, is to remain unknown, even to Mr. Darnley and Mr. Proctor, when all the rest of his affairs shall be laid open to them.

I remain

Your ever grateful and obedient

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXXV.

The Countess of DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

I WAS so overpowered with vexation, my dear sir, at the shameful trick which that knavish Welchman played you, before his descent from this world to the next, that I really have been unable, till now, to put pen to paper. I was also greatly shocked at my son's unkind treatment of you; which, I imagine, he himself will, in a short time, be sensible of. However prudent it might be in you to overlook this treatment, and to cultivate the favour of this miss Clifford, had she become my son's wife, the same line of conduct would have been unbecoming in me; and even had you convinced me that it would be the wisest and most likely way to screen me from inconveniences, I

ſhould not have had temper to adopt it. There are men, I believe, and perhaps you are one of them, who, to obtain the object they have in view, can ſubmit to the inſolence and caprice of thoſe they hate, whether men or women;—but I never knew a woman who could patiently bear the inſolence of another woman, particularly if ſhe looked on the inſulter as her inferior. However perfect a miſtreſs in the art of ſimulation, whatever command of temper ſhe may have in other points, however ſubmiſſively ſhe may bear the arrogance of the tyrant man, ſhe loſes her patience, forgets her prudence, and, at all hazards, retorts the inſults of the woman ſhe hates and deſpiſes. This ſingle advantage, which your ſex poſſeſſes, overbalances that ſuperiority in the art of diſſembling, in the powers of inſinuation, in preſence of mind, and other qualities aſcribed to us, and renders men, on the whole, abler politicians than women. On the preſent occaſion, my

ſelf-command was not put to trial. Fortunately, I was ſaved ſome of the humiliations which you imagined would be neceſſary for me to ſubmit to; but I have met with a mortification ſtill leſs expected.

Townly had good reaſon for calling my ſon's attempt on the damſel premature and feeble:—it was, in all reſpects, worſe conducted than any project of the ſame kind I ever heard of.

Inſtead of waiting till the favourable diſpoſition ſhe had began to ſhow towards him had warmed into maturity, inſtead of endeavouring, by a continued reſpectful and obſequious behaviour, to throw her off her guard,—what does he do?—Why, hearing, one morning, that I had taken the aunt an airing, he waits on the girl with as little ceremony as if it had been by her own appointment; interrupts her, perhaps, in the middle of her morning prayers, or when ſhe was reading a ſermon recommended by her uncle, who, I underſtand, pretends to

be religious; and, without being certain that the man was not in the next room, his wise lordship begins to make love to her in a less respectful manne than her had ever before ventured.—Well, what happened?—Why, the girl must have been a perfect simpleton, or of the disposition of Potiphar's wife, had she surrendered on such a summons. No—she repulsed him in the most sublime style, I'll be bound for it; and on this ground, and no surer foundation, he now considers her as a lady of immaculate virtue. To confirm him in which chimera, the heroine gives herself high airs, refuses his visits, and returns his letters unopened—all with the intention, no doubt, of drawing him in to make a proposal of marriage. She may chance, however, to push that game a little too far. My son is of a suspicious temper: he does not want pride. It shall be my business to discover to him the game she is playing, and to rouse his indignation till it sur-

mounts what he calls his love, but which evidently deſerves another name. I hope, very ſoon, to have it in my power to inform you of the final termination of the buſineſs. Till then, adieu!

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, London.

I HAVE the mortification to inform you, that my hopes of living on friendly terms with William are already vanifhed. He has behaved ungeneroufly. You fhall know every particular.

My uncle was fo pleafed with his company on the day he dined here, that, contrary to his cuftom, he preffed him, with earneftnefs, to remain the whole evening. My brother, however, took his leave rather early, on the pretence of bufinefs.—Unfortunate bufinefs!

He promifed to dine with us the following day; but, two hours before the hour of dinner, his footman brought a verbal meffage, importing, "that it would not be in his power to come."

I ſaw him not that day, nor the next. At laſt, I received a note from him, informing me that he wiſhed to have ſome private converſation, and mentioning the hour when he expected to find me alone.

I received this note in the preſence of my aunt, and thought it not proper to conceal its purport from her. She had before expreſſed concern at his having been ſo long without calling: the contents of this note increaſed her uneaſineſs.

He came at the hour appointed. I was ſomewhat ſhocked at his appearance. His dreſs was diſordered, his eyes inflamed, and his countenance haggard. On my expreſſing ſurpriſe and vexation,—"I have been very unfortunate," ſaid he, "ſince I laſt ſaw you; but I ſtill entertain hopes, my dear, that, on mature reflection, you will accept of lord Deanport. He loves you to diſtraction. He will make you the happieſt of women; and, in my ſatisfaction at your happineſs, I ſhall forget my own misfortunes. I am deputed

by his lordſhip to renew his propoſal—with this aſſurance, that he will allow your uncle to fix the terms of ſettlement. Can any thing be more noble or more generous?—Lady Deanport knows nothing of this: you will have nothing to do with her. My lord is ſenſible that ſhe has behaved improperly to you:—your triumph over her malice will be complete."

I need not trouble you with my anſwer to this fine ſpeech. When he ſaw that his eloquence was in vain, and that I perſevered in the ſentiments I had expreſſed from the beginning, he ſeemed to have ſome difficulty to command his temper: the ſtruggle was evident. He did command it, however; and ſaid, even in a milder tone than uſual—"Since you cannot be prevailed on, from conſiderations of your own intereſt, I hope you will have the generoſity to pay ſome attention to mine, Horatia.—It is of the greateſt importance to me that lord Deanport ſhould not loſe all hope of your being one

day his. You will oblige me ſo far as to keep that hope alive for ſome time at leaſt."

"How can my behaving in that manner be of the greateſt importance to you?" I aſked.

"It is unneceſſary to declare *how*," replied he, in the words I had made uſe of at our former conference—"*ſince, whatever be the cauſe, the fact is certain.*—All I now require of you is, to behave to his lordſhip with the appearance of ſome degree of favour:—this will coſt you nothing. A woman of your beauty can keep a man at her devotion for years. You cannot be certain what alteration may take place in your own mind; but if none ſhould, it will be ſoon enough to acquaint him with your final reſolution, when you ſhall be addreſſed by ſome other man, whom you prefer."

I hope, my dear lady Diana, that I ſhould have rejected ſuch a propoſal at any rate; but it never could have been made at a time when there was leſs likelihood of its ſucceeding

than after my having received your laſt letter on coquetry, which, notwithſtanding the petulance of my anſwer, has made a deep impreſſion on my mind.

When I inveighed againſt the deceitfulneſs of ſuch conduct,—"No woman," ſaid he, "can ſcruple at a little innocent coquetry."

"Some women," I anſwered, "think ſuch coquetry by no means innocent: it would be injurious even to lord Deanport."

"On the contrary, it will render him happier. The time ſpent in courtſhip is thought to be the happieſt of a man's life."

"I would not be a deceiver, though I were ſure of producing happineſs to myſelf," anſwered I.

"There is nothing that deſerves the name of deceit in what I aſk; but it is of the greateſt importance to me. You cannot conceive in what diſtreſs I ſhall be involved, if you continue obſtinate."

On my repeating—"That I did not ſee how my behaviour to lord Deanport could be

of ſuch conſequence to him," he confeſſed—"that, inſtead of applying the two thouſand pounds I had advanced to pay lord Deanport, he had loſt the greater part of it at play on the very night he received it; that he had been wretched ever ſince; that lord Deanport had called on him that morning, and commiſſioned him to renew his former propoſal; that, whether I thought proper finally to comply with it or not, he wiſhed to be allowed to tell his lordſhip that I had no objection to his viſiting me occaſionally; that, if he did not carry him an anſwer in ſome degree favourable, he dreaded that his lordſhip's reſentment againſt me would provoke him to preſs for the immediate payment of the debt."

"How!" exclaimed I. "Did you not aſſure me that he was your friend?"

"Friend!—Friend!"—repeated he, with an ironical air: "and he will continue to be my friend as long as I can be of any ſervice to him. But, ſhould your conduct provoke him"——

" I have not the leaſt intention to provoke him," ſaid I.

" Your intentions are nothing to the purpoſe," rejoined he : " his reſentment againſt you may prompt him to diſtreſs me."

" I do not think it poſſible," I ſaid, " that a man of lord Deanport's rank could take a ſpecies of vengeance ſo unjuſt and deſpicable."

" Rank !" replied he. " What has his rank to do in the matter ?"

" Well, I cannot think ſo ill of any man of my acquaintance, be his rank what it will."

" That ſhows your ignorance of the world," ſaid he.

" And you imagine that lord Deanport is of this character ?" rejoined I.

" I do not poſitively aſſert that he is ; but I could not ſwear that he is not."

" Good heaven ! brother ;—yet you have urged me to marry this man !"

He ſeemed a little confuſed at this obſervation.

"Well," ſaid he, peeviſhly, "I urge that no more; but, if he is a bad man, you need have the leſs ſcruple at acting as I now deſire you."

I then told him "that I certainly ſhould not." I at the ſame time expreſſed my regret at his having deceived me, in not applying the two thouſand pounds to the extinction of the debt.

"I tell you," ſaid he, "that your two thouſand pounds could not have extinguiſhed it: I owed him four. If you had advanced me that ſum at once, it would have been extinguiſhed; but, ſince you are fond of doing things by halves, inſtead of agreeing to lord Deanport's propoſal, all I deſire of you is, to make him believe you *will*, or *may*, agree to it ſome time hence."

I then aſſured him "that I never would give lord Deanport the leaſt reaſon to believe any ſuch thing."

He had pronounced what he laſt ſaid in a raiſed voice; and now, in a louder tone, and with a furious aſpect, he exclaimed—"You will not?"

"Brother," ſaid I, with as much calmneſs as I could aſſume, "you may think you have a right to offer me your advice on this ſubject; but you have no right to be angry at my declining it. I have only to inform you, however, that your raiſed voice and angry looks will have juſt as little influence with me as your arguments."

This rendered him more furious:—I thought he would have ſtruck me.—"You had beſt not diſgrace yourſelf ſo far," ſaid I, "as to forget that I am a woman."

He ſtarted back, and ſtruck his own forehead with his fiſt.

My aunt, who was in an adjoining room, entered:—"Good heavens!" exclaimed ſhe, "what is the matter?

We were both ſilent.

"My dearest nephew!" resumed she, taking hold of his hand, and bursting into tears, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Let her inform you," said he.

I was affected by my aunt's tears:—I, at last, said, with as much calmness as I could muster up, "My brother has been urging me to a measure I can never adopt, and on which, I think, I have the best right of decision."

With great intemperance of voice and gesture, he accused me of self-sufficiency, pride, and obstinacy; said "My father had spoiled me by too much indulgence; and that an overweaning conceit of my personal charms had quite disordered my brain; that I had, once before, rendered myself ridiculous, by refusing a most advantageous marriage; that, however, was in some degree pardonable, on account of my early youth; but the same allowance would not be made me at the age of twenty-two.—You know, I believe, madam,"

continued he, addreſſing Mrs. Darnley, "that a man of high rank and fortune, my intimate friend, one whoſe alliance would do her and all her relations the greateſt honour, is at preſent in her choice; and ſhe, from mere caprice (for ſhe can aſſign no reaſon that has a grain of common ſenſe in it), perſiſts in rejecting him."

This authoritative ſtyle, and, ſtill more, the manner in which he had mentioned my father, effaced the impreſſion which the tears of my aunt had made on my mind.

I reſumed an air of coolneſs, and ſaid, "that I ſhould have been happy to have lived with him on that friendly footing that was becoming perſons ſo nearly connected, and on which I had always lived with my other relations; but that I never would acknowledge any of that authority which he ſeemed to arrogate over me; that I had the leſs reaſon to be ſurpriſed at his not recollecting that he was only my brother, ſince,

in ſpeaking of his father, he had ſometimes forgot that he was his ſon."

He ſeemed confounded, and made no immediate anſwer; and I left the room.

My aunt has ſince told me, "that, in ſpite of all ſhe ſaid to pacify him, and prevail on him to ſtay, he uttered nothing but oaths, and withdrew."

This has given me great uneaſineſs: but I am muſtering up all my philoſophy to bear what I cannot alter, and have been languiſhing for the ſociety of the marchioneſs to give me the example. I have received a moſt agreeable letter from her. She comes to town to-morrow. She has heard from her huſband, who has been appointed to a very honourable ſituation in the Ruſſian ſervice. He writes to her in high ſpirits, and ſhe writes to me in the ſame. He is not quite certain, however, whether it will be in his power to come for her to England. I hope Mrs. Denham's health will permit you to leave her. The

marchioneſs will be greatly mortified if ſhe has not the pleaſure of ſeeing you before ſhe leaves England.

I am, my deareſt madam,

Your ever affectionate

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER LXXXVII.

The Countess of DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

WHEN I last wrote to you, I was convinced that the mighty offence which miss Clifford pretended to have taken at my son's behaviour, and her refusing his visits and letters, were intended to draw from him a proposal of marriage. I took particular care to warn him of this, and prevent his becoming the dupe of such common artifices. He expressed sufficient indignation at the haughty airs the damsel assumed; but not so as to free me entirely from the apprehension that his ridiculous attachment to her was stronger than his anger. My fears were increased by the arrival of the girl's brother, with whom my son had formed an intimacy abroad, and who, having been informed of lord Deanport's attentions to her,

had returned, as I was convinced, at this particular time, for the expreſs purpoſe of aſſiſting his ſiſter in her ſcheme to inveigle my ſon into marriage.

In the midſt of my ſolicitude, Mrs. Demure called on me one day, and told me "that ſhe could give me a piece of news which, ſhe was ſure, would aſtoniſh me as much as it had done her; namely, that my lord Deanport had made a formal propoſal of marriage to miſs Clifford."

I expreſſed ſurpriſe at her giving the leaſt credit to a report diſhonourable to my ſon, and which could have no other foundation than his having condeſcended to flirt a little with the girl.

"Your ladyſhip may depend upon it," ſaid ſhe, "that he carried his flirtation the length of making her a very ſerious propoſal of marriage; yet that need give you no uneaſineſs, ſince the young lady has refuſed him in the moſt decided terms."

I aſked, if ſhe was mad?

She ſaid "ſhe hoped not; but ſhe underſtood that his lordſhip was in danger of running mad with grief at his *rejection*; that ſhe had received the intelligence from Mr. Clifford, who was the more provoked at his ſiſter, becauſe ſhe had refuſed a *far more* advantageous match before; that the truth of the fact had been confirmed to her by Mrs. Darnſey, who was convinced that all freſh ſolicitation, on the part of lord Deanport, would be vain, for ſhe knew her niece to be rather nice in her choice of a huſband, and extremely *proud*."

However pleaſed I might have been with this information, I could not help feeling indignation at the arrogance of the creature.

"Proud!" cried I.—"Pray, Mrs. Demure, can you gueſs for whom this paragon reſerves herſelf? She can have no hopes of being the wife of a prince of the blood—a malicious act of parliament ſtands in the way."

"Perhaps, when ſhe can do no better," re-

plied Mrs. Demure, " ſhe may condeſcend to marry a duke. But it is clear that ſhe looks higher than an earl: or, if ſhe can ſtoop ſo low as to one of that rank, ſhe has already ſhown that the *earl of Deanport* is not the perſon ſhe intends to honour."

Though ſhe affected to be turning miſs Clifford into ridicule, yet I could perceive that ſhe indulged in thoſe and other impertinent expreſſions, from malice to me; and, in ſpite of the pleaſure I felt, from the aſſurance that miſs Clifford was not to be my ſon's wife, I could have ſpit in Mrs. Demure's face for the ſtyle in which ſhe conveyed it.

I have been long convinced of this woman's hatred againſt me, though I am not certain that ſhe knows the full extent of the reaſon ſhe has for it. That ſhe has alſo a ſpite againſt miſs Clifford is evident enough. The girl's beauty, indiſputably ſuperior to her own, accounts for that: but her hatred againſt the ſiſter does not prevent Mrs. Demure from ſpreading her nets for the bro-

ther. Peggy Almond, who has been with me for ſome time, firſt made the remark. I knew that ſhe had been ſighing for a huſband, of late, with more fervour than uſual; and I am not ill pleaſed that ſhe has fixed her fancy on young Clifford. I heartily wiſh her ſucceſs, from the love I bear the young lady, and her ſtarched friend, the chaſte Diana. I hope ſhe will not be caught in her own ſnare, as, I ſtrongly ſuſpect ſhe was, when ſhe made the ſame attempt on Mr. Mordaunt. Of this, however, I would give a conſiderable ſum to be fully aſcertained. After their connection, of whatever nature it had been, ſeemed to be entirely broken, I endeavoured, by all the means I could deviſe, to draw a confirmation of my ſuſpicions from him: I took particular care to inform him of a ſtriking inſtance of Mrs. Demure's malice againſt himſelf, hoping that, in return, he would give me the ſatisfaction I wiſhed for; not that I expected a downright avowal, but I did expect that, in the uſual way with fine gentlemen, he would

deny and reject the imputation in ſuch a manner as would leave no doubt of its truth. I muſt acknowledge that I was completely diſappointed; and, if I had nothing to form a judgment from, but what was to be gathered from the words and behaviour of Mordaunt, I ſhould be obliged to conclude that my ſuſpicions were unfounded.

Mrs. Demure's own conduct, however, has, in particular circumſtances, added ſtrength to my ſuſpicions;—as often as the galled part is touched, ſhe winces. At my inſtigation, lady Blunt rubbed it lately a little too roughly. She could hardly refrain from ſcreaming. But all this forms no clearer proof than exiſts againſt numbers who are ſtill claſſed among the upright.—I am more ſolicitous than ever to obtain proof poſitive. I wait with impatience for Mordaunt's return to town. I am reſolved to put him once more to the queſtion, and with ſuch addreſs as may, perhaps, ſqueeze the truth from him before he is aware of my intention.

In the courſe of my reſearches after this *volage*, I have been informed that he was caught on the continent by a French woman, with whom he came to England,—a madame la marquiſe de—ſomething or other;—for every Frenchman to be met with now-a-days is a nobleman, generally one who has forfeited a great eſtate; and every French woman is a ducheſs, a marchioneſs, or a counteſs at leaſt. Notwithſtanding the havoc made by the revolution among the nobility of France, I am aſſured that more French people, with titles, are to be found in the different countries of Europe, at preſent, than were in France before the emigration began. The lady whom Mordaunt has imported, I hear, is very handſome, and wonderfully elegant in her manners. That ſhe has ſomething *piquant* in her appearance I readily believe, ſince Mordaunt has ſhowed her ſo much attention; but as for what they call elegance, I dare ſwear it is nothing but that pert addreſs and friſkineſs of manner which French women

almoſt univerſally have. Be that as it may, I fancy Mordaunt begins to be tired of her; for, after roving about town a little with his friend Travers, they ſet out ſuddenly for Roſe-Mount, on the pretext that my lord was ill and impatient to ſee his brother. The true reaſon, I am convinced, was to get quit of the French woman. You know he is the moſt volatile bird of paſſage that ever fluttered among females. During his abſence, the marchioneſs, as they call her, went in ſearch of conſolation from her countrymen, the emigrants, at Richmond, which ſwarms with them. There is nothing but French croaked there: the town is a complete rookery.

I have hardly ſeen Deanport ſince he received the laſt rebuff from the lady. During the ſhort time I was with him, I took no notice of it. He ſeemed horridly out of humour. As his ſilly grief for the diſappointment weakens, indignation will kindle. This may be turned to good account; but nothing

muſt be attempted as yet. You had beſt not write to him, while he is in his preſent humour. I will inform you of more ſoon.

Meanwhile, I am, &c.

E. DEANFORT.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

The Same to the Same.

London.

I WAS entertained with your countryman's penetration, who perceived the reciprocal friendſhip and cordiality that exiſts between Mrs. Demure and me. There was a time, however, when I had a ſincere friendſhip for that woman, and ſhe then was at infinite pains to make me believe that ſhe had the ſame for me. I never uttered a ſentiment, in her hearing, which I was not immediately told correſponded with hers. You would have imagined we thought with the ſame ſoul. I took more pleaſure in her company than in that of any other woman. Nothing could be more obliging, more accommodating, more agreeable, in all reſpects, than the whole of her behaviour. It was then—Your ladyſhip's ſuperior underſtanding—your ladyſhip's ac-

complishments—your ladyship's——Oh! I never observed more *candid courtesy* among the lick-spittles of a court.—And what I considered as disinterested attachment, what inspired me with real good-will, turned out to be nothing but a perfidious selfish design upon my son. You may easily imagine my indignation at this discovery; and, from that moment, I held her in abhorrence.

I do not know that lord Deanport's passion for Mrs. Demure was equal to what he felt for miss Clifford; but I well know that she used every means, and exhausted every artifice, to render it so; and that it cost me much trouble to free him from her fascinations. Were he bound to me by no other tie, he owes me eternal gratitude for having prevented his union with a woman whose chief study would have been to govern and make him the tool of her avarice and ambition.

She had not the impudence to expect that I would not oppose her views on my son,

and therefore endeavoured to keep them carefully concealed from me: but ſhe is ignorant of the device I fell on to cure him of his paſſion. The abrupt manner in which he left her, would, probably, have rouſed that ſpirit of revenge which ſhe is known to poſſeſs, had not her attention been diverted from my ſon's conduct by the homage paid her at that preciſe time by a perſon of very high rank, which flattered her vanity, and engroſſed her mind ſo entirely, that ſhe forgot all her other adorers.

He has lately ſet out on other purſuits, and ſhe now thinks it high time to provide herſelf in a ſecond huſband. I am obliged to Peggy Almond's acuteneſs for the knowledge of Mr. Clifford's being the man ſhe deſtines for that honour. Peggy, at my deſire, by dint of flattery, and the moſt artful obſequiouſneſs, has acquired the good-will, and, in a certain degree, the confidence of Mrs. Demure. She aſſures me, that Mrs. Darnley is ſo much the dupe of *my dear friend*, that ſhe

wiſhes to promote the plan of marriage between her and Mr. Clifford, ſo that there are conſiderable hopes of its ſucceeding. You cannot imagine how delightfully Peggy takes off the amorous widow, and turns her into ridicule. I ſhall never part with this girl. Some of my acquaintance accuſe her of being deceitful, and of being an habitual liar. Both accuſations, I believe, are pretty well founded: ſhe is capable of deceiving moſt people, and ſhe is given to lying to all the world, except to myſelf; but ſhe never tells a lie to me.

Though I now diſlike Mrs. Demure in a far greater degree than I ever loved her, and there is a conſiderable diminution of our intimacy, yet I have endeavoured to preſerve the *appearance* of my former attachment, and was willing to have continued to live with her in a ſtate of polite mutual hatred to the end of the chapter, without attempting to diſturb or to do her any miſchief, farther than by my wiſhes, which it is not in my power

to controul, had ſhe not provoked me, more than ever, by the inſulting, impertinent, and ironical manner in which ſhe announced miſs Clifford's having rejected the hand of my ſon. As my deſire was, that this marriage ſhould not take place, you will think that the intelligence ought naturally to have given more ſatisfaction than her impertinent manner of communicating it could give pain; you, with a manly arrogance, will aſſert, that to feel otherwiſe is contrary to reaſon, and feeling like that weak creature *woman*, but would be quite unworthy of that mighty rational being *man*.—So continue to think; but allow me, wiſe ſir, to be convinced that the latter is by much the ſillieſt, moſt capricious, inconſiſtent animal, of the two: of which I could give many proofs if I had time; but at preſent I can only tell you, that if you think what is ſuppoſed above, you are quite ignorant of what is natural. I acknowledge that I find the inſolence and mockery of a perſon, who uſed to fawn upon me like a ſpaniel, more in-

tolerable, and that it excites ſtronger reſentment, than even her forming a ſerious plan againſt my intereſt. Beſides, this woman has given herſelf ſome very ſublime airs of late on another ſubject, and is as provoking with her cant about virtue as lady Diana Franklin with her conduct. For thoſe reaſons, I heartily wiſh her married to Mr. Clifford.

This again, in the depth of your reaſoning, you will reckon unnatural.—What! to puniſh the woman you hate, will you promote her marriage with the man ſhe loves? And can you aſk the queſtion with ſurpriſe,—you who are acquainted with ſo many miſerable couples, all of whom married from what they called love? What ſeverer puniſhment could I wiſh to two of my greateſt enemies, of different ſexes, and incompatible tempers, than that they ſhould be married together, however deſirous both may be of the union. Should it take place, depend upon it, this will be the fate of the couple in queſtion.

I have made you acquainted with the one, and I am told that the other is one of the most passionate men alive.

Another reason, that has considerable weight in making me desirous of the accomplishment of that alliance, is, that I know it will vex and mortify lady Diana and miss Clifford; by which I shall have the satisfaction of seeing two women mortified who have frequently mortified me; especially if I can by any means get to the bottom of Mrs. Demure's affair with Mordaunt, which at present, I have reason to think, neither of them believe. And if, notwithstanding their incredulity on that subject, they dislike the connection, I leave you to imagine what their abhorrence will be, when the refined sentimental widow's intrigue shall be made manifest.

I cannot express the pleasure I should take in wishing the chaste goddess, and her favourite nymph, joy of their virtuous relation.

Until I have the pleasure of enjoying their confusion at some such *persiflage*, I shall think

myſelf in Mrs. Demure's debt for the inſulting ſarcaſtic manner in which ſhe told me miſs Clifford had *rejected* my ſon, and for the pleaſure ſhe evidently takes in whatever ſhe thinks will give me pain. Until then, alſo, I ſhall conſider myſelf as the debtor of the other two ladies, for various articles which I am impatient to clear off.

I deſire that you will not imagine that I neglect any opportunity of re-eſtabliſhing you on a good footing with my ſon: depend on it I am as anxious for that as you can be: but he is not to be ſpoken to as yet; he is ſtill in all the horrors of diſappointment, and has not as yet been able to digeſt the repulſe. I intend to enter on the ſubject with him ſoon. I have a particular plan in view:—you ſhall hear of it in my next.

Yours, &c.

E. Deanport.

LETTER LXXXIX.

From the Same to the Same.

London.

Affairs wear a more favourable aſpect:—the wheel of fortune, which has of late rolled ſo much againſt your wiſhes, now begins to turn in a contrary direction. Nothwithſtanding the mad perſeverance which miſs Clifford diſplayed in refuſing the addreſſes of my ſon, I was not without fear that, after her fit of enthuſiaſtic arrogance ſhould be over, and when ſhe had fully gratified her pride, ſhe would return to her ſenſes. I therefore watched for a proper opportunity of converſing with him. He had anxiouſly avoided meeting me from the moment he determined to make the abject propoſal of marriage; and he had been ſo mean as to employ the brother to negociate for him; and even wrote a penitential letter to her, after ſhe had quarrelled with her brother on his

account. She returned that letter unopened. I heard him ſtamping and ſwearing in his own apartment after it was brought back to him.

I entered, and told him at once, that though he had endeavoured to keep it concealed from me, I knew the cauſe of his diſquietude, and expreſſed much concern. "I muſt feel for every thing which gives you affliction, my dear Deanport," ſaid I, "whether, in other reſpects, I ſhould think it to be regretted or not."

I never, indeed, had ſeen him ſo mortified. —After ſome minutes of gloomy ſilence, he broke out into a freſh fit of fury; and, obſerving me to look at the returned letter which lay on the table,—"She has had the inſolence," exclaimed he, "to ſend back my letter unopened."

Throwing up my eyes, in ſeeming amazement, I declared, "I never had heard of any thing equal to it.—This creature," added I, "muſt aſſuredly have a great deal of pride."

"She ſhall find, however," reſumed he,

with a vindictive look, "that ſhe had better have exhibited leſs of it to me."

"There is, beſides, ſomething in her conduct," rejoined I, "which pride does not account for; for ſhe certainly ſeemed to favour your addreſſes at one period:—What could be her drift then?"

"Her drift was to draw me on," exclaimed he. "She is the erranteſt jilt in Chriſtendom."

"Draw you on to what?" ſaid I. "She refuſes to be your wife."

"Draw me on to make the propoſal," cried he. "She wiſhed to have it to boaſt that ſhe rejected me."

"It will not be believed," ſaid I.

"But I know it to be true," rejoined he, with a furious grimace; "and ſhe ſhall ſuffer for her inſolence."

"It is certainly in your power to make her ſuffer," ſaid I, "and moſt ſeverely, if that would afford you any ſatisfaction."

"It would afford me the greateſt."

"Then you have only to marry miſs Moyſton. You will at once be one of the moſt opulent peers of the realm; miſs Clifford will be univerſally ridiculed as an idiot; and, with all her pride, will break her heart with vexation."

"Do you think ſo?"

"I am certain of it. You will have the pleaſure of ſeeing her pine to a ſhadow, and expire like a bad actreſs in a tragedy, with all the world laughing at her."

On this he ſwore he would recommence his addreſſes to miſs Moyſton without loſs of time; and begged that I would uſe all my influence with the aunt, that the marriage might be concluded as ſoon as poſſible."

This I agreed to with alacrity; for, though I had been under the neceſſity of avoiding any meeting with thoſe ladies for ſome time, I had not the ſmalleſt doubt of

being able to explain my conduct to their satisfaction, and of having every thing arranged to my wish in a very short time.

This affair being now in a prosperous train, I must just observe, that the longer I live in the world, and reflect on what passes, the more am I confirmed in my system, that the success of the most important affairs depends on the person who has the direction of them being in good or ill luck; for which reason, if I were a sovereign, I would much rather choose a lucky man for my minister than a wise one; and yet you, my good sir, and others of your sagacious sex with whom I am acquainted, insist that there is no such thing as chance, not even in play; and, in spite of repeated experience, persist in keeping the losing seats, and betting on people who are in a run of ill luck, merely because they are good players. I remember lord Cardon, who is a man of wit, as well as a good player, was once my partner at whist. After the cards were cut, I regretted that we had not taken the win-

ning-ſeats, and aſked his lordſhip, "Why he had not reminded me of it in time?" "Because," ſaid he, "although I am an old man, I do not chooſe to be thought an old woman; which your ladyſhip is in no danger of," he added. This was applauded as a ſhrewd obſervation: the conſequence, however, was, that we loſt the rubber, on which I had a bet of fifty pounds extraordinary. Your men of wit may ſay what they pleaſe, but they will never convince me that it is not better to be lucky than either witty or wiſe.

Without drawing proofs of this from the experience of gameſters, do you not ſee that all the prudent pains I took to alienate the affections of lord Deanport from miſs Clifford, and to prevail on him to marry miſs Moyſton, were ineffectual? and now the one has happened, and the other is on the point of taking place, through occurrences in which I had no hand. Depend upon it, luck is every thing; and, as it ſeems to be much againſt you at preſent,—for you

fee, my good fir, that nothing you propofe or undertake fucceeds,—my advice to you is, to remain quite paffive: do not fo much as write a fingle line to my fon: intermeddle with nothing, until the run, which is fo terribly againft you, fhall be over;—for ill-luck does blow over, at laft, juft like a ftorm. When that takes place, and when the quiet poffeffion of mifs Moyfton's fortune fhall have put my fon in good-humour, I am convinced he will fee your conduct towards him in a fair light, and be inclined to do fomething handfome for you. In the mean time I repeat my advice, that you remain perfectly inactive; for, at prefent, the leaft movement on your part might ruin every thing.

I am, &c.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XC.

JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq. to the Countess of* DEANPORT.

Hamburg.

I AM entirely of your ladyſhip's opinion, that it is better to be lucky than wiſe. I begin to think, indeed, that none but fools proſper. It has been ſaid—"That money is the origin of evil."—Without agreeing to that adage, I acknowledge that the devil has a principal hand in the diſtribution of it. He himſelf, however, paſſes for having a great deal of wit: how far that is true I know not; but I daily ſee proofs of his having two qualities, in common with the generality of wits; namely, a hatred to other wits, and a partiality for dunces. He reſembles ſome men of diſtinguiſhed wit in another particular; having himſelf, by all accounts, been remarkably unfortunate.

For my own part, I have no reafon to compaffionate him under his misfortunes; for, whoever the demon is who has the diftribution of good and bad fortune, it is but too evident, that, though I have no great pretenfions to be a wit, he has fhown little kindnefs to me.

So far from having met with any of thofe lucky hits by which fo many of his favourites are raifed to opulence, I have miffed feveral very promifing opportunities of augmenting my fortune, by fome curfed incident or other, which none but the devil could have produced.

Your ladyfhip will remember our difmal fpeculation in the funds, when the moft judicious politicians were perfuaded they were falling to the very devil; yet, by a rebound that no force but his could have given, they fuddenly rofe, almoft to my utter ruin, and to your very great inconveniency.

As your ladyfhip paffed the enfuing feafon

in the country, you may never have heard that, in my diſtreſs, I had the deſperate intrepidity to pay my addreſſes to a widow from the Weſt Indies, enriched by the ſpoils of three huſbands. I attended her to all public places, and was in high hopes of being made her fourth, when, as the devil would have it, I was ſeized with the lumbago; and, when I was confined to my chamber, ſhe happened to go to a maſquerade with a party, among whom was a tall officer of dragoons, who had formed an acquaintance with her during my confinement. This gentleman, having heard her praiſe the Highland-dreſs, as equally graceful and commodious, took care to be arrayed in it at the maſquerade, attached himſelf particularly to her the whole night; and, to my infinite diſappointment, was married to her before I could walk abroad.

But what need is there of enumerating theſe, and other inſtances of my ill-fortune,

when the recent one of my being cut out of the Welſh eſtate is ſo well known to your ladyſhip?

That miſerable buſineſs is continually tormenting me, with the aggravating circumſtance of my having brought it on myſelf; for I never can forget that, poor as he was, the young artiſt at Dreſden never ſolicited me to recommend him. What could tempt me to do it? I have ſeen many of thoſe artiſts ſtarving in London, without ever thinking of being of the leaſt ſervice to any of them. I ſhould certainly have behaved with equal indifference to Evans, had not Satan ſuggeſted to me, that, by recommending him to my countrymen, I ſhould recommend myſelf to Phillips: ſo that I really am not much to blame. I acted on the ſame principles that many, who paſs for prudent men, act every day.

You ſee, my dear lady Diana, that, like other unfortunate people, I would willingly ſhift the cauſe of my misfortunes from my-

ſelf to another; but, in ſpite of all my endeavours to heave all this burden from my own ſhoulders to thoſe of Satan, enough of it remains to diſturb my conſcience and recollection to ſuch a degree, that, inſtead of explaining how this letter comes to be dated from Hamburg, I have ſpent all this time in lamentations for what cannot be helped. I will now inform your ladyſhip, that the ſame tormenting thought engroſſed me ſo much while I was in England, that I entirely forgot a note for £. 500, which I gave A—— when we ſettled our Newmarket accounts, immediately before he went to the Eaſt Indies. I was in hopes that he would loſe it, or entirely forget ſuch a trifle, when he arrived there. He had left it, however, with an attorney; and having lately met with ſome loſſes at play, which prevented his making a remittance that was expected, he ſent orders to his agent to inſiſt on immediate payment.

On receiving your ladyſhip's letter, giving me an account of the new and unexpected

turn which lord Deanport's busineſs had taken, and that the abſurd pride of miſs Clifford had effected what the conſideration of his own intereſt, and your ladyſhip's prudent ſuggeſtions had failed in producing, I became extremely uneaſy on account of certain ſneers at miſs Moyſton's perſon and manners which had eſcaped me in a letter to his lordſhip, written when I was perſuaded that he had for ever renounced that lady, and was firmly attached to miſs Clifford. However facetious thoſe ſarcaſms might have ſeemed, had he married miſs Clifford, I was ſenſible they would appear in a different light if he became the huſband of miſs Moyſton. I became even afraid, that, through that careleſſneſs ſo natural to his lordſhip, this letter might fall into her hands after ſhe was lady Deanport.

I immediately ſet about compoſing a new letter, in which, after entreating him to burn the former, I endeavoured to explain away

all its acrimony, and to twist every sarcastic expression into a meaning favourable to miss Moyston. This was one of the most arduous tasks I ever imposed on myself: yet, when finished, I was so well pleased with the performance, that I directly sent it to his lordship. Next morning my hopes of its efficacy were not so sanguine. My anxiety, lest it should not prove entirely satisfactory, increased every hour; and I, at last, determined to leave my affairs in Wales unsettled, and go directly to London, on purpose to see that cursed letter burned, and explain every thing by word of mouth. I was also impatient to pay my court, as soon as possible, to miss Moyston. Nothing but my extreme solicitude, not to be misunderstood by his lordship, could have prevailed on me to do this; after your ladyship's having desired me, in your last, to remain passive.

On the very evening of my arrival in London, I was informed that a writ had been

iſſued againſt me, and that I ſhould be arreſt-ed, unleſs I could pay the note above men-tioned, or find ſecurity for the money.

In this emergency, finding that your lady-ſhip had gone to Windſor, where you were to remain two days, I wrote to lord Deanport, informing him of my ſituation, and begging him, in the moſt preſſing terms, to come to the hotel, as I could not venture abroad. In caſe he could not immediately advance the money, I told him, that I was convinced the attorney would be ſatisfied with his ſecu-rity; and I pledged my word of honour that I would relieve his lordſhip in leſs than three months. I concluded with felicitations on his approaching marriage with miſs Moyſton, which, I ſaid, would fix his lordſhip's happi-neſs on the moſt ſolid baſis, and make him envied by the moſt proſperous nobleman in England, and infallibly drive lord Sordid to deſpair.

Your ladyſhip will be ſhocked with the anſwer.—

" My Dear Sir,

" I am extremely ſorry for your unfor-
" tunate ſituation; and though, being well
" acquainted with your punctuality, I might
" rely on your word of *honour*, yet, as it is
" not in my power to comply with your re-
" queſt, to trouble you with a viſit is unne-
" ceſſary.

" I am, deat ſir,

" Your moſt humble ſervant,

" DEANPORT.

" P.S. I wonder you do not apply to *your friend* miſs Moyſton, of whom you have given ſo flattering a deſcription in your letter from Wales."

Behold the return I received for all the ſervices I have rendered his lordſhip!

In this dreadful emergency, I had no other reſource but to ſet out for Portſmouth directly. The only piece of good fortune I have met with, ſince my arrival in England, was the finding a veſſel ready to carry me out

of it. I had but ſlender reſources, as your ladyſhip will readily believe, on my arrival at Hamburg; however, I put the beſt face on matters that I could; yet the very firſt banker I applied to heſitated about the ſecurity I offered. I aſſumed a behaviour which I have ſometimes found to ſucceed.

"Pray, friend," ſaid I, with an air of aſtoniſhment and indignation, "have you any kind of doubt of the goodneſs of this bill?"

"I confeſs, ſir," replied he, "I have."

"Let me tell you, friend," ſaid I, "that thoſe who are the moſt capable of cheating are the moſt ſuſpicious of being cheated."

"I give you credit, ſir," ſaid he, "for the obſervation, which I believe to be, in general, juſt."

Deceived by the calm good-humoured air with which he ſpoke, I replied—"I preſume, then, you will diſcount the bill."

"By no means," ſaid the phlegmatic ſcoundrel.—"I gave you credit for your obſervation, becauſe, as I already told you, I

think it good.—I give none to the bill, because, as I alſo informed you before, I fear it is bad."

This man's diffidence ſpread like wild-fire, and infected every perſon to whom I applied for money.

From the contents of your ladyſhip's laſt letter, I take it for granted that my lord is now in lawful poſſeſſion of miſs Moyſton, or on the point of being ſo. I leave it to your prudence and addreſs to ſeize a favourable opportunity of ſhowing him the unreaſonableneſs of his being offended with me on account of what I wrote reſpecting miſs Moyſton. So far from its being meant as diſreſpectful to him, it was, in reality, exactly conformable to what I had reaſon to believe were his own ſentiments. The letter he wrote to me, I am willing to think, was merely the effect of a tranſient fit of paſſion, to which the moſt amiable people are the moſt liable. I cannot allow myſelf to imagine that your ladyſhip will have any difficulty in convincing him of

the ſincerity of my attachment to him and to all who are connected with him; yet I would have you to watch a proper occaſion for making the repreſentation. Perhaps this may not occur immediately after his nuptials. It is not likely that his lordſhip will then be in the moſt auſpicious humour. It will be beſt to let him be, in ſome meaſure, familiariſed to miſs Moyſton, and conſoled for what he may not reliſh in her perſon, by reflecting on the beauties of her fortune.

I muſt likewiſe trouble your ladyſhip to make my congratulations agreeable to that lady.—Aſſure her that nobody can have a more ſincere reſpect for the young counteſs of Deanport than I ſhall always have.

I ſhould have been reduced to the greateſt difficulties had I not received a ſupply from one of our countrymen who arrived laſt night at the inn. I was very little acquainted with him, yet found myſelf under the neceſſity of making my ſituation known to him.—"I had the honour to meet you, ſir," ſaid he,

" in company with Mr, Mordaunt—A companion of his muſt be a man of honour." He advanced the ſupply I had applied for.—But I ſhall not leave this place until I hear from your ladyſhip.

I remain,

Your devoted ſervant,

J. GRINDILL.

LETTER XCI.

The Countess of DEANPORT *to* JAMES GRINDILL, *Esq.*

London.

AFTER all the inſtances of the devil's malice, and of your own ill-luck, that you enumerated in your laſt, you are unacquainted with one which exceeds all the reſt. In conſequence of the advice I gave my ſon, when he was in the very height of his fury againſt miſs Clifford, he determined, as I informed you, to renew his addreſſes to miſs Moyſton.

He had long been perſuaded that the poor girl was over head-and-ears in love with him, and that ſhe was in a ſtate of languiſhment from the ſuſpenſe he had ſo long kept her in. He once hinted to me, "that, though he ſeldom had any compaſſion for ugly women, yet he could not help pitying her a little;" and, when I repreſented to him "that his mar-

riage with miſs Moyſton would not only completely avenge him of miſs Clifford, but be matter of triumph over lord Sordid,— "True," ſaid he; "but you do not mention what, I acknowledge, affords me ſome ſatisfaction; namely, that it would be the means of ſaving the life of miſs Moyſton: as her death *before marriage* would afflict me deeply."

He had hardly uttered this benevolent ſpeech, when a letter was delivered to me from my loving friend Mrs. Demure, expreſſing her ſorrow and aſtoniſhment at a piece of news ſhe had juſt heard, *that miſs Moyſton was actually married to lord Sordid.* "Her ſorrow," ſhe ſaid, "aroſe from her believing that lord Deanport had views on that lady, and her aſtoniſhment from the lady's having preferred lord Sordid." She inſiſted on the exceſſive pain this news gave her, with a profuſion of expreſſions, which ſufficiently ſhowed how delighted ſhe was; and begged, "that, if I knew it to be falſe,

I would be ſo good as to ſend her a line, to relieve her from the uneaſineſs ſhe was in." This convinced me that ſhe thoroughly believed it to be true.—I ſhall, perhaps, find ſome occaſion of addreſſing an epiſtle of the ſame obliging nature to Mrs. Demure.

I gave this letter to my ſon, ordered my carriage, and drove directly to miſs Moyſton's; where I was informed that ſhe and her aunt were both in the country, where they had been ſeveral days; and I did not return home until I was informed, from the beſt authority, that Mrs. Demure's news was perfectly well-founded.

My ſon's rage was without bounds: indeed it was manifeſted in ſuch a ridiculous manner, that it put an end to mine. You may call us, as you pleaſe, the *weaker* ſex; but it appears every hour more clear, that women, in general, have ſtronger minds than men, and that they know their own minds better. What capricious girl could act more inconſiſtently than my ſon, in the whole of this buſineſs?

He ſhows coldneſs and indifference towards an object of the greateſt importance while it is in his power, and he falls into a fit of rage as ſoon as it is out of his power. He hardly does any thing from reaſon or reflection; his whole conduct is guided by whim: yet he laughs at the caprice of the female character, and values himſelf on his manly firmneſs. When he once forms a reſolution, he aſſerts that it is not to be ſhaken.

I remember his ordering his horſes one morning at Willow-Park, in the intention to call on a gentleman who lived at eight miles diſtance. "As it begins to rain, my lord," ſaid I, "you had beſt go in a carriage." —"No," he ſaid, "he had already ordered his horſes, and would keep his reſolution." He hates, above all things, to ride in rain; and he looked at the ſky every ten minutes during four hours, in the hopes that the rain would abate.—It increaſed every minute.— "If you had taken your carriage," ſaid I, "you would have been back by this time;

now, you muſt either go in a carriage, or abandon all thought of the viſit you intended this day."

"I am not to be ſhaken from my purpoſe, like a woman," ſaid he; and, after this civil ſpeech, he heroically mounted his horſe, rode off in the middle of a heavy rain, and caught rheumatiſms which confined him a month, to prove that he was of a ſteady character, and wiſer than his mother.

How men could ever imagine that they were in general leſs ſubject to caprice, or of a more ſteady character, than women, I could never diſcover. I could almoſt leave this queſtion to be decided by you, though a party concerned. When a huſband is of one opinion, and his wife of another, lay your hand to your heart, and declare which is the moſt likely to remain ſteady. To the beſt of my remembrance, among all my acquaintance, the huſbands who ſeem to me the moſt prudent, and who paſs their lives in the greateſt

tranquillity, are precisely those who acquiesced in their wives' opinion.

Perhaps you will not admit this; yet I could put you in mind of many occasions, on which it would have been good for you yourself to have followed a woman's advice, instead of your own.

In my very last letter, as nothing seemed to prosper in which you at all intermedled, I advised you to remain quite passive, and by no means to address a single line to my son. Instead of following my counsel, you thought proper to write a letter to him, the length of which alone would have determined him not to comply with the contents; for you might have known that he hates long letters, and detests their composers. But the purport of this letter, you say, was to explain away the sarcasms, in a former letter, against miss Moyston, to make an eulogium on that accomplished lady, and expatiate on my son's happiness in obtaining such a prize.

Now what marks the invincible run of ill fortune againſt you, more than all the misfortunes which have hitherto happened to you, is, that this horrid letter was delivered to my ſon after he had heard that lord Sordid had obtained the lady's hand, when he was in the very act of curſing her, had exhauſted all the opprobrious epithets he could recollect, and would have bleſſed any one who could have furniſhed him with a new execration. But when he came to that part of your letter where you praiſe miſs Moyſton more particularly for the virtue of conſtancy, and for preferring him to all the nobility of England, his fury was turned from her againſt you.

I will not ſhock you with a repetition of the horrid things he pronounced:—I muſt ſay, however, that your recantation never could have come at a more unlucky moment; though, indeed, all moments ſeem to be equally unlucky for you. I ſhould be ſorry to be thought ſuperſtitious; but it cannot be called

ſuperſtition to make obſervations on events as they occur; this is the only way in which we can profit by experience. Now, one obſervation, which I cannot avoid making, is, that I began to loſe my money at play preciſely after your arrival in England, and my ill fortune continued, without interruption, all the time I correſponded with you while you were in Wales.

A ſecond obſervation, equally true, is, that I won a conſiderable ſum the very day after your ſailing from Portſmouth, and I continued to win until the night of the day on which I received your laſt letter, and then my ill-luck returned. What inference can be drawn from theſe remarks, but that ſome fatality attends you, which comprehends not only your perſonal concerns, as in your affair with the Weſt-India widow, and that of your Welſh relation, but alſo extends to all thoſe with whom you are in correſpondence.

You will aſk, no doubt, What connection

can there be between your being in England, or your correſponding with me, and my loſing at cards.

That is a queſtion which I do not attempt to anſwer ;—the fact is, that I *do* loſe my money when you come to England, and I win as ſoon as you ſail away. I have heard you yourſelf remark, that experience was a ſurer guide than theory. Here is long-continued experience all going to warn me againſt any communication with you, for a conſiderable period at leaſt. You are too reaſonable, therefore, to condemn the reſolution I have formed of interrupting all correſpondence with you, until there ſhall be cauſe to think that this malignant influence, fatality, or whatever elſe it may be called, has entirely left you ; and, if you ſhould attempt to tranſmit any letter to me before that period, you will be juſtly thought as criminal as if, knowing yourſelf to have the plague, you ſhould thruſt yourſelf into the company of uninfected perſons ; for, really, I know little

difference between one who is wilfully the caufe of my lofing every fixpence I have in the world, and one who fends me out of the world altogether.

You are at fome pains to prove that your misfortunes may, perhaps, be owing to fome extraordinary fpite, that the demon, who diftributes good and bad fortune, has againft *you* in particular. I confefs I do not think that conjecture at all probable; why fhould you fufpect, my dear fir, that the devil fhould have a particular fpite againft you? I know nothing you have ever done to offend him. Yet, after all, if that fhould be the cafe, you muft admit that it forms an additional reafon for my interrupting all farther correfpondence with you; for, although I do not wifh to cultivate an intimacy with him, yet I will avoid every thing that can have the appearance of braving him; for, as it is impoffible to know what may happen, it would be the height of imprudence to make enemies unneceffarily. As

ſoon, however, as I perceive any diſpoſition in lord Deanport to ſerve you, which I own is far from being the caſe at preſent, I ſhall encourage him in it by every prudent means in my power.

Till then I remain yours, &c.

E. DEANPORT.

P.S. It juſt occurs to me, that, although there is no denying that men's fortune often depends on fortunate accidents, yet it is equally true, that, in ſpite of the devil, fortunate accidents throw themſelves oftener in the way of men of conſummate addreſs than of fools.—This gives me hopes that you will ſtumble on ſomething of that nature ſoon.

LETTER XCII.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to Lady* Diana Franklin.

My dear Lady Diana, London.

This will free you from part of the apprehensions you express in your last letter on my brother's account. I had a great reliance on his natural fickleness; and now there is reason to believe that my reliance was well founded. My brother has set out for Northumberland, in spite of all the blandishments of Mrs. Demure—I believe I might have said, partly *because* of them—her assiduities became oppressive.

I not only rejoice that he is gone, but also on account of the motives that determined him to go. He became anxious to make certain arrangements, for the purpose of raising money to clear off his debts, and particularly that which he owes lord Deanport;

which, I find, bears harder on his ſpirit than all the reſt. Lord Deanport is preſſed for money himſelf. You have heard, no doubt, that miſs Moyſton is now the wife of lord Sordid. That young man was conſidered as a miſer, even when he was poor: I leave you to judge how much more ſo he is likely to become now that he is immenſely rich. I once heard my father ſay, that a real miſer acquires nothing by an acceſſion of money, but a conſtant dread of loſing it.

Miſs Moyſton's marriage took place at the very time when lord Deanport, in compliance with the prudent remonſtrances of his mother, had determined to renew his addreſſes to that lady. My brother, knowing he has met with this diſappointment, is become more impatient to clear off the debt he owes his lordſhip.

William is ſo irritated againſt me, that it would be vain for me to attempt any friendly explanation with him at preſent; but the meaſures he is now adopting give me hopes

that he will be in a better difpofition foon, —which is what I moft earneftly wifh. You cannot imagine how painful it is for me to be on an unfriendly footing with him.

I have written to Mr. Proctor, begging that he would forget my brother's former harfh behaviour, and meet him with his ufual goodnefs; affuring him, that William has the higheft opinion of his integrity (which I am fure he has), and will follow his advice refpecting the renewal of the leafes that are nearly expired, (which I hope he will do).

I beg at the fame time that he will advance the money that my brother ftands in immediate need of, on my fecurity, without letting William know that I am any way connected in the bufinefs. It would grieve me very much to fee any part of the old family eftate fold. I am in great hopes that the difficulties William has experienced of late will make him more prudent and economical. A few years economy would ftill

clear the eſtate of all incumberances. It would be more difficult to purchaſe back any part of the land, if once ſold. Beſides, I conſider it as a ſpecies of ſacrilege to ſell any part of ſo very ancient an inheritance.

I ſpend a great part of my time with the marchioneſs, who returned to town ſome days ago. She often talks to me of her huſband. She ſeems to rejoice in the good fortune that has lately befallen them, more on his account than her own; and ſpeaks of him in a ſtrain of ſuch affection, as gives me a higher notion of the happineſs of the married ſtate than I had. If they had lived together in a ſtate of uninterrupted proſperity, would they have been as fond of each other? would they have been as happy as they are?—I queſtion it.—They would have occaſionally felt that cold forgetfulneſs of each other, which thoſe who are called the happieſt married people ſometimes experience. The marchioneſs (and ſhe is convinced it is the ſame with her huſband) knows none

of that. The ſtorms, which for a time ſeparate their perſons, unite their ſouls more affectionately. Each can ſay with truth to the other,

> "When howling winds and beating rain,
> In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;
> Or midſt the chaſe, in every plain,
> *The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.*"

Although I know, my dear lady Diana, that you think ſome of my notions romantic, I have come to the reſolution to conceal none of them from you, however abſurd they may appear. You cannot imagine how very inſipid and tireſome I feel that courſe of life with which ſo many people ſeem ſatisfied. I never ſaw ſo much of it as ſince Juliet went to the North, and you to Devonſhire. Can any thing be more flat and unprofitable, than for nearly the ſame circle to meet day after day, without the leaſt ſentiment of affection or eſteem, without any deſire of information, without any bond of union, except that ariſing from repaying dinner by dinner, aſſembly by aſſembly, having the

ſame need of cards, and being able to afford to play at the ſame ſtake? They meet, however, almoſt every evening, with ſmiles on their countenances, indifference, or perhaps hatred in their hearts, inquire after the ſtate of each other's health, without liſtening to the anſwer, or caring whether the perſon whoſe health they inquire after be dead or alive.—"Pray," ſaid I to your friend the general, whom I met at a numerous aſſembly, "are thoſe people happy?"

"Happy!" anſwered he; "not in the leaſt."

"What brings them here, then?" ſaid I.

"They come here," anſwered he, "or go elſewhere, in hopes of being leſs *unhappy* than at home."

Yet ſome of thoſe I had pointed to were newly-married peeple.—Mr. and Mrs. Reſource, who were married laſt week, entering at that inſtant—"Is not that couple happy?" ſaid I to the general.

" Far from it," replied he; " you will see him leave the assembly directly."

" Why did he marry the poor woman?" said I.

" Because," replied the general, " the poor woman has fortune sufficient to enable her husband to live very comfortably without her."

The marchioness and her husband, in spite of the dangers and difficulties they have been exposed to, I am persuaded have had more happiness in their married state than those couples who pass a long life of joyless opulence and insipid security, accompanied with mutual indifference."

Adieu! my dear lady Diana.

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER XCIII.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to Colonel* SOMMERS.

London.

I waited on the marchioneſs the day after my arrival in town, and was happy to find her in good ſpirits. She has received comfortable accounts from her huſband, and has been paſſing her time agreeably in the ſociety of her own country-people at Richmond. When ſhe informed me of this, ſhe repeated from Oſſian, and her foreign accent rendered it more affecting—*Often did the memory of former times come, like the evening ſun, on my ſoul.*—I was a little ſurpriſed to find the marchioneſs acquainted with the poems of Oſſian. She told me ſhe had a great reliſh for them; and that this was no unuſual thing among the lovers of poetry in her country. People of the moſt cheerful diſpoſition ſome-

times have a taſte for imagery of the moſt melancholy nature; but, I believe, the reverſe hardly ever happens. The poems of Oſſian, however, are tranſlated into French, Italian, and German, and much more admired in ſome of thoſe countries than in England.

After my firſt viſit to the marchioneſs, I was ſo much engaged, and ſo often obliged to make ſhort viſits to the country, that I did not wait upon her again for ſome time.

I went, however, pretty early in the forenoon, two days ago, to her lodgings, ordering my horſes to follow within half an hour; for I intended to take a pretty long ride, with a view to recover my ſpirits, of which, for ſeveral days and nights, I had made too laviſh an expenditure. I had thoughts of going as far as the cottage, in hopes of hearing ſomething of the *incognita*, whoſe beauty ſtill floated before my eyes in nightly dreams and daily viſions. I ſaw her airy figure this very morning, at ſun-riſe, as I contemplated the

ſky.—*Lovely is the miſt*, ſaid I, *that aſſumes the form of my Unknown* *.

I was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at my own conſtancy. "She hangs on my fancy rather longer than uſual," thought I. "To render me conſtant, it is neceſſary, I ſuppoſe, that I ſhould never ſee a ſecond time, except in idea, the woman who fires my imagination."

Occupied with ſuch reflections, I arrived at the lodgings of the marchioneſs. I was told ſhe was within, and deſired to walk up ſtairs. The French ſervants, you know, do not always take the trouble of announcing viſitors.

I tapped at the door of the room in which ſhe uſually ſits. She had heard my voice, and called out—"Entrez, Entrez."

When I opened the door—

"Il y a mille ans," ſaid ſhe, "que je ne vous ai vu."

"I muſt confeſs, madam, that"——

* Oſſian.

"Ah!" ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, and interrupting me, "Si c'eſt votre confeſſion que vous allez me faire, parlez plus bas."

"Pourquoi donc?"

"C'eſt qu'il y a quelqu'un dans mon cabinet qui pourroit vous entendre."

While ſhe ſpoke, a young lady came from the inner-room;—aye, and the handſomeſt young lady I ever ſaw.

"Pſhaw!" you cry; "this is the old phraſe. I have known you fond of a dozen women, each of whom was for a certain time, ſome longer, ſome ſhorter, the handſomeſt woman you ever ſaw; but all of them, within a few months, appeared to you much like the reſt of their ſex."

"What you ſay, Sommers, has, I muſt confeſs, a good deal of truth in it; and it is a melancholy truth, which ſometimes gives me great uneaſineſs; yet, I hardly believe I ſhall ever change my way of thinking, with reſpect to the lady now in queſtion."

"Why ſhould you not change your opinion reſpecting her, as well as reſpecting others?"

"Becauſe this young lady, whom I ſaw at the marchioneſs's, ſtruck me more than any woman ever did; and ſhe *really* is the handſomeſt woman, without exception, that I did ſee."

"You ſaid the ſame of the reſt."

"I did ſo; but, in the preſent inſtance, it is different; becauſe it is not ſo much her face, ſimply taken as a face, that ſtrikes me; but as it is connected with her perſon, which is elegant to the laſt degree."

"You admired the face and perſon of the *incognita* every bit as much, before you ſaw this laſt."

"Perhaps I might; but, as you ſay, it was before I ſaw this other: beſides, I had not time to examine the appearance of the *incognita*, ſhe vaniſhed ſo immediately:—whereas, I ſtayed a conſiderable time, and converſed a good deal, with this lady, at the marchio-

nefs's. I had leifure to weigh and appraife her. I found the elegance of her manners, and the good fenfe of her converfation, equal to her other attractions :—and then, the melody of her voice rendered every thing delightful that fhe uttered. In fhort, taking her for all in all, I am certain I never beheld fo fine a woman. No; never did I fee, in human form, any thing fo pleafing, fo beautiful, fo!—— But this, you will tell me, is too vague; and were I, in the fublime language of Milton, to fay—

"Grace was in all her fteps, heaven in her eye,
In every gefture dignity and love"——

ftill it would give no precife idea of the lady's face and perfon. I will therefore try to defcribe her a little more particularly. I muft tell you, then, that fhe is but a very little taller than the marchionefs, who, you know, is above the middle fize.

"Her hair, if that be an article of any importance when the fafhion is for women to

wear perriwigs—her hair, I ſay, is of a beautiful dark colour, though not quite ſo dark as that of the marchioneſs, which, you know, is of a very dark brown.

"Her teeth are every bit as white and regular as thoſe of the marchi——: but I now recollect that you never ſaw the marchioneſs. However, you may depend upon it, that no teeth can be finer than thoſe of this lady.

"Her eyes are of a charming hazel; which, in my opinion, is a much finer colour for eyes than either blue or black.

"Her arms!—to talk of poliſhed ivory and Parian marble—ſtuff! On my ſoul, Sommers, I never ſaw ſuch arms!—I will not attempt to deſcribe the reſt of her perſon; but from all I could perceive, or could underſtand through the drapery, the whole is exquiſite."

"I find, then, that, after all your fine flouriſhes and raptures about the *incognita*, that ſhe is entirely ſuperſeded:—you think no more of her."

" On the contrary, I think of nobody elſe."

" How do you mean ?"

" Why, this *is* the *incognita*."

" The devil ſhe is !"

" She is indeed, colonel."—But here I am interrupted. I ſhall tell you more in my next.

Adieu !—I beg to be reſpectfully remembered to your lady.

Yours, ever,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XCIV.

The Same to the Same.

London.

I RESUME where I left off.—At ſight of the lady, I was moſt delightfully ſurpriſed to recogniſe the features of the perſon I had been ſo long in ſearch of: ſhe alſo ſeemed a little ſurpriſed. The marchioneſs, who had been ſpoken to by a ſervant juſt as the lady and I firſt ſaw each other, did not obſerve the emotions of either. She continued to talk, ſometimes addreſſing herſelf to the lady, and ſometimes to me, till, perceiving that neither of us ſpoke, ſhe ſtared firſt at one, then at the other; and, with playful geſture, ſung the firſt line of a ſong ſhe had caught from the ballad-ſingers under her window—" *Dear, dear, what can the matter be?*"

The lady ſmiled: but, before either of us ſpoke—" Pray," reſumed the marchioneſs,

"are you two acquainted with each other?"

I anſwered, "that I had had the pleaſure of ſeeing the lady once before, and had ever ſince earneſtly wiſhed for the happineſs of ſeeing her again."

The lady gently bowed; and the marchioneſs, in a gay manner, rejoined—"Well, I have often heard that the Engliſh were not a talkative nation, but I did not know before that their method of forming an acquaintance with one another was by keeping a profound ſilence when they met."

We both ſmiled; and the marchioneſs continued:—"If that be the caſe, I am perſuaded you two will be on an intimate footing ſoon.

"I really ſuſpected," reſumed the marchioneſs, "that you were old acquaintance, who, having had a quarrel, met here accidentally, before it was made up. I was the more confirmed in my ſuſpicion," continued ſhe, addreſſing the lady, "becauſe you were in high ſpirits before this gentleman

entered; and as for him, he is never otherwise; yet, the inſtant you ſet eyes on each other, you both became as melancholy and as dumb as two Carthuſians."

"Depend upon it, my dear marchioneſs," ſaid the lady, "that no woman could be more averſe than I ſhould be to making a vow of ſilence; but, if I really had made ſuch a vow, I ſhould regret it leſs when you ſpoke, than at any other time."

"Vous êtes charmante!" cried the marchioneſs, embracing her. Then, turning to me, ſhe added—"I have read, in ſome of your Engliſh books, that a French perſon always takes a compliment in the moſt favourable ſenſe. I believe the author is in the right."

After this there were few intervals of ſilence. Sure no mortal ever poſſeſſed the art of baniſhing conſtraint, and putting people on an eaſy footing, in greater perfection, than this charming French woman.

As for the *incognita*, her converſation be-

came every moment more delightful. All her remarks were, in an uncommon degree, ingenious. Do not ſuſpect that her ingenuity depends on her perſonal beauties, like your acquaintance, miſs Bloſſom, whoſe reputation for wit ſtands upon her complexion and teeth. I do aſſure you, Sommers, that the general turn of this young lady's converſation would be thought ingenious by every perſon of taſte, even though her features were as devoid of meaning as thoſe of lady Carmine, who, while ſhe was contemplating the Wax-work exhibition, was miſtaken for one of the figures.

The *incognita* roſe, at one time, to go; but the marchioneſs prevailed on her to ſtay.

My horſes had ſtood two hours before the door:—they might have ſtood two hours longer, had not the marchioneſs, with the ſame eaſe that ſhe would have aſked a pinch of ſnuff, ſaid—" I muſt beg of you, my dear ſir, to be gone; but, as you ſeem to be

disengaged to-day, I shall be happy to see you again in the evening—*for I give a tea.*"

It was my person alone that left the room: all the rest of me remained with the *incognita*, until Ben told me, "that if I proceeded any farther at that slow pace, I should not have time to dress before dinner." I then looked around, and found myself at Kew-bridge. I immediately returned to town, and remained at home, with a good deal of impatience, till eight, and then drove to the marchioness's.

There I found by much the gayest assembly I have seen since I returned to England. It consisted entirely of emigrants, of both sexes; some of them people of the first rank, accustomed from their infancy to magnificence and every luxury, yet accommodating themselves to their present circumstances with admirable equanimity. Good-humour and gayity are always agreeable qualities:—by being preserved during adversity, they are ennobled into virtues.

I met with ſome whom I had known the firſt time I was at Paris, and to whom I owed many civilities. The attention due to them kept me from the reveries into which I every inſtant found myſelf ready to fall.

The marchioneſs aſked me, in a whiſper, "If I ſhould ever forgive her for having inveigled me into a whole army of French?"

The anſwer was unavoidable—"I was obliged to her for introducing me to ſo many agreeable people."—"Yet," reſumed ſhe, with a ſly look, "you ſeem to expect ſomebody elſe, by your eye being ſo frequently directed to the door."

After this I refrained from looking that way for ſome time; but, turning my eyes towards it at laſt, I ſaw the perſon they ſearched ſitting between two French ladies, a cluſter of men preſſing around her. I moved that way—ſhe received my compliment with politeneſs, and immediately reſumed her converſation with thoſe who ſat next

her. I attempted frequently to draw her into a ſeparate converſation: ſhe always made a polite reply to what I ſaid, but directly after addreſſed her diſcourſe to ſome other of the company. I at length ventured to ſay, in Engliſh, "The French are a very agreeable people; it is not, therefore, ſurpriſing that you are ſo fond of converſing with *them*." "Even if I were not very fond of converſing with *them*," ſaid ſhe, ſmiling, "I ſhould think it highly proper on the preſent occaſion; for, though it is an Engliſh cuſtom, I do not think it quite polite, in the natives of a country, to converſe apart, and leave foreigners to entertain themſelves."

"Here are more foreigners than natives," ſaid I. "That renders the deviation from politeneſs greater," rejoined ſhe.

"How ſo?"

"Do you not perceive," ſaid ſhe, "how very rude it would ſeem, in either of us, to prefer *one* ſingle native to ſuch a *choice* of foreigners?"

"As for my own part," I refumed, "I can declare with truth that I prefer your"——

"We were fpeaking of politenefs," faid fhe, interrupting me, "which, you know, is quite a different thing from truth."

"I know it," faid I, "and therefore, with truth, independent of politenefs, declare, that I fhould give the fame preference were the affembly compofed of a felect company of Englifh women inftead of foreigners."

"How would you look now," replied fhe, fmiling, "if every woman to whom you have made a fimilar declaration overheard you?—But I am wanted," added fhe, and croffed the room to the marchionefs, who immediately placed her in a card party.

By this time, my dear colonel, I fufpect you are a little impatient to know who this *incognita* is?—Why, fhe is an acquaintance of yours—of mine. Yes, and the moft intimate friend of your Juliet.

"Mifs Clifford!"

Yes, to be ſure. Who elſe could anſwer the deſcription I have given?

But now ſhe is alſo an acquaintance of mine, and the only one who could detain me from ſetting out for Aſhwood after the time mentioned in the note I ſent on the day of my arrival in town. But I refer the matter, my dear Sommers, to your own conſcience—I- ſuch a woman to be left ſo very eaſily?—She allows me to viſit her at Mr. Darnley's. We have had a long converſation about your Juliet and you. I do rejoice, my friend, in your happineſs;—long may it laſt! I am to dine at Mr. Darnley's with the marchioneſs to-morrow; and am engaged to dance with miſs Clifford at a ball to be given by the counteſs of R—— ſome days after. She tells me, however, that her friend, lady Diana Franklin, is expected from Devonſhire very ſoon. The marchioneſs and miſs Clifford will go to meet her at the Grove whenever ſhe arrives. I hinted that I ſhould be happy to attend them, provided they would

engage to fecure my welcome. Mifs Clifford feemed to think this pufh rather too bold: fhe faid, with a more fevere air than I had ever before feen her affume, "that fhe believed lady Diana expected only the marchionefs and herfelf."

Have you no thoughts of bringing Mrs. Sommers to town? If you are determined againft that ftep, I fhall certainly be with you in Northumberland.—I cannot as yet fix the precife time——

This much I had written feveral days ago; but having been interrupted, I neglected to finifh and fend the letter to the poft.—You fee the ftate of mind I am in.—You afk what has become of all my proteftations againft marriage.—*Ah! le bon billet qu'a la châtre.*

Adieu!

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER XCV.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miſs* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, Plimpton.

As there is a poſſibility of the marchioneſs being ſuddenly obliged to leave England, and join her huſband, I am determined to ſet out for the Grove to-morrow. Mrs. Denham is by no means ſo much re-eſtabliſhed as I wiſhed and expected ſhe would have been by this time; yet I cannot bear the thought of allowing the marchioneſs to leave this iſland without my ſeeing her.

I have written to my houſekeeper, that ſhe may expect you and the marchioneſs at the Grove on Friday next, and deſired her to have dinner for you by five o'clock. I expect to be there myſelf the ſame evening.

By ſeveral letters from her, I find that Mr. Mordaunt has been able to render her ſome eſſential ſervices, and has impreſſed on her

heart, a ſtrong ſenſe of obligation. I dare ſay ſhe has mentioned this to you. The brilliant qualities of that gentleman are peculiarly captivating to young women: England cannot boaſt a man of a finer appearance, or more eaſy manners. He is ſaid to poſſeſs qualities that command the admiration of his own ſex in as great perfection as he does thoſe which engage the affection of ours: his courage and acuteneſs of mind are highly celebrated. He is alſo conſidered as a man of wit; but wit, like other brilliant poſſeſſions, produces more envy in others than happineſs to the proprietor. No quality, however, is more generally admired. I am not ſurpriſed, therefore, my dear, to perceive, through the guarded expreſſions in which you mention him in your laſt letter, that you view him with ſome degree of partiality.

I know no man, however, whoſe acquaintance is more dangerous to a young woman. And, even to thoſe to whom the acquaintance of no man can be dangerous, any degree of

intimacy with him will not be thought very proper. His converſation is often more brilliant than ſenſible. He has always avowed a determination never to marry; but it is ſaid, that, with all his libertiniſm, he cannot be juſtly accuſed of ever having ſeduced any woman by *promiſing* her marriage. This is a kind of defence which, without entirely exculpating one party, leaves the other without excuſe. You tell me that Mr. Darnley firſt met Mr. Mordaunt at the lodgings of the marchioneſs, and, being pleaſed with his converſation, invited him to his houſe, which he now viſits pretty frequently; and that both Mr. and Mrs. Darnley are delighted with his company. Mr. Mordaunt has the art of rendering his company agreeable to all whom he peculiarly wiſhes to pleaſe; but I queſtion much, my dear, whether Mr. and Mrs. Darnley would have been of that number, if he could freely enjoy *your* company without theirs. At all events, you may be very certain, that the world will

place Mr. Mordaunt's viſits to your account more than to that of your uncle and aunt; and you will reflect, my dear Horatia, how far the frequent viſits of a man of his way of thinking and character, either when you are at your uncle's or elſewhere, is proper for you.

On Friday evening I ſhall have the pleaſure of embracing you and the marchioneſs at the Grove. Till then, my dear, adieu!

D. FRANKLIN.

P. S. I beg, my dear, that you will not fail to meet me at the Grove.—If any accident or engagement ſhould prevent the marchioneſs from coming on Friday, come by yourſelf.

LETTER XCVI.

Colonel SOMMERS *to Miſs* CLIFFORD.

Aſhwood.

IT is with much concern, my dear miſs Clifford, that I addreſs this to you. I went laſt Wedneſday to Mr. Kerr's, where my buſineſs detained me that night. On my return home, I found my deareſt Juliet very much indiſpoſed. Miſs Proctor, who has been with us this month paſt, and your brother, who has been very aſſiduous in his viſits ſince he laſt came to the country, dined with her. In the evening they walked out till the ladies were fatigued; then reſted on a bank by the ſide of the rivulet, and returned by a ſhorter path, acroſs the meadow, when it was quite wet with dew. Juliet was ſeized with a ſhivering that night, and was very feveriſh till morning. She made light of her indiſpoſition, however, when I

arrived, and the phyſician gave me hopes that the fever was abating; but ſhe has paſſed a very diſturbed night, has rambled a great deal in his ſleep, and ſometimes mentioned your name. She was calmer during ſome part of the forenoon; but the phyſician ſpeaks with leſs hope of the fever being thrown off immediately; aſſuring me, at the ſame time, that there is no very threatening ſymptom. However unwilling I am to give you uneaſineſs, I have ſo often heard your ſweet friend and you cenſure the concealing of intelligence of this nature from thoſe neareſt concerned, that I thought proper to communicate to you directly the real ſituation in which ſhe is.

You, my dear madam, who know the value of the treaſure I poſſeſs, may form a juſt idea of the anguiſh I feel at the leaſt appearance of loſing it. I was ſo ſtrongly affected with certain thoughts which ruſhed into my mind after I had written the laſt ſentence, that, inſtead of proceeding, I went

into Juliet's chamber. Her attendants made a ſignal for me to withdraw, and have ſince aſſured me that ſhe has fallen into a ſlumber.

My mind is continually revolving ſcenes of paſt happineſs, with the trembling hope that they will be renewed. When I heard, this morning, that Juliet had expreſſed a deſire to ſee a clergyman, you cannot imagine how it pierced my heart: it gave me the idea that they never were to be renewed in this life. Some people's religion conſiſts entirely in acts of devotion, and ſome entirely in acts of benevolence. As hers conſiſts in both, it always afforded me pleaſure, except in this ſingle inſtance.—How weak!

I am

Your ever faithful friend and ſervant,

RICHARD SOMMERS.

LETTER XCVII.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, Afhwood.

IMMEDIATELY on receiving your laft letter, I fettled with the marchionefs to fet out together on Friday to meet you at the Grove; but that fame evening, while we were felicitating each other in the pleafure we expected from your fociety, I received a letter from colonel Sommers, with an alarming account of Juliet. The letter was evidently written in great agitation of mind: fhe had been fuddenly taken ill, and was thought in danger. I ordered poft-horfes, with the intention of fetting off that fame night for Afhwood. My aunt exclaimed againft my leaving town at that hour, and talked of robbers, &c. Mr. Darnley, perceiving this had no effect, told me plainly

that he would not allow me to leave his houſe till next morning. I was therefore a priſon-er till five o'clock, when I ſet off with my maid, a ſervant attending us on horſeback. I leave you to imagine my anxiety during this journey; the earlieſt companion of my youth, the beloved friend of my heart, the favourite of my lamented mother, the wo-man on earth whom, next to yourſelf, I moſt love and eſteem, on the point, as I dreaded, of being ſnatched from me for ever. Yet, ſo overpowered was I by the fatigue of inceſſant travelling, that, on the ſecond day, I got ſome ſleep in the carriage, and thereby found myſelf leſs exhauſted than I probably ſhould have been had I remained in London; for in that caſe I certainly ſhould have had no ſleep at all. I was greatly relieved by the colonel, who, as he helped me out of the chaiſe, aſſured me that my friend was better. The phyſician gave me the ſame aſſurance; but prevented my ſeeing her directly, as I earneſtly deſired. Some time after, however,

he came to me, and ſaid, "that he had been again with his patient, who had told him, that ſhe had a dear friend in London, who would be greatly alarmed on hearing of her illneſs; and had deſired him, if he really thought her in a way of recovery, to write his opinion to that friend; informing him at the ſame time of my addreſs.

"On my aſſuring her," continued the phyſician, "that I would do as ſhe deſired, ſhe ſaid, with fervour, 'O doctor! you cannot imagine what comfort your letter will afford to her afflicted heart; and it gives no ſmall uneaſineſs to mine, that ſhe muſt feel two days of painful apprehenſion before ſhe receives it.' On this," added he, "I deſired her not to be uneaſy on that account; and informed her that you were actually in the houſe. And now, madam," ſaid he, taking me by the hand, "permit me to conduct you to your friend's bed-ſide."

He led me into her chamber.—After a very ſhort interview, the tenderneſs of which I am

unable to defcribe, the phyfician, addreffing his patient, faid—"Now, madam, the thought of your friend's vexation will no longer keep you awake. She needs fleep as much as you. The confolation I have afforded you both, though not exactly agreeable to regular practice, will, I hope, prove as efficacious an anodyne draught as any I could have ordered from the apothecary's fhop."

So faying, he led me out of the room. I foon after went to bed with a light heart, flept eight hours, and, when I awakened, was informed that Juliet had alfo had a good deal of fleep, and continued on the recovery.

Thofe parts of your letter that relate to Mr. Mordaunt I delay taking notice of, becaufe, until I fhall be fully afcertained of Mrs. Sommers's recovery, I cannot, for a moment, fix my mind on any other fubject. This is alfo the cafe with the colonel. If any

thing could augment the eſteem I before had for that gallant and worthy man, it would be the tender and delicate attentions he has paid to Juliet ſince her illneſs.

In him there is a remarkable proof of the difference between that kind of intrepidity which enables a man to preſerve coolneſs and recollection in the midſt of perſonal danger, and that which makes him bear the loſs of a beloved object. No man ever diſplayed more of the former than colonel Sommers; and no man is more a coward at the thought of the latter. I obſerved him become pale at the hurried entrance of Juliet's maid into the room where he and I were ſitting this morning. She only wanted ſomething of no importance; but his agitated heart ſuggeſted an unfavourable turn in her miſtreſs. He could hardly ſpeak for ſome moments after the girl was gone.

I have ſtrong hopes, that in my next I ſhall be able to announce the happy news

that Juliet is quite out of danger. With affectionate compliments to the marchioneſs, who, I take it for granted, is now with you at the Grove,

I am, my dear lady Diana,

Yours,

H. CLIFFORD.

P. S. My brother was almoſt conſtantly at Aſhwood before my arrival: he has never been here ſince; but he ſends every day to inquire how Juliet is. His letters are never directed to me. I have certainly more reaſon to complain of him than he has of me; yet I am the perſon that feels uneaſineſs at our miſunderſtanding:—this is fooliſh on my part, and hard-hearted on his.

LETTER XCVIII.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to Mrs.* DEMURE.

MY DEAR MADAM, London.

I called at your houſe this morning, to give you a curious piece of news. It is whiſpered that miſs Clifford has gone off with Mr. Mordaunt. Some ſay they left town in the ſame carriage; others that ſhe went alone, and that he followed ſoon after. The variation is of little importance, as it is certain they are both gone; and there can be little doubt of their meeting at ſome of the poſt-houſes. Mrs. Darnley gives out that the lady is gone on a viſit to Mrs. Sommers in Northumberland: that is not probable; ſhe came from thence very lately. Other wiſeacres aſſert that they are gone to be married in Scotland. Why ſhould he carry her to

Scotland? She is not a prize to be run off with, furely. He has had experience fufficient to know that his paffion can cool foon enough without his either marrying, or carrying the object of it to fo frigid a country. But I leave you to judge whether Mordaunt is a likely man to marry in any country. Both you and I, my dear friend, are acquainted with women of fuperior beauty to mifs Clifford, who have been betrayed by this man: though I don't know if it can be called *betraying*; for, it is faid, he never mentioned marriage to any of thofe infatuated creatures.

I know, my dear madam, that your fympathifing breaft will feel feverely on this occafion; for the whole will be public directly; and there is no poffibility of your having any farther connection with the unhappy young woman.

How unfortunate! that fhe did not follow the example of fome wary ladies of

our acquaintance, who, being equally culpable, have avoided all *éclat*, and of courſe are received every where, notwithſtanding an univerſal conviction that they deſerve to be comprehended within the bill of excluſion.

This incident will certainly produce a ſtruggle between the purity of lady Diana Franklin and her friendſhip for the fallen nymph, before ſhe will be able to determine whether to break with her entirely or not. As for Mordaunt, I make no doubt of his abandoning miſs Clifford juſt as he did others, with whom his connection has not as yet been ſo completely aſcertained. He has reſigned the French woman that he brought over already. She pretends, I underſtand, to be a marchioneſs; but, more probably, is the wife or daughter of ſome Pariſian tradeſman. Several of the real nobility of France, I hear, have been under the neceſſity of exerciſing trade ſince they left their own country; but a

far greater number of real trades-people from France have aſſumed the titles, and give themſelves the airs of nobility.

I wonder how Mr. Clifford will behave, when he comes to the knowledge of his ſiſter's conduct. He has the reputation of being of a very violent temper, and is a hero in gallantry as well as Mordaunt; with this difference, however, that he is leſs ſilent on the ſubject of his victories. He was expected in town; but, I underſtand from my ſon, with whom he keeps up a conſtant correſpondence, that he is wonderfully captivated by a young lady in his own neighbourhood, who ſeems to have driven from his memory all recollection of thoſe who languiſh for his return to the capital.

Being informed that you intended to ſtay three or four days with lady ——, I thought it right to acquaint you with theſe particulars, becauſe I am certain that your friendſhip for Mrs. Darnley will prompt you to

come directly to town, on purpose to do all in your power to ſupport her ſpirits on this vexatious occaſion.

I remain, my dear madam,

Your ſincere and obedient ſervant,

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER XCIX.

Miſs HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

Aſhwood.

HAPPY news! the doctor has pronounced Juliet out of danger. I am giddy with joy. After reciprocal congratulations, I told the colonel I was going to communicate the tidings to you. He ſaid he was alſo going to write on the ſame ſubject to his friend Mr. Mordaunt.

This put me in mind of your laſt letter; ſome parts of which prove that you have converſed with people who are prejudiced againſt that gentleman.

I aſked of the colonel how it happened that his friend Mr. Mordaunt, who is generally thought an agreeable man, had ſo many enemies.

His anſwer was—"Mordaunt is a man of wit."

"A man of wit!" ſaid I.

"Yes," rejoined he; "of all the gifts of Nature to the human race, wit is the moſt envied, and the leaſt forgiven."

But, of all my acquaintance, you are the perſon, my dear lady Diana, whom I ſhould have thought the leaſt likely to envy, and the moſt likely to forgive, a man for his wit. With reſpect to the gentleman in queſtion, you will recollect that it was through your means that I became acquainted with him; for I firſt met him at the lodgings of the marchioneſs: from her I received the moſt favourable opinion of him. My uncle and aunt conceived the ſame: they invited him freely to their houſe. But it ſeems the man avows a determination never to marry: this is very afflicting news to be ſure. Yet if any woman, who made no objection to being of his acquaintance before ſhe received this information, were to avoid it immediately after,

would it not ſubject her to a ſtrange imputation?

What has a woman, who expects and wiſhes for nothing in a man's ſociety but agreeable converſation, to do with his determinations reſpecting marriage? Such a determination can, *at moſt*, be conſidered as a misfortune:—it cannot be imputed as a crime, my dear lady Diana, to a man more than to a woman; and therefore ought not to deprive him of the ſociety of any virtuous women, except thoſe who have no other view in cultivating his acquaintance but marrying him.

You alſo obſerve, that, notwithſtanding his accompliſhments, this Mr. Mordaunt's converſation is often more brilliant than ſenſible; that it is peculiarly agreeable to *young* women; and that, in ſpite of my guarded expreſſions, you perceive I view him with ſome partiality.

The letter, however, from which you

form this judgment, was written in circumſtances which, with all your favour for ſenſe and contempt of folly, I am perſuaded would have influenced you yourſelf to have preferred agreeable nonſenſe to what is called ſolid ſenſe. A pretty numerous company dined at my uncle's; among others, a Mr. Profer, who deals in nothing but ſenſe, and that of the moſt ſolid kind: but he drew forth his commodity in ſuch profuſion, that he oppreſſed the whole company.

Had any one been diſpoſed to have controverted what he ſaid, it would have been dificult, for two reaſons; one, that all he aſſerted was ſelf-evident; the other, that he proved it by innumerable arguments.

At laſt, Mr. Mordaunt ſtruck in with ſome obſervations of a lighter nature, which led to general converſation: this he ſupported in ſo entertaining a manner, as to reſtore good-humour and gaiety to the whole company, except Mr. Profer, whoſe countenance, though

far from being expressive, sufficiently marked his contempt for the playful wit of Mr. Mordaunt, and all who admired it. I whispered to Mr. Darnley, who seemed indignant at the airs of superior sagacity which Mr. Proser gave himself—"This man is most completely convinced of the depth of his own understanding."—"That is not wonderful," answered he; "for, though no man of sense thinks himself a fool, many fools think themselves men of sense."

I wrote my letter to you the same evening, under the impression made by the contrast between a tiresome man and an entertaining one; and, in spite of all my pains to use *guarded expressions*, I fear I have given you an idea of my having a greater partiality for the latter gentleman than I really have.

The world, you say, will place Mr. Mordaunt's visits to my account, rather than to that of my uncle or aunt, while I was in their house; but if he continues to visit them now, when I am three hundred miles

from it, I ſhall expect that you will acknowledge to me, in the name of the world, that it was miſtaken.

I remain, my dear lady Diana, with affectionate compliments to the marchioneſs,

Your grateful and obedient ſervant,

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER C.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miſs* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, Grove.

I NEVER received a more welcome letter than your laſt; the very firſt ſentence of which diſſipated the gloomy apprehenſions my mind had been brooding over from the time I read your former.

I enter warmly into the tranſport of colonel Sommers on this happy event. He could have better ſupported the loſs of Juliet, while he was courting her, than ſince ſhe became his wife. That admirable good ſenſe, that elegant ſimplicity, which marks her,

——" one by Nature taught
To breathe her genuine thought,"

and all thoſe endearing qualities ſhe has had occaſion to ſhow, ſince their marriage,

have made a more delightful impreſſion on his calm and ſteady mind than all her beauty had done before. Notwithſtanding the intrepidity and firmneſs of his character, I am perſuaded that her loſs would have broken his heart.—What a noble heart would have been broken!

With what admirable judgment has your friend diſpoſed of her hand and fortune! What are titles; what external grace; what all the ſparklings of wit, ſo faſcinating to the fancy of many women; what are all thoſe qualities together in a huſband, in compariſon with the conſtancy, the complacent temper, and other virtues of colonel Sommers?

You muſt have obſerved, my dear Horatia, how highly I have been charmed with that natural cheerfulneſs of mind which you poſſeſs. It was one of the greateſt delights of your mother's life: it ſoothed the affliction of your father after her death; and it has afforded me many pleaſing hours, ſince I was

deprived of my two friends. Yet, I muſt own, that the fear of any occurrence that would throw a gloom over a character ſo formed for giving and receiving happineſs has given me ſome diſturbance, on particular occaſions; and my conſtant prayer, my dear Horatia, is, that you may be able always to preſerve that enviable gaiety of temper, that precludes ſorrow from your own breaſt, and communicates cheerfulneſs to that of others.

I ſhould have been entertained with the ſportive tenor of ſome parts of your laſt letter, even though I had not been pre-diſpoſed to the admiſſion of cheerful ideas by the beginning of it.

By the laſt paragraph, however, it appears that you think the world more ready to acknowledge a miſtake than I have ever found it.

Mr. Mordaunt's attention to you, from the time he returned from his brother's, was remarked; his lingering in London, inſtead

of going immediately to see his friend Sommers, as he had given out, was laid entirely to your account. Calumny itself, one would have thought, could not directly censure your going to Ashwood, on hearing of Juliet's illness. It was soon whispered, however, that Mr. Mordaunt would set out after you; and, though nothing could be more natural than his going to visit his friend colonel Sommers, yet it was asserted that he would not have left London if you had remained in it. I suppose he arrived at Ashwood soon after you sent your last letter to the post-house.

While I admire that glow of friendship which, in disregard of all engagements, however agreeable, prompted you to hurry to your friend's bed-side, at three hundred miles distance, without sleep or refreshment, but what you took in the chaise; I cannot help reminding you, that another has a claim, which she cannot relinquish, on that friendship: I also am languishing for your presence.

It is very long ſince I had the happineſs of ſeeing you; and, ſince Juliet is entirely out of danger, and you have ſo completely fulfilled whatever affection could require towards your *young* friend, I hope you will now take leave of her, and return, by eaſy ſtages, to your *old* one.

Independent of the pleaſure you will thereby give me and the marchioneſs, who is here at preſent, but in daily expectation of a ſummons to join her huſband, your leaving Aſhwood will at once put an end to the idle rumours and conjectures that have ariſen in conſequence of Mr. Mordaunt's following you.

Notwithſtanding the playful arguments of your laſt epiſtle, your own ſerious reflection and good ſenſe, my dear, muſt ſuggeſt, that it becomes a virtuous young woman to avoid giving the ſhadow of foundation to ſo injurious a ſuſpicion as that ſhe encourages the purſuits of a man of Mr. Mordaunt's principles: I therefore ſay no more, but ſhall expect the pleaſure of ſeeing you at the Grove

before the end of next week. I remain, with the warmeſt affection,

Your friend,

D. Franklin.

I underſtand that a new ſource of vexation has ariſen to lady Deanport, in a quarter from whence ſhe little expected it. A miſs Almond, who was much with her ladyſhip when ſhe went to Yorkſhire, was lately invited to her houſe in town. To conſole himſelf for your cruelty, lord Deanport took a fancy for this girl; the effect of which has been, that miſs Almond, from the humbleſt of all companions, and moſt obſequious of all toad-eaters, began to behave with inſolence to her ladyſhip. This, it ſeems, was not reſented by my lord in the manner ſhe expected. Miſs Almond ſtill remains in the family: and my lady and her ſon are not on the beſt terms.

LETTER CI.

Daniel Proctor, *Esq. to Miss* Almond.

Dear Miss Almond, Newcastle.

I did not intend to address you until I should arrive at my own house, where I might have leisure to compose a letter with all the deliberation which the delicacy of the subject requires; for, I must confess, my dear young lady, that, instead of praising, which would have been more agreeable to me, I am under the necessity of censuring your conduct. But, having been detained by necessary business (for nothing but necessary business could have detained me so long in this town) I began to fear, that if I delayed any longer, the admonition which I propose to give you might arrive too late; and, in that case, what I intend as admonition might appear in the light of reproach. People in general cannot bear to have their conduct censured, even although the censure should be designed for their good; but, as

there is no general rule without exceptions, I hope you will prove yourself to be one.

Having thus endeavoured to render what might be thought bitter in this letter a little palatable, juſt as phyſicians add ſyrups to the medicines they preſcribe to children, I ſhall proceed to the main object I have in view in writing to you.—I muſt begin by informing you, in the firſt place, that I was ſorry that my good friend, your aunt, conſented to your going to London to live with a lady of quality; becauſe it is an old obſervation, and a true one, that young women are prone to imitate the manners of thoſe they live with; and the manners of women of quality and high birth are not ſuitable to modeſt young women of reſpectable parentage. This only applied to the riſk you ran from the contagion of lady Deanport's example and that of her acquaintance: I confeſs I did not think of her ſon, becauſe I underſtood that he was at that time courting miſs Moyſton, the rich heireſs, and therefore imagined he would be too much occupied with her to think of you. But I

have ſince learnt, from a correſpondent of ſtrict veracity, who does not give credit to reports lightly, that miſs Moyſton refuſed lord Deanport, and married another, which has driven lord Deanport to deſperation. Since which he frequents your company to ſuch a degree, that his mother is offended, and has written to your aunt to deſire you to return to York, which you have refuſed. My correſpondent adds, that you ſometimes drive about in my lord's carriage, that he himſelf ſaw you in his company at the play-houſe, richly dreſſed, and with a miniature picture, ſet in diamonds, hanging from your neck; that your whole manner, and even the ſtyle of your language, is quite changed; that, inſtead of being obſequious and obliging, as you were formerly, you now aſſume a proud look and diſdainful air. Thoſe, and other circumſtances that I omit, create ſuſpicion that he wiſhes to rob you of the precious jewel of your virgin innocence; after which, all the jewels he can decorate you with will be badges of diſhonour. O, my dear miſs Almond! let this

never be ſaid with truth of you. Give him back all his jewels, and whatever preſent beſide he may have made to you; and I hereby engage to advance to you a ſum of money equal to their full value, whatever it may be. If I had time, and did not wiſh that this ſhould remain unknown to every one but ourſelves, I would ſend you my bond to that purpoſe; but I hope you will think my word, which, I thank God, I never forfeited hitherto, and I am now ſixty years of age, is every bit as good.

I beg, therefore, that you will do as I have requeſted; and, alſo, that you will return immediately to your aunt, at York; which, I hope, will put an end to the unfavourable rumours that are in circulation concerning you. Or, in caſe it ſhould not entirely have that effect (for it muſt be acknowledged that a good name once loſt is not eaſily regained), ſtill it will ſhow that, although you have been imprudent, that you are reſolved to be ſo no more.

You may, perhaps, imagine that I give you this advice with a view to repeat my propoſal

for a matrimonial union between you and me; but I think it fair to assure you that I have no such intention. On mature and serious deliberation, I am now convinced that marriage at my age, particularly with a woman at yours, would not be productive of all the happiness to either party that is to be wished. I therefore very sincerely pray, that you may obtain a younger, and, every thing considered, I may add—a better husband than I should prove.

I have been lately informed, that Mr. Walker, the haberdasher, is now in far better circumstances than when he courted you, he having succeeded to his uncle the ironmonger's fortune, which enables him to retire entirely from trade, and live like a gentleman in the country; for which purpose he has purchased four acres of land, advantageously situated on the great London-road, where he intends to build a commodious house, as soon as the ground is completely drained.

The person who gave me this information is the intimate friend of Mr. Walker; and he told me, over and above, that that gentle-

man, viz. Mr. Walker, who is undoubtedly a gentleman now, is as fond of you as ever, though confiderably altered in fome other refpects, particularly fince he was an officer of light infantry in a volunteer company; which, however, he was obliged to quit, becaufe the largenefs of the hinder and lower part of his perfon, though pretty well concealed by long clothes, appeared fo vaft in his fhort military jacket, that it excited the laughter of indifcreet fpectators, and difgufted him with the fervice. However, inftead of a white perriwig, with two regular rows of large curls, he now wears a little fmart dark fcratch; and blue pantaloons inftead of breeches, and half-boots inftead of fhoes, when he is in full drefs. My friend alfo affures me, that, though this may in part proceed from fome remains of his military fpirit, yet, he is perfuaded, it is chiefly with a view to gratify you, as he is informed it is the prefent London mode of drefs, which he knows was always approved of by you: for, notwithftanding the harfh manner in which you rejected him formerly,

he is determined to renew his ſuit as ſoon as your return to York, in the hopes that this great addition to his fortune will render you more favourably diſpoſed than formerly. I judged it proper to acquaint you with this, that you might be prepared to act as your underſtanding may dictate; and, as Mr. Walker is on the whole a well-diſpoſed man, not above five or ſix and forty years of age, and will now be able to live in a genteel manner, according to your taſte, I hope that you will find his propoſals agreeable;—which hope, I do aſſure you, my dear young lady, is more owing to the intereſt I take in your happineſs than his. At all events, I earneſtly intreat that you will ſend lord Deanport back every preſent he has ever made you, and ſet out directly after to your afflicted aunt. As ſoon as you ſhall have arrived there, let me know, and I will endeavour to wait on you at York; or, if I am prevented, ſend you a draught for the money.

I am, dear miſs Almond,

Your conſtant well wiſher and humble ſervant,

DANIEL PROCTOR.

LETTER CII.

From Miss ALMOND *to* DANIEL PROCTOR, *Esq.*

SIR, London.

ALTHOUGH I have received a great many epiſtolary letters from gentlemen during the ſhort time I have hitherto been in this world, yet I cannot but obſerve, that I have the honour to acknowledge, that that which my footman has juſt delivered to me from you is the moſt extraordinary, or, I may preſume to add, the moſt unprecedented, I ever ſaw in the whole courſe of my exiſtence.

You really ſeem to be what Mr. Townly calls ruſticated; which, perhaps, may be imputed to your living continually in the country: but that is no reaſon for your not writing with common politeneſs, which, as I heard lady Varniſh obſerve, is one of thoſe things which render the intercourſe between the ſexes in ſociety ſo agreeable; and the

want of which may make all your great loyalty to his majesty very much to be doubted; for, in a book upon polite conversation, by Mr. Simon Wagstaff, esq. which I was reading when the French *friseur* was dressing my hair, I find these lines,

> "Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,
> Will never loyal be to George our king."

I recommend the perusal of that book to you, Mr. Proctor, on purpose to purify a little your style of language, particularly when you write to the fair sex; that you may never again mention a certain article of women's dress by a name which obliges a woman of true politeness and fashion to blush; especially as you cannot but know that the very article I mean goes by the name of *small-clothes* as well as breeches. But, whether you take my counsel in this or not, allow me to tell you, sir, that you have no right to employ a spy on my conduct, in a sphere of life of which neither you, nor your vulgar narrow-minded correspondents, are proper judges of.

It is very true, fir, that I have a friendſhip for my lord Deanport, becauſe of his noble birth, as well as his other accompliſhments; and if he has the ſame delicate ſincere friendſhip for me, which he ſwears he has, and that it will be eternal, what right have you, or any one elſe, to find the leaſt fault with it?

You ſeem to have no notion of pure refined friendſhip between man and woman, Mr. Proctor, which makes you write as you do, of his robbing me of my precious jewel and virgin innocence, and ſuch like vulgar ſtuff as never once entered my head: and it is quite monſtrous that it ſhould enter yours, at an age when, by your own confeſſion, in your indecent letter to me, you are unfit for marriage.

You might have ſpared yourſelf the trouble of informing me that you did not intend to renew your odious propoſals, as you might well imagine I ſhould now reject them with more diſdain than ever; but I muſt confeſs that I admire your aſſurance in mentioning to

me the name of Walker the haberdaſher, as if I could be tempted by his pitiful fortune and new houſe, to leave the firſt-rate ſociety of men of high rank, which ſometimes dines with my lord, and of ladies, which viſits me, and which dreſſes as genteel as any in the capital, to paſs my life in the marſhes of Yorkſhire, with ſuch vermin as Walker, and his friends the diſſenters.

As for lady Deanport's being offended, that gives me little concern; perhaps ſhe may have reaſon to repent the airs ſhe has given herſelf, and that ſhe has made an enemy of one who was diſpoſed to be her friend and benefactor. She ought to remember that ſhe was no better than a plain miſs, as well as myſelf, when the late lord Deanport married her; but of that I chooſe to be ſilent at preſent: only, before I conclude, I muſt inform you, that I deſire no more of your admonitions, which, in ſpite of all the ſugar you have put into them, I found ſo nauſeous that I threw them into the only place fit for them.

If I had ſhown your letter to my lord Deanport, he would, perhaps, have given you a leſſon that would have made you write with proper reſpect of your ſuperiors, and taught you, old as you are, better manners in future.—No more at preſent, being, ſir,

Yours, &c.

MARGARET ALMOND.

LETTER CIII.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

Ashwood.

JULIET gains ſtrength every minute; ſhe ſits up ſeveral hours daily. Her recovery has filled this whole family with happineſs, and diffuſed joy over a populous neighbourhood. The arrival of Mr. Mordaunt communicated additional ſatisfaction to colonel Sommers. I was preſent at their firſt meeting. I never beheld more genuine marks of delight than both manifeſted. It was not thought proper that he ſhould be preſented to Juliet till the next day. She afterwards told me, "that, prepared as ſhe was to ſee a man eminently agreeable, the engaging caſe and elegance of Mr. Mordaunt's manners and appearance had exceeded her expectation. Of the praiſes which ſhe was accuſtomed to hear

her husband bestow on him, she had imputed a greater share to the partiality of friendship than she now thought justly belonged to it."

It is not difficult to perceive, my dear lady Diana, that this gentleman gives you some uneasiness on my account. Notwithstanding your desire of seeing the marchioness, and entertaining her at the Grove, before she leaves England, I greatly suspect that you would not have left Mrs. Denham, until she was fully recovered, had it not been for that reason.

Though I do not think your apprehensions well founded, I have the warmest sense of obligation to you for the maternal attachment from which they originate.

Your earnestness for my immediate return to town I believe to be, in a great measure, derived from the same source; though, to spare my self-love, you impute your anxiety to the malevolent constructions of the world, rather than to your fear of any weakness on my part. Yet I remember having heard

you obſerve, that thoſe who expect to eſcape free from the idle and malicious rumours that buſy and envious people are continually circulating, will, in all probability, be diſappointed. But ſtill you ſay it is proper, particularly for young women, to avoid whatever may be conſidered as a plauſible foundation for malice to build upon. Without making myſelf an abſolute ſlave, by unceaſing circumſpection where I apprehend no danger, I have obſerved your maxim, and been at pains to avoid what malice could plauſibly build a ſcandalous ſtory upon. What has the pains I took for this purpoſe availed?—Nothing. Malice requires no plauſible or ſolid pretext to build on; ſhe rears her fabrics on ſhadows light as air. Mr. Mordaunt pays a viſit to his moſt intimate friend a little after I went to comfort mine in her illneſs. Is there any plauſible foundation for malice here? What ſays Malice? Why, that under the pretext of viſiting a female friend, I have given a rendez-

vous to a man.—Could I foresee a construction of this nature? Even if I had foreseen it, it would not have prevented my visit to Juliet.

You say my leaving Ashwood immediately, and returning to London, would put an end to all the rumours and conjectures to which Mr. Mordaunt's following me has given rise: but, if an end were put to them, would not new rumours be instantly circulated, of perhaps a more malignant import, with the same assiduity. It may be prudent, for aught I know, *not* to put an end to the circulation of those rumours, on the same principle (as we are informed by Plutarch) that Alcibiades cut off his dog's tail:—better they should assert, that Mr. Mordaunt followed me, than that I followed him.

Can you really advise me, my beloved friend, to disturb all the repose of my life by a vain struggle to stem the overflowings of malice, which has flowed, and will flow, through the revolutions of ages. A woman, con-

ſcious of her own virtue, has a right to deſpiſe the forced and malignant conſtructions of the world;—as they cannot ſully the purity of her intentions, ſhe ought not to allow them to annoy the tranquillity of her mind.

However obſtinate I have ſometimes been in adhering to my own opinions, and endeavouring to ſupport them in the beſt manner I could by ſerious, or, if theſe were wanting, by playful arguments, yet I have always entertained a much higher reſpect for yours; and I am ſenſible, that when I have acted on my own, in preference to yours, I have often had reaſon to repent it.—Yet I cannot help thinking, that the ill opinion you have received of Mr. Mordaunt proceeds, in a great meaſure, from miſrepreſentation. When I informed you that this gentleman's appearance had confirmed the favourable notion that Juliet, whoſe account came from her huſband, had previouſly given me of him, I could not help wiſhing you were with us at

Ashwood; because I thought the same behaviour which confirmed my impression would remove yours: besides, I know that you entertain the highest opinion of colonel Sommers. Can you believe, my dear lady Diana, that a person of his discernment and honourable principles would choose a man of a directly opposite character for his most intimate and confidential friend? To me, this seems impossible.

I suspect that you have seen little of Mr. Mordaunt, except in pretty numerous companies: there, indeed, his sole object seemed to be to inspire gaiety, and rouse the spirit of mirth.

I remarked this as often as I saw him in large and mixed companies, at my uncle's, and other houses in London; and, had you yourself been present on those occasions, my dear lady Diana, you would have seen that there was no room for serious discourse; and that those who attempted to introduce any

thing of that nature were confidered in the fame light with Mr. Profer, of whom I formerly gave you fome account.

But here it has been otherwife; for, though Juliet's recovery removed thofe painful forebodings that haraffed our minds before, ftill a darkifh cloud hung over our hearts, which, without producing what could be called forrow, refufed admiffion to mirth: there was no other company befides Mr. Proctor, a very refpectable clergyman, of whom the colonel has a high efteem, Mr. Mordaunt, and myfelf. All of us took a warm intereft in Juliet. It is impoffible for human creatures, however unconnected before, to harbour the fame fears and wifhes for any length of time, and have opportunities of communicating them, without acquiring fentiments of good-will and friendfhip towards each other. Such communications augment joy, and alleviate grief; of courfe, they create friendfhip.

The converfation fince I have been at Afhwood, therefore, has been of a graver caft

than any in which I ever before heard Mr. Mordaunt engaged; and ſometimes it led to diſcuſſions which you would think little to his taſte, and to ſubjects with which he might be ſuppoſed unacquainted:—on theſe, however, he delivered his ſentiments in a ſtyle and manner which delighted his friend the colonel, drew the admiration of the clergyman, who, I am convinced, is a man of taſte as well as learning, and would, as I am firmly perſuaded, have gained your approbation, my dear lady Diana, had you been preſent.

But I begin to dread that my dwelling ſo long on this ſubject will increaſe your notion of my partiality: though ſurely a deſire of doing bare juſtice to any perſon is no proof of partiality. I never ſaw you yourſelf, my dear madam, more warm than when you have ſtood up for thoſe whoſe characters were calumniated or miſrepreſented in your preſence. In other reſpects, the perſon in queſtion, on the preſent occaſion, is nothing

to me—farther, indeed, than as the moſt intimate and moſt eſteemed friend of my dear Juliet's huſband, and a gentleman whoſe converſation I think agreeable.

When I hinted my deſign to leave Aſhwood at the end of this week, which you ſeem to expect, the colonel expreſſed much ſurpriſe; ſaid he was certain it would afflict Juliet to a degree that might retard her recovery; and preſſed me ſo earneſtly to poſtpone my intention, that I have conſented to ſtay beyond the time you mentioned. You will let the marchioneſs know as much; and you may rely on it, that I will leave this place as ſoon as I can with propriety.

I remain, my dear lady Diana,

With the moſt affectionate eſteem,

Yours,

H. CLIFFORD.

P.S. Before I ſealed this, your ſecond from the Grove arrived. You perſiſt in requiring me to leave this place. I believe what

I have ſaid above will not alter your opinion. Without waiting for another letter, therefore, I ſhall ſet out ſo as to be with you at the time you exact. I have already informed colonel Sommers of my determination. He could not but be ſurpriſed; but, perceiving that I was reſolved, he refrained from urging my ſtay in direct terms. He begged, however, to know what the preſſing buſineſs was which called me ſo ſuddenly from my friend. In *that* you know, my dear madam, it was not in my power to ſatisfy him: I only anſwered that the buſineſs was *indiſpenſable*.

To accommodate my *conduct* to your ideas, though I myſelf may ſee no urgent neceſſity for what is inſiſted on, I conſider as my duty.—A few months before my father's death, he pointed out a variety of ſituations wherein *reaſon* might prompt one line of conduct, and *inclination* another. I ſaid "I was determined to follow the dictates of my reaſon, ſuch as it was, in all doubtful caſes." "You had better," ſaid he, "follow the

advice of your mother's beloved friend, lady Diana."—"What!" replied I, "though contrary to my reaſon."—"Yes, my dear," rejoined he; "becauſe, at your age, it is not uncommon to miſtake inclination for reaſon, and to be misled by the former, when we think we are under the guidance of the latter. Lady Diana falls into this miſtake ſeldomer than any woman I know."

While I recollect theſe words, my dear madam, I never will put my own notions of propriety in oppoſition to yours. Though, I confeſs, if you had not expreſſed a different opinion, I ſhould not have diſcovered any impropriety in my remaining at Aſhwood until my friend had entirely recovered.

LETTER CIV.

Mrs. DEMURE *to the* COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT.

MY DEAR COUNTESS, London.

I HAVE a becoming ſenſe of your kind attention, in ſending me the news in town when I was laſt in the country; particularly in giving me the earlieſt intelligence of miſs Clifford's elopement,—which, though it proved to be falſe, afforded as much amuſement to her ladyſhip, and the company with whom I then was, as if it had been true.

Your old houſekeeper has been with me this morning, to inform me, that, a few hours after your ladyſhip left town, lord Deanport carried miſs Almond out in his carriage—her ſudden illneſs having been af-

fected, to prevent her accompanying you to Oxfordſhire. She ſaid ſhe ſuſpected this at the time, as miſs Almond and my lord's valet had been making preparations for a journey; but ſhe had concealed it from you, becauſe your ladyſhip had ordered her never to inform you of any thing that would give you uneaſineſs. She was afraid you would hear of this journey, in ſpite of all her precaution, becauſe lady Mango, as ſhe returned to town, met my lord and miſs Almond on the road to Portſmouth; and by her ladyſhip's indefatigable activity, in driving about ſince her arrival, it is now ſpread all over the town that they are to embark directly for Hamburg.

I thought it my duty to inform you of this, leſt it ſhould come miſrepreſented to your ladyſhip's ears:—I am not of the prevailing opinion, that miſs Almond will be able to wheedle his lordſhip into a marriage; for though he ſeems diſtractedly fond of her, and

ſhe certainly has infinitely too much influence with him, yet it is to be hoped that prudence, good ſenſe, and reflection, though uncommon at his years, will prevent him from a ſtep ſo diſgraceful, eſpecially as there is no reaſon to think that any *friend or companion of his lordſhip acts in concert with the damſel, and has an intereſt in perſuading him to ſuch a meaſure.* From your ladyſhip's having choſen miſs Almond as a companion, I never doubted her being a young woman of talents; but I ſhould be extremely ſorry, on my lord's account, to think that ſhe was miſtreſs of all the cunning and addreſs that I have heard imputed to her. At all events, I thought the ſooner you knew what has happened the better, that you may not be too late in adopting whatever meaſures your wiſdom may ſuggeſt.

I remain, with the moſt ſincere and reſpectful friendſhip,

Your ladyſhip's moſt obedient ſervant,

ANGELINA CELESTINA DEMURE.

LETTER CV.

The COUNTESS *of* DEANPORT *to* *Mrs.* DEMURE.

MY DEAR MADAM, Tunbridge.

I RETURN you thanks for the friendly letter you addreſſed to me when I was in Oxfordſhire. The affair you communicated gave me more uneaſineſs on the girl Almond's account than on my ſon's. With regard to him, it will be conſidered merely as a piece of levity natural to youth; but to her the conſequence will be more ſerious, becauſe ſhe has not the addreſs of thoſe women who keep their intrigues concealed from public obſervation, nor the audacity of thoſe who, in defiance of the public impreſſion, and of their own conſciouſneſs, give themſelves the airs of prudery and innocence.

I am of your opinion, that there is no dan-

ger of lord Deanport being wheedled into marriage by miſs Almond, becauſe I know, and this aſſurance will afford you, my dear Angelina Celeſtina Grizzel, peculiar ſatisfaction—I know that he has had the prudence to elude the ſnares of women more mature, and more exerciſed in the arts of ſeduction, than that poor girl can be.

On my return to town, among other papers which my ſon, from his uſual careleſsneſs, left in his apartment, I found a letter from Mr. Clifford. I fear it has been peruſed by ſome of the ſervants; but, to prevent the ſame from happening again, I now incloſe it. I intended to have had the pleaſure of waiting on you before I went to Tunbridge; but the party with which I go hurry me without mercy; and ſo, my dear friend, I muſt bid you adieu.

E. DEANPORT.

LETTER CVI.

William Clifford, *Esq. to the Earl of* Deanport.

My dear Lord, Clifford-House.

As you repeat, in your laſt letter, the wiſh you formerly expreſſed to ſee me in town, I am ſorry I cannot immediately comply with a requeſt which does me honour.

I will however frankly acknowledge, that your lordſhip conjectures right, in thinking that I am detained here by the charms of a woman whom I cannot prevail on to accompany me to London; though, in my preſent humour, I think I ſhould be happy to accompany her any where, except, perhaps, to Gretna-green. What you will think more extraordinary is, that ſhe is not a new acquaintance, but one that I have long known, and for whom I always had a partiality,

though ſhe never appeared ſo bewitchingly agreeable, in all reſpects, as ſince I laſt came to Northumberland. Mordaunt is with his friend, colonel Sommers, at Aſhwood. Though I am not particularly fond of that gentleman's company, I ſhould not like to leave the country while ſuch a marauder remains in it:—yet, I think, he will hardly venture to plunder any of my property.

I have another reaſon, which, independent of thoſe I have mentioned, would of itſelf be ſufficient to prevent me from going to London at preſent—Mrs. Demure is there. I once had a fancy for that woman: ſhe was otherwiſe engaged at that time; and ſhe thought proper, though I underſtand it has not always been her practice, to throw cold water on my flame.

On my laſt return from the continent, I found her in a much more favourable diſpoſition: but my fancy had changed as well as hers. As ſhe had warmed, I had cooled; not ſo completely, however, as to render me quite

indifferent to her advances; but, as the enthusiasm of the business was gone, I became fatigued with the attentions the lady required; and, after promising to return soon, I fled to Northumberland, where I have met with a young lady of a very different description, blooming, modest, unaffected, and unsophisticated in all respects. How the business between her and me will end, I know not; but I confess that, independent of her attractions, I should be unwilling to return at present to London, and be exposed to the same kind of persecution your lordship observed when I was last there.

You will be the more disposed to sympathise with me, as I have heard that the widow, at one period, manifested a *velléité* for your lordship.

I remain

Your lordship's very obedient,

humble servant,

WILLIAM CLIFFORD.

LETTER CVII.

Miss CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

MY DEAR LADY DIANA, Ashwood.

AFTER receiving my last, you could have no doubt of my intention to leave this place. I am going to relate what has prevented me.

You know my affection for Mary Proctor: she was my earliest playfellow; is one of the sweetest-tempered and most disinterested girls alive. Her chief pleasure always was to oblige. She preferred my company to that of her nearest relations: her confidence in me was unbounded. Her father is one of the most upright men in the world: he has peculiarities that expose him sometimes to ridicule; but his benevolence secures him the esteem of every person of worth.

On the evening of the day on which I last wrote to you, miss Proctor, saying she in-

tended to write to her father, retired, after tea, to her room. Colonel Sommers and Mr. Mordaunt were engaged at chess. Instead of my usual walk in the venerable front-avenue, I sauntered alone all the way to the water-fall, and was returning by the Yew Grove, when I saw a man issue from it, and deliver a letter to a woman who advanced from the back-door of the garden. She evidently came in expectation of the letter. Though it began to be duskish, I recognised the man to be my brother's French servant. The woman, having received the letter, was returning by the way she came; when, perceiving one of the under-gardeners standing at the gate, she turned suddenly to the left, and met me, whom she had not before remarked. You will judge of my surprise when I name miss Proctor.—At sight of me she started, and betrayed great confusion. We returned to the house together without uttering a word. She stopped a little at the door of her apartment, as if she meant

that I ſhould paſs to my own; but I entered hers.

That I might let her know the full extent of what I had obſerved, and ſave her the mortification of attempting fruitleſs miſrepreſentation, I ſaid—"Was not that my brother's ſervant, my dear?"

"Who?"

"The perſon who gave you the letter."

"If it was—there is no harm, I preſume, in receiving a letter from your brother."

"I hope not—yet the man ſeemed to have ſome notion of that kind; for he quickly made his eſcape, as if he had been conſcious of having done wrong."

To this ſhe ſaid nothing.—I reſumed:—

"You never told me, my dear Mary, that you were carrying on a correſpondence with my brother."

"You have had a miſunderſtanding with your brother," replied ſhe.

"That does not render me the leſs your friend: but perhaps your father is acquainted with it."

She bluſhed; but made no anſwer.

"My dear Mary," reſumed I, "you cannot think it right, ſurely, to receive letters from any man, without acquainting your father."

"You know, very well, that he is prejudiced againſt your brother."

"Is it right in a daughter to carry on a ſecret correſpondence with a man againſt whom her father is prejudiced?"

"Your brother is generally thought a man of honour."

"Perhaps ſo, my dear: yet a correſpondence with him may injure the character of a woman of honour, particularly when carried on without the knowledge of her father—and ſo good, ſo affectionate a father as you are bleſſed with."

She burſt into tears. On which, taking her by the hand, I put her in mind of our long friendſhip, ſaid every thing which I imagined could ſooth her, and regain her confidence, aſſuring her that I was not prompted by idle or officious curioſity, but the pureſt good will,

in wishing to know the nature of her correspondence with my brother.

She threw her arms around my neck, and said, that "she knew her father had been offended with my brother; and, though they had been on better terms of late, yet she had been afraid to give him the least hint of her having this correspondence: but she blamed herself more in concealing it from me:—now she would inform me of every thing." She proceeded, in broken accents,—"You must have observed, my dear Horatia, the great regard I have long had for your brother; you may remember the early partiality he showed for me, when we were both children. He went abroad, and, as I dreaded, forgot me. My regard for him had taken deeper root; all my endeavours to efface it were vain: my fancy followed him wherever he went. I felt an interest, unknown before, in the countries where he resided. What knowledge I have acquired respecting France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy, proceeds

from the inquiries I made, and the books I read, relative to thofe countries, while your brother was in them. My father was flattered with my affiduity, and with the progrefs I made in a fpecies of knowledge for which he had often lamented I had fo little tafte. He little fufpected that both were excited by the intereft I took in a perfon of whom he was daily expreffing an ill opinion. Indeed, my father's prejudice had an effect directly contrary to what he intended. I did not believe what was often repeated in my hearing, to your brother's difadvantage. Finding that fome things were exaggerated, I concluded that all were falfe: and whatever was faid in his praife,—and you know that much may be faid in his praife,—I believed to be true. When he laft returned to England, and came to vifit this family, I dare fay he difcovered the ftate of my heart. His vifits were frequent,—he fought occafions of feeing me alone,—he fpoke the language of love,—he declared that he had al-

ways loved me. When Mrs. Sommers was taken ill he was more aſſiduous than before; but my concern for her, and the fear of loſing her for ever, made me liſten with leſs attention to his declarations, and often to decline the meetings he requeſted. He expreſſed uneaſineſs when he heard of your arrival; ſaid he had reaſons, which he would communicate hereafter, for not wiſhing to ſee you; and earneſtly begged that, as he ſhould be ſeldom at Aſhwood, we might correſpond by letters;—which requeſt I at laſt complied with."

I aſked if he had ever ſpoken to her of marriage? She anſwered, "that he had; but had told her, at the ſame time, that he was entangled by an affair which his relations had preſſed upon him—a woman of rank and fortune; that it was entirely a ſcheme of theirs, in which he himſelf had taken little or no part; but it would require ſome management and time to break it completely off with decency; that one reaſon for his declining to

meet me at colonel Sommers's was, that he might escape my teazing him on that subject." "And this," continued the candid girl, "was the reason that I met you with less cordiality when you came to Ashwood than I ever did before in my whole life."

You may easily conceive, my dear lady Diana, how very much I was shocked at this perfidious conduct of my brother.

She then showed me the letter she had just received. It was full of the common jargon of flames, and darts, and racks, and tortures; and ended with an insinuation that he would not long survive her cruelty: and begging that she would meet him at a certain cottage, about a mile from Ashwood, as he had something of a very agreeable nature, which he could not transmit by letter, to communicate, was the modest proposal which formed the postscript.

While I stood silent, from indignation,—"I wonder," said she, "what he has to inform me of which he could not communicate in writing."

I plainly perceived that ſhe thought he meant a propoſal of marrying her ſecretly.

"He has nothing to inform you of, my dear, that you ought to liſten to," ſaid I.

"I cannot allow myſelf to believe that your brother is not a man of honour. Every body ſays he is a man of honour."

"On what occaſion, my dear, had you an opportunity of hearing any one ſpeak of my brother's honour?"

"I remember," ſhe replied, "being preſent in a company where you was much praiſed, and ſomething rather ſlighting fell from one gentleman reſpecting your brother; on which major Punto ſwore, that Mr. Clifford was as much a man of honour as his ſiſter, or any other female, could be a *woman* of honour. All the company acknowledged the truth of what the major aſſerted."

"You know, my dear Mary," reſumed I, "that male and female honour are different."

"I thought," ſaid ſhe, "that honour was

of an invariable nature, and the ſame in every rational creature."

"It is not ſo eſtimated by the world," I added. "A man who ſubmits to an inſult, without exacting ſatisfaction, is conſidered as diſhonoured, though in other reſpects he may be a juſt and benevolent man. A woman who, in a ſingle inſtance, has yielded to the ſeductions of illicit love, is conſidered as having forfeited her honour, though, otherwiſe, of an eſtimable character and amiable diſpoſition. It is of no uſe to ſay that the world forms an erroneous judgment; — ſtill it is the world's judgment.

"When my brother, therefore, talks to you of your cruelty, and intreats you to abate of it for his gratification, the proper anſwer for you to make would be, to tell him, with a very ſerious face, that you were ſeized with a violent deſire to ſee him kicked, or pulled a little by the noſe, in a public company: and if he refuſes to indulge you, on the

paltry pretence that, by fubmitting to fuch treatment, he would be dishonoured, tell him you are fully aware of that, but ftill you hoped he would fubmit to dishonour for your fake; and as for a few kicks, and a twift by the nofe, what did they fignify, when compared to the flames, darts, racks, and tortures which you would endure, if he continued obftinate, and refufed to gratify you?"

The artlefs girl alternately fmiled and blufhed at the ridiculous light in which I put the cafe: but, next morning, fhe wrote a letter of my dictating to my brother, in which fhe reproaches him for the propofal he had made, and declares that fhe will never write or receive another letter from him, without the knowledge and approbation of her father. And this epiftle fhe fent openly, by her own footman.

I do not, however, think it right to leave this amiable, but eafy-tempered girl, until I have accompanied her to her father's houfe.

It is plain to me, that, although I have opened her eyes refpecting the bafe views of my brother, fhe ftill retains a too tender regard for him.

I am convinced, my dear lady Diana, that the reafons I have given for delaying my return to the Grove will meet with your approbation. You will hear again foon from

Your ever affectionate

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER CVIII.

Lord MORDAUNT *to the Hon.* JOHN MORDAUNT.

MY DEAR JACK, London.

THE court you ſo aſſiduouſly paid to Miſs Horatia Clifford, when you was laſt in town, is given as the cauſe of her refuſing the hand of lord Deanport. Whether this is to be conſidered as a misfortune to the young lady, or not, I am too little acquainted with the noble lord to know; but the report now in circulation, that, with her approbation, you have followed her to Northumberland, is certainly unfortunate: for though this report is believed by few, it is circulated by many, and, ſometimes, with the moſt malignant commentaries. If I had never ſeen miſs Clifford, nor ever heard her ſpoken of as beautiful and accompliſhed, I ſhould have conceived her to be both, from the extraordinary degree of envy and malignity ſhe has excited in the breaſts of ſome of

her own ſex. Her journey to the north was mentioned at an aſſembly where I was lately.

"Who could have believed it?" ſaid one lady.

"Mr. Mordaunt and ſhe ſet out together?" ſaid a ſecond.

"The ſame carriage I do aſſure you," anſwered a third.

"Forgive me, madam," ſaid a fourth—"Miſs Clifford had the prudence to ſet out from London alone; and when Mr. Mordaunt overtook her at an inn, they ſeemed greatly ſurpriſed at the unexpected rencontre; and they did not travel in the ſame carriage till then."

"It is a great pity," reſumed the third, "that Mr. Mordaunt has ſo great an averſion to matrimony; becauſe, after what has happened, miſs Clifford will not hold her head ſo high as ſhe did, and may become a very obedient wife."

"But as it is probable he will retain his old averſion," rejoined the fourth, "particularly after what has happened, it is moſt likely that miſs Clifford never will be wife at all."

"Well," ſaid lady Aſpic, who had liſtened to the diſcourſe with much ſatisfaction, "if ſhe never ſhould be a wife, ſhe will ſtill make as good an old maid as many others."

This ſet the whole good-natured group a laughing, and filled me with ſo much indignation, that I roſe, went into another room, and joined lady Amelia Melton, whom I ſaw in converſation with your friend lord P——. In a ſhort time I heard lady Aſpic's ſilly remark circulating as an admirable *bon-mot*. When it was repeated to lady Amelia, inſtead of laughing like many others, I obſerved that ſhe bluſhed. I believe ſhe has often cauſe to bluſh for her aunt.

Though the obvious rancour of ſome of thoſe women will probably defeat its purpoſe, yet, it muſt be admitted, my dear Jack, that the celebrity of certain adventures of yours renders it hazardous for a young woman to be much of your acquaintance.

This is not ſo ſurpriſing, as that the circumſtance which ought to make them avoid it ſeems to have an oppoſite effect.

I have heard miſs Clifford ſo very advantageouſly ſpoken of, that I am unwilling to believe that this is the caſe with her; and it would give me great uneaſineſs if the reputation of this young lady ſhould be at all injured, in the opinion of any perſon of candour, by your means. Independent of her perſonal good qualities, ſhe is of a moſt reſpectable family: I remember to have heard my father ſpeak of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford in the warmeſt terms of regard.

After what I have ſaid, you muſt be ſenſible that your continued attentions would be injurious to her: I have, therefore, thought it expedient to ſend this letter by expreſs, which will furniſh you with a ſufficient pretext for coming to London directly,—by which, I do aſſure you, my dear brother, you will oblige me exceedingly. Do not dread my preſſing you on the ſubject of lady Amelia Melton. The ducheſs dowager of ——, immediately after your departure from Hampſhire, aſſured me that ſhe plainly perceived you were not intereſted in that lady to

the degree I flattered myself you would be. I have a very high opinion of her grace's penetration; and I now give up a scheme, the success of which would have given me great pleasure, and which, I also knew, would have been very agreeable to her. I am somewhat afraid that the solicitude I have shown for your marrying has been teazing and disagreeable to you; I have, therefore, come to the resolution never more to give you the least trouble on that subject.

If you should ever meet with a woman so much to your taste as to overcome the unlucky prejudice you have hitherto entertained against marriage, that woman will also be agreeable to me. None but a woman of sense and virtue, I am certain, *will* be to your taste. My sole motive for wishing you to adopt that state is, my conviction that in it you have the best chance for happiness; and you yourself must be sensible, that if you continue to live out of it, your children, in case of your having any, will be subjected to many severe mortifications. This, to a feeling

heart, like yours, muſt be vexatious. In caſe, however, you never ſhould meet with the happy rencontre I wiſh you, I ſhall ſupport your ill fortune in that particular, if not without regret, at leaſt without complaining.

Juſt as I was going to conclude this letter, I received a piece of news which will give you no uneaſineſs. Your friend lord P——, who it ſeems arrived at the ducheſs's, to whom he is related, a little after you left Hampſhire—and ſoon after his return to London, made a propoſal of marriage to lady Amelia Melton. I thought he was in love with her when I ſaw them at the aſſembly. I now underſtand that the ducheſs favours his ſuit, which is alſo promoted by the aunt. Lady Amelia herſelf ſeems nothing loath: where, indeed, could ſhe find a more eligible huſband? Nothing retards their union, except a propoſal of lady Aſpic's to put the young lady on a particular regimen for two months at leaſt before the ceremony of marriage: but, as neither the ducheſs, nor the other parties concerned, ſeem to think this

necessary, lady Aspic's prescription will probably be dispensed with.

I end with repeating, that I never was more earnest in any thing than in your complying with my request to return immediately to London. The step is not more essential to miss Clifford's reputation than to your lasting peace of mind—and, I may add, to mine; for I do not think I should ever enjoy mental tranquillity if the person I love and esteem above any other in this world should persevere in a pursuit which, in spite of the light manner in which it is viewed by some part of the world, he himself must be conscious is inconsistent with genuine honour. I remain, my dear Jack,

Your affectionate brother,

MORDAUNT.

LETTER CIX.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT *to Lord* MORDAUNT.

MY DEAR BROTHER, Afhwood.

IN confequence of your requeft, I fhould be with you myfelf at the time you receive this letter, if there were the leaft foundation for the apprehenfions you exprefs in your laft.

I give you my word of honour, that mifs Clifford went to Northumberland without my having any idea that fhe had any fuch intention, and directly on being informed of the illnefs of her friend Mrs. Sommers; with which I was unacquainted.

You will remember I informed you, before we parted in Hampfhire, that I was to proceed to Afhwood, after a very fhort ftay in London. That I made fo long a ftay, indeed, was entirely owing to my meeting with mifs Clifford. Yet that was not the firft time of my having met with that young

lady: I had before ſeen her at Lauſanne, where ſhe was with her father; but ſhe was then too young to make any laſting impreſſion on my memory; ſo that, when I met her again, after an interval of a few years, I had no recollection of having ſeen her before. But I muſt now inform you, that the miſs Horatia Clifford, in whom I am happy to find your lordſhip ſo much intereſted, is the very *incognita* whom Travers and I met in our way to your houſe; of whoſe beauty I raved ſo much, and ſhould have continued to rave ſtill more, if I had not perceived that the theme was diſagreeable to you, who, at that time, I believe, would rather have wiſhed my admiration directed to lady Amelia Melton.

After the tranſient view at the cottage, all the reſearches I ſet in movement to diſcover my *incognita* were to no purpoſe; and I began to deſpair of ever again either ſeeing her, or any thing like her, when, moſt unexpectedly, I had the happineſs of meeting her at the lodgings of my friend the marchioneſs.

In giving my opinion of miſs Clifford, I

ſhall at preſent omit all I could ſay of her face and perſon, becauſe I ſufficiently dwelt on thoſe two articles when in them conſiſted all I knew of the lady. Beſides you have yourſelf ſeen her, and

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh,
Is waſteful, and ridiculous exceſs *.

I therefore proceed to what will intereſt you more. Though our acquaintance has not been long, yet I ought to know ſomething of the eſſential parts of her character, becauſe, ſince I firſt threw my eyes upon her, I have ſcarcely thought on any thing elſe.

Miſs Clifford ſeems to poſſeſs as juſt and as comprehenſive an underſtanding as any woman I was ever acquainted with. I mention this firſt, not only becauſe good ſenſe is the moſt eſſential article in the character of both men and women, but alſo, becauſe it is

* Shakſpeare.

of ſtill more importance to the latter than to the former; for a weak man is not expoſed to ſuch irretrievable ruin as a weak woman. Miſs Clifford's diſpoſition is remarkably cheerful, and ſhe poſſeſſes that inclination to oblige which uſually accompanies a cheerful diſpoſition. She has the leſs merit from this inclination, indeed, becauſe people in general are diſpoſed to oblige handſome women, and becauſe thoſe who are pleaſed with themſelves are moſt apt to be pleaſed with others. If ſhe were plain in her face, and leſs elegant in her perſon, therefore, ſhe would unqueſtionably *deſerve* more praiſe on account of her cheerful and obliging temper. Whether in that caſe ſhe would obtain it, is a different queſtion.

When I hint that ſhe is pleaſed with herſelf, I would have it underſtood that as ſmall a portion of vanity enters into this ſelf-ſatisfaction as can be ſuppoſed to belong to a very beautiful woman, who cannot help perceiving that ſhe is an object of admiration to many men, and of envy to many women.

I ſuſpect that miſs Clifford poſſeſſes more pride than vanity; but it is that ſpecies of pride which becomes both men and women; and is moſt neceſſary in the latter, becauſe the want of it, like a deficiency of good ſenſe, expoſes women to more danger than men; for virtue is a ſtruggle againſt what degrades, as well as againſt malevolent paſſions.

It is evident, however, from the whole of this young lady's deportment, that the real ſources of her obliging diſpoſition and virtuous conduct are benevolence and modeſty.

I have ſeen it ſomewhere obſerved, that women are inferior to men in general, but ſuperior in particular. Miſs Clifford is one of the particular exceptions, if the general rule is juſt.

With all the gentle and amiable graces of her own ſex, ſhe poſſeſſes, in an uncommon degree, that ſteadineſs of mind which ours affect to monopoliſe.

I was preſent with her in the play-houſe, when, on a falſe alarm of fire, many ladies ſcreamed, and ſome fainted. Miſs Clifford

did neither: ſhe remained in her box till the confuſion was over, without ſtirring, except to reach her ſalt-bottle to a woman who ſeemed ready to ſwoon in the pit.—As I was paſſing through a lane the next day, I ſaw her footman ſtanding at the door of a tradeſman's houſe, who, ſhe underſtood, had been dangerouſly bruiſed in endeavouring to eſcape from the gallery.

The ſervant told me that his miſtreſs was then with the man's wife and children. Judging, from what I had previouſly remarked in her character, that ſhe would be diſpleaſed with my intruſion, I did not enter the houſe; but I afterwards learnt, from the poor man himſelf, that ſhe had afforded him very ſeaſonable and liberal relief.

Naturally cheerful and gay, miſs Clifford never loſes that dignity of manner which prevents men of ſenſe from all improper freedoms, and covers with confuſion the fools who riſk them.

I am glad that ſhe never attempts painting. How deſpicable are the productions of

occaſional pretenders to that charming art, when compared with the works of the artiſts by profeſſion. The frames of the former are, in general, all that is worth looking at.

To excel in inſtrumental muſic is alſo the work of many years. I rejoice in the conviction, therefore, that miſs Clifford has ſpent her time to better purpoſe. She attempts nothing more than ſimple airs on the harp or piano-forte, which ſhe accompanies with her own delightful voice.

To enumerate her other accompliſhments is unneceſſary; for I may ſay with truth, that ſhe cannot look, or move, or ſpeak, without conveying an impreſſion to her advantage.

By this time, I am perſuaded, you think me a little enthuſiaſtic: you will be ſtill more of that opinion when I acknowledge that I have attempted poetry in this lady's praiſe; but I find, that, though every poet is an enthuſiaſt, every enthuſiaſt is not a poet. Inſtead of any of my own effuſions, therefore, I ſhall, with a ſmall variation, tranſcribe two ſtanzas from

"The Baviad," in which my idea of miſs Clifford is expreſſed in the genuine language of poetry.

For her has liberal Nature join'd
 Her riches to the ſtores of art,
And added to the firmeſt mind
 A ſoft and ſympathiſing heart;

A gentle and perſuaſive look;
 A voice, that might with muſic vie;
An air, that every gazer took;
 A matchleſs eloquence of eye.

With regard to what you ſeem moſt anxious about, there is nothing to apprehend. To hope for ſucceſs in a ſcheme to ſeduce a woman of this ſtamp, a man muſt be the moſt preſumptuous of all coxcombs; and, were it poſſible for him to foreſee that, by infinite art, and all the means of ſeduction, he would ſucceed, ſtill to convey endleſs remorſe into the breaſt of another, on purpoſe to obtain a tranſient gratification, would mark him for the greateſt of all villains.

What there is reaſon more to fear is, that my ſuit, on the moſt honourable terms, will

be unsuccessful. I acknowledge, my dear brother, that it is already begun; not, indeed, by any direct proposal, but by the whole of my conduct. I am convinced that miss Clifford already knows that all my old prejudices against marriage are annihilated, and that the supreme wish of my soul is to be legally united to her for life. Should that wish be accomplished, I shall think I have obtained more certain happiness than wealth, honours, or even fame, can bestow; and nothing would afford me more satisfaction than the assurance of your approbation of my present pursuit.

I remain

Your affectionate brother,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER CX.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miss* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, London.

I CANNOT express the satisfaction I had in perusing your last letter: all my apprehensions are vanished. I ask your pardon for having ever harboured any. I am happy at your not having left Ashwood. I should have had great uneasiness in the reflection of having brought you away, unnecessarily, at a time when you were rendering such an essential service to miss Proctor. How infinitely is she obliged to you! I cannot suspect that any light behaviour on her part encouraged your brother to such an attempt. In rendering it fruitless, you have performed as important a service to him as to her; for what service can be more important than preventing a man from committing an ill action? I hope

the time is at no great diſtance when he will be ſenſible of this. How fortunate for miſs Proctor that ſhe had a diſcerning and virtuous friend near her! I expect ſoon to hear that ſhe is with her father. You may enjoy the additional ſatisfaction of knowing that you have prevented the remainder of that worthy man's life from being overwhelmed with anguiſh.

I can no more throw out the pleaſure of the marchioneſs's ſociety as a lure for your ſpeedy return—her huſband has obtained an honourable and advantageous eſtabliſhment at Peterſburg. A near relation of his arrived the other day, for the expreſs purpoſe of conducting her to that capital; and, a ſhip being ready to ſail thither, ſhe would not allow the opportunity to ſlip. I have juſt parted with her—not without tears on both ſides. She is, indeed, a charming woman. She expreſſed the utmoſt regret at leaving England without ſeeing you. "It required," ſaid ſhe, "all the love I feel for my huſband,

and all the obedience I owe him, to make me agree to it."

She had ſo many things to arrange, that ſhe could not write to you:—ſhe will do it from Plymouth.

Your good friend, lady Deanport, is outrageous. My lord has carried miſs Almond abroad;—perhaps I ſhould have ſaid the reverſe; for many people think that it is ſhe who has carried him. She is thought to have obtained a great aſcendancy over him, and to have influenced him to this ſtep, to avoid the continual reproaches of his mother. Her ladyſhip's chief occupation at preſent is, driving about among thoſe who call themſelves her friends, to complain of her ſon, and abuſe his companion. What marks of ſympathy they ſhow, while ſhe is with them, I know not; but I underſtand they make a jeſt of her affliction when ſhe is not.

I was always ſhocked with Rochefoucault's horrid *maxim*—"that, in the adverſity of our friends, there is ſomething that does not diſpleaſe us."

Lady Deanport has reason to think it true. Thank heaven, my dear Horatia, that you and I know it to be false!

Adieu! my lovely friend.

D. FRANKLIN.

After you have conducted miss Proctor to her father's, I dare say you will think it right to return to London. Indeed I am impatient, my dear, to see you. In the humour your brother will probably be, you had best be at a distance from him. Pray set out.

LETTER CXI.

The Hon. JOHN MORDAUNT *to* *Lord* MORDAUNT.

Afhwood.

I THANK you very cordially, my dear brother, for your laft kind letter *; and will now inform you of what has happened fince. I know it to be your opinion, that I am not apt to be overrun with timidity, when *tête-à-tête* with a woman; yet I have had feveral opportunities of being alone with mifs Clifford, all of which I have allowed to flip, without making the declaration I intended. As often as I attempted to exprefs my fentiments, I found my mind agitated and confufed, and my tongue benumbed.

The fight of beauty ufed to infpire me with the firmnefs of youth, not with the

* The letter here alluded to is omitted.

tremor of age; and miſs Clifford's is ſuch, that

> A wither'd hermit, five ſcore winters worn,
> Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye*.

Diſtinguiſhed beauty never overawed me from my purpoſe, though of a far more audacious nature.

It is clear that the impreſſion this lady made on me ſprung from a different ſource. Whence did this ariſe?—From my conviction of her being a woman of ſenſe, underſtanding, and virtue, inſtead of being deficient in the two former, or one of thoſe whom we ſuſpect to have no very great value for the laſt.

The day on which I received your letter, however, Sommers being engaged in buſineſs with his ſteward, and miſs Proctor with Mrs. Sommers, I ſaw, from the window of my chamber, miſs Clifford turn from the end of the avenue into a foot-path leading to a ſmall mount, from which there is an ex-

* Shakſpeare.

tenſive view. I gueſſed ſhe was going there, becauſe I knew that Mrs. Sommers had a partiality for the ſpot.—I determined to follow her, in the reſolution of fully declaring my ſentiments before I returned.

I have generally found a ſportive manner of requeſting what I am anxious about the moſt ſucceſsful. I arranged ſomething in that ſtyle as I walked, but forgot the whole as ſoon as I came in ſight of her.

She was ſeated on a kind of bench, in a ruſtic ſtyle, which had been placed there by Mrs. Sommers's direction, and ſhe ſeemed to be contemplating the front of an ancient tower near it.

Inſtead of an air decidedly ſportive or ſerious, in a manner ſomewhat between the two, I addreſſed her, as I approached, in the words of Duncan—

"This caſtle has a pleaſing ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes *."

* Shakſpeare.

With equal grace and readineſs ſhe replied—

> ——————" This gueſt of ſummer,
> The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
> By his lov'd manſionry, that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here*."

"Your favour for this ſeat, however," ſaid I, "ariſes chiefly, I am convinced, from its being the work of your friend."

"Perhaps a great deal depends on that," ſhe anſwered; "yet, I think, the view from this place is ſtriking in itſelf; and I confeſs that ancient buildings in general, are intereſting to me."

"What a contraſt, however, between that before us, and the elegant commodious building which your friend at preſent inhabits!"

"Not greater," rejoined ſhe, "than between my friend's character and that of the miſtreſs of the caſtle to which the lines you quoted were firſt applied."

"Nor ſo great," ſaid I; "for the one is all harmony, and the other all horror."

* Shakſpeare.

"The latter recalls to our memory," resumed she, "those dismal times (heaven forbid they should ever return!) when family-feuds, and the spirit of vengeance, excited the inhabitants against each other, and deluged this island with blood."

"And the former," rejoined I, "brings back to our imagination that golden age, when, according to Gresset—

> "Tous dans d'innocentes délices,
> Unis par des nœuds pleins d'attraits,
> Passoient leur jeunesse sans vices,
> Et leur vieillesse sans regrets."

"It is unfortunate, however," she replied, "that we have the authority of history for the truth of the horrible times of massacre and rapine: they have occurred too often, and in every country; whereas, for the golden age, I fear we have only the authority of the poets; and, if I remember right, Gresset himself confesses this at the end of the Idyll from which you quote. I cannot recollect the words; but, if you can, I beg you will repeat the last stanza."

Though it rather made against the point I wished to lead her to, on renewing the request, after a little recollection, I repeated,—

> "Ce n'est donc qu'une belle fable :
> N'envions rien a nos ayeux ;
> En tout tems l'homme fut coupable,
> En tout tems il fut malheureux.

"Yet," added I, "since the poet's authority was rejected in his description of the happiness of mankind, he may be suspected of exaggeration also in his assertion of their misery.—I hope Mrs. Sommers will very soon be able to accompany you to this her favourite seat.—Is not *she* happy?"

"The happiest person on earth," she answered.

"Except her husband," said I.

"It is difficult, indeed," she resumed, "to determine which is the happiest; but it is pleasing to behold two persons in a state of felicity who deserve it so well. I can hardly imagine a happier husband than colonel Sommers."

"I can."

[My heart, while I pronounced this, was in more emotion than when I charged the French near Mantua.]

"Who?"

"The man who ſhall have the happineſs of being huſband to miſs Clifford."

"Upon my word that is very gallantly turned," ſaid ſhe, after a movement of ſurpriſe. "And, though it was pretty obvious that a polite man might throw in ſuch a compliment, I vow I did not foreſee it."

"I intend no compliment—I ſpeak the genuine ſentiments of my heart. If miſs Clifford will condeſcend to accept of my hand, I ſhall at once be the happieſt, and the moſt grateful huſband on earth."

[In ſpite of my own agitation while I ſpoke, I could perceive that ſhe bluſhed, and was in ſome confuſion. She ſoon recovered herſelf, and, aſſuming a playful manner,]

"Heaven defend me!" exclaimed ſhe, "has Mr. Mordaunt loſt his ſenſes?"

"On the contrary, he has recovered them."

"What can this mean?—Do you know what your fine ſpeeches amount to?"

[The gay air ſhe aſſumed put me more at my eaſe, and gave me courage. Beſides, the ice was broken—I recovered all my recollection.]

"To what I wiſh, from the bottom of my heart, may be accepted,—a propoſal of marriage."

"How would you look now were I to take you at your word?"

"Like what I ſhould *be*, the happieſt man alive."

"And how would you look a month hence?"

"Like a happier man than before."

"Why, I have been aſſured that you have declared an averſion againſt marriage theſe ſeven or eight years."

"I had not then the happineſs of knowing miſs Clifford; but now"——

"Ay, now, no doubt, you have entirely changed your mind!"

"Moſt aſſuredly I have; and I thank

heaven, from the bottom of my ſoul, that I did not change it ſooner."

"Can you ſeriouſly imagine that any woman in her ſound ſenſes could truſt to a man ſo variable?"

"A man cannot be called extremely variable," anſwered I, "who changes his mind only once in eight years, and then for the beſt reaſon in the world."

"Well," ſaid ſhe, bowing very low, "if I muſt not call him variable, allow me to ſay, that the man who compliments ſo readily is moſt exceedingly polite."

I diſavowed all intention to compliment, and made the warmeſt proteſtations of love; but as love ſpeeches are ſeldom amuſing in the repetition, I ſhall ſpare you every thing of that kind.

She heard me for ſome time without any mark of diſpleaſure; and at length ſaid, in a tone half ſerious and half playful, "By your own account, Mr. Mordaunt, it has required *eight* years to bring you to this way of thinking.—I ſhall only aſk *one* to conſider

der it; at the expiration of which, if you renew your propofal, I fhall have my anfwer ready."

I then affured her, that your lordfhip was acquainted with my wifhes, and had already expreffed how happy you would be in the alliance; and I was protefting a little too loudly againft what fhe had laft faid, when fhe defired me to obferve, "that we were now near the houfe; and that, if I did not wifh to inform the colonel's fervants of the nature of our difcourfe, I had beft drop the fubject."

So faying, fhe fkipped up ftairs to her apartment, leaving me delighted with her pleafantry and good humour; but in a ftate of uncertainty with regard to her real fentiments. When I know more on a fubject fo interefting to me, you fhall: mean while I remain, my dear brother, moft affectionately yours,

J. MORDAUNT.

LETTER CXII.

Miss HORATIA CLIFFORD *to Lady* DIANA FRANKLIN.

Ashwood.

I SEE, my dear friend, that you do not think me safe in this place; and I believe that it is not from the rash and violent temper of my brother that you have the greatest apprehension of danger. The presence of another person keeps your affectionate heart in a tremor for your weak friend. Alas! my dear madam, I am not without apprehension that you will think that person now more formidable than ever. The man has made me a formal proposal of marriage, and presses his suit with all the warmth of sincere passion.

Were I to tell you that I heard this proposal with pain, I should tell you a falsehood: if I said I heard it with indifference, I should say the thing that is not. I must confess,

therefore, that he has ſome hold of my heart. I cannot be miſtaken, for no man elſe ever had the leaſt.

I fear, my dear lady Diana, that this avowal will give you ſome uneaſineſs. I know that the inſtances of certain relations of your own, who have been rendered unhappy by huſbands of that free caſt of character to which you imagine Mr. Mordaunt belongs, will render you averſe to his ſuit. It is unfortunate for him, that he can be thought to reſemble thoſe to whom I allude, in any thing; but, without putting much ſtreſs on other obvious advantages he has over them all, every perſon who converſes with him muſt acknowledge his great ſuperiority of underſtanding. I know, my dear lady Diana, that you think *temper* one of the moſt eſſential articles in the character of the perſons with whom we are to live; and I am likewiſe ſenſible, that when people wiſh to pleaſe, it is not ſo eaſy to judge from their converſation of their temper as of their underſtanding. But thoſe who are diſtinguiſh-

ed for good ſenſe, aſſuredly have the beſt chance of being alſo bleſſed with a good temper. Of this I am certain, that the weakeſt people of my acquaintance are alſo the moſt peeviſh and ill-tempered. It muſt be ſo: for, if any perſon of exceeding good ſenſe is naturally of a fretful diſpoſition, the ſtrength of his underſtanding may ſooner or later correct it. Weak people, who are at all peeviſh and ill-tempered, have no internal ſpring to counteract their ill humour. An avaricious diſpoſition is uſually a peeviſh one; exceſſive love of money being a never-failing ſource of inquietude. From this the perſon in queſtion is certainly free. The propoſals he has made, and ſo earneſtly urges to me, are complete proofs of this. If money was his object, you cannot doubt of his being able to obtain the hand of a woman with a far greater fortune than mine. Whatever you have heard to his prejudice, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay, that, to me, the whole of his conduct has been, in the moſt delicate manner, reſpectful. I know that a certain friend of

yours, whose admirable judgment and serenity of temper you have often made me remark, lives in much apparent, and I hope real, happiness, with a husband far her inferiour in understanding, though in many respects a worthy man. Without presuming to compare myself to that lady, I am certain that the husband, who you think makes her happy, would make me miserable. I shall never marry any man of whose honourable principles I am not convinced; yet I would as soon be the wife of one I hated as one I despised. I may esteem the philosophic calmness, and the address of a woman of the character of Mrs. Barnet, in the romance of Edward; but I am quite sensible that it would be out of my power to imitate her, were I placed in similar circumstances. If I ever marry, it shall be a man whose superiour talents and understanding give him a title to govern me; not one whom I should wish to govern.

Do not imagine, my dear lady Diana, that I am going to add, "having found all the

qualities I admire in Mr. Mordaunt, I am resolved to accept of him." No; all I resolve is, to give him no definitive answer until I have seen and conversed with you. I only beg that you will allow yourself to consider whether you have not received prejudices against that gentleman; and that you will allow him, also, to see and converse with you on his return to London; after which, I hope to act with your approbation, whatever determination I may come to.

Miss Proctor has been detained here longer than was intended; but I am to accompany her to her father's the day after to-morrow. Mr. Mordaunt attends us. I could not object to this; it would have seemed particular. The colonel did not choose to quit Juliet for two or three days; but he intends to follow us to Heathfield, and accompany me back to Ashwood: soon after which I will set out for the Grove.

Before I had quite finished this letter, I was summoned by colonel Sommers to take a walk. Miss Proctor and Mr. Mordaunt

were of the party. We made a pretty long excursion. As we returned, the colonel led me home by a path different from what was taken by Miss Proctor and Mr. Mordaunt. The colonel took this opportunity of enlarging on his friend's good qualities. I did not know before that he was so very eloquent. I will not repeat all he said; but I cannot help wishing that you had heard it. You would, I dare say, have imputed one half to the partiality of friendship; but, if you believed the other, it would remove all your prejudices. He has the reputation, however, of adhering very strictly to truth. As soon as we entered the house, I went to my own chamber, to finish and seal this letter. Miss Proctor entered soon after, in a flurry. She told me, that when Mr. Mordaunt and she were near the house, she stood a little, admiring a noble oak that stands alone, without the gate. Twilight had begun. On turning round, she saw a man approaching, whom she soon recognised to be my brother. She immediately seized Mr. Mordaunt's arm, begged that he

would accompany her, and hurried with him within the gate. She thinks Mr. Mordaunt, though he ſeemed a little ſurpriſed at her hurry, did not obſerve what had occaſioned it. I immediately went below, with a view to meet my brother. Finding that he had not entered the houſe, I went to the gate, and afterwards to the oak tree, where I ſtood for ſome time; but he did not appear. When I returned to my apartment, I found Miſs Proctor in great agitation. She dreaded ſome violent ſcene between my brother and me. It is clear that he lurks ſome where in this neighbourhood, watching an opportunity of ſpeaking to her. I am ſorry to perceive that he ſtill has too ſtrong a hold of the lovely girl's affection. I have prevailed on her, however, to agree to our ſetting out early to-morrow, inſtead of the day after, for Heathfield. I am impatient to ſee her ſafe in her father's houſe. My next will be from thence.

I remain ever affectionately your

H. CLIFFORD.

LETTER CXIII.

Lord MORDAUNT *to the Hon.* JOHN MORDAUNT.

London.

I CONGRATULATE you moſt cordially, my dear Jack, on the footing you are with your beloved. It is clear to me ſhe intends to be yours. No woman of her ſenſe and candour would have given ſuch playful anſwers to the ſerious declarations you made. When a woman is determined to anſwer in the affirmative at laſt, ſhe may be allowed to amuſe herſelf, and teaze her lover a little, with half-negatives; but if ſhe means to refuſe him finally, ſhe has no right to indulge herſelf in that kind of paſtime. And this young lady is not the miſs Clifford I take her for, and whom I ſhall glory in calling my ſiſter, if ſhe is not far above attempting it. That you are in poſſeſſion of her heart and ſoul, my dear Jack, I have no doubt; but I am not ſo abſolutely ſure that you will have the appro-

bation of lady Diana Franklin, on whose friendship miss Clifford puts the highest value. She is in the right;—to be the select friend of lady Diana would do honour to any woman, and is one source of the very high opinion I entertain of the merit of miss Horatia Clifford. That a woman of so very excellent a character as her ladyship should be suspected of being against you, my good friend, is not very much to your credit. However, as I am persuaded that her opposition, if she really intends any, will not be insurmountable, I once more wish you joy.

As your friend Travers hardly ever writes, it may be necessary that I should inform you what has kept him so long from you. The very day before he intended to set out for the colonel's, Mr. Plaintive was seized with a pleurisy, which required copious and frequent bleedings, blisterings, &c. Travers attended him with the most affectionate tenderness, persuaded him to dismiss the ostentatious trifler whom he has been so long in the habit of consulting when nothing ailed him, and to

put himſelf under the care of a practitioner equally diſtinguiſhed for integrity and profeſſional ſkill. In conſequence of which, the moſt acute and dangerous ſtage of his complaint is now happily over; but, as he is wonderfully weakened, Travers told me that he could not think of leaving him till he ſhould recover his ſtrength in a conſiderable degree. In the mean time he ſpends great part of his time in his uncle's apartment. When I called the other day he deſired to ſee me. Travers was with him. "You remember, my lord," ſaid Mr. Plaintive, "how great an enemy my nephew uſed to be to phyſicians; yet I am convinced that he has, by the means of a phyſician, ſaved my life."

"I am no enemy to phyſicians, my dear ſir," replied Travers; "but I have long been convinced that, though ſome people conſult phyſicians becauſe they have diſeaſes, yet there are others who have diſeaſes becauſe they conſult phyſicians. This laſt was certainly not your caſe in your late complaint;

but now as that, I thank God, is removed, I hope you will have nothing farther to ſay to them, until you have ſome real diſeaſe, which it is almoſt impoſſible you can have for half a dozen years, at ſooneſt."

"What makes you fancy ſo?"

"Fancy!" replied Travers. "I am ſure of it: your laſt complaint was ſo violent, it ſearched and purified your conſtitution ſo thoroughly, that there are no ſeeds left from which any diſeaſe worth minding can poſſibly ſpring. All you have to do is, to eat wholeſome food, take moderate exerciſe, and keep cheerful company."

Mr. Plaintive looked at me. "I am convinced that Dr. Travers is in the right," ſaid I; "and I am reſolved to follow his preſcription myſelf."

"And ſo am I," rejoined Plaintive, "for he has already done me more good than all the doctors I have hitherto put my truſt in."

I give you this detail, becauſe it puts Travers in a new point of view, very much to his advantage; and becauſe it will afford you

pleasure to be assured that he is on the best footing possible with his uncle; for I have long observed that you are more solicitous about his fortune than he is himself.

I remain, very affectionately, yours,

MORDAUNT.

LETTER CXIV.

Lady DIANA FRANKLIN *to Miss* HORATIA CLIFFORD.

MY DEAR HORATIA, Grove.

I WAS informed of Mr. Mordaunt's proposal even before I received your last letter. Lord Mordaunt has been with me. He came from London on purpose to give me the information; assuring me, at the same time, that nothing would make him, and many of the relations of his family, so happy, as your acceptance of his brother's hand. He added, that he knew the influence I had with you; and, in the most polite and earnest manner, begged that I would use it in favour of his brother.

I need not tell you, my dear, for you have long perceived it, that, notwithstanding the high opinion I entertain of that gentleman's accomplishments and merit, I was impressed with the opinion that you had a probability of passing a more tranquil and happy life as

the wife of a hufband of a character in fome refpects different from Mr. Mordaunt's.

After thanking his lordfhip for the honour he had done me by his vifit, I faid, "whatever influence my long friendfhip with your parents, and your own partiality, might incline you to allow me, I fhould be cautious of ufing it in an affair of this nature, efpecially as I was fully convinced, and I believed your neareft relations were of the fame opinion, that you yourfelf were by far the moft competent judge."

His lordfhip began to hint fomething refpecting fortune and terms, particularly what he himfelf was inclined to do. I interrupted him, faying, "that it was not neceffary for his lordfhip to enter at all into that fubject; becaufe I knew enough of your difpofition to be convinced that what he aimed at would neither be promoted nor retarded by confiderations of that nature." I own, my dear, that, when I began this epiftle, my intention was to have ftated certain confiderations which I thought of more importance to your

happineſs than thoſe which I prevented his lordſhip from entering into, and which I wiſhed you very ſeriouſly to reflect upon be-before you gave a decided anſwer to Mr. Mordaunt; but I have juſt received your letter, which proves that you have reflected on that ſufficiently already; and I have no longer any heſitation in adviſing you to accept of that gentleman's propoſal. It muſt be acknowledged, that, in the whole of his conduct towards you, he has behaved with delicacy, honour, and integrity. He has never riſked a word or action that could offend a woman of ſenſe and virtue. This is a ſtronger proof of genuine love, in a man of his free character, than it would be in one of ſtricter manners. In ſhort, my dear, I am convinced that he loves and eſteems you as he ought; and you own that he has *ſome* hold of your heart. Yes, my dear, he certainly has *ſome* hold of it; and I am clear that he will always keep his hold. What is next to be done, therefore? Why, you muſt determine to give him your hand, and engage to love, honour, and obey him, the

rest of your life.—It must be so, my dear; there is no alternative for you. When you return from Heathfield to Ashwood, you will acquaint Mrs. Sommers that this is my advice. As soon as I know of your having done so, I should like to have the pleasure of communicating it to lord Mordaunt; who, I believe, left me with the impression, that I did not much approve of the alliance. I have a high esteem for his lordship, and am impatient to be re-established in his good graces, which I am persuaded this intelligence will accomplish.

You will forgive me, my dear Horatia, for not being of those sentiments sooner. Old maids are apt to be prudish; but you will see that I shall love Mr. Mordaunt as much as I always admired him, when I witness, as I am persuaded I shall, that he makes the best of wives the happiest.

Heaven bless you!

D. FRANKLIN.

LETTER CXV.

Colonel SOMMERS *to Lord* MORDAUNT.

Heathfield.

IN the hurried letter * I wrote immediately after my arrival at this place, I had time only to aſſure your lordſhip, that no fatal effect had happened in conſequence of the unlucky incident; and that, at all events, your brother would be found entirely blameleſs. I was happy to be able to give you thoſe aſſurances directly, to prevent your being too much alarmed by the exaggerated and falſe rumours that are generally ſpread on ſuch occaſions. I now write better informed, and at more leiſure. Miſs Proctor had been ſtaying for a conſiderable time at my houſe, during the abſence of her father from his. At his return home, the young lady ſet out to join him; and was accompa-

* The letter here alluded to is omitted.

nied by Miſs Clifford and Mr. Mordaunt. I propoſed to go to Mr. Proctor's a few days after, and return with my friend Mordaunt.

Your brother had informed Mrs. Sommers and me of his paſſion for Miſs Clifford. Indeed we had both obſerved it, before he gave us that information. We were equally perſuaded that the young lady entertained a partiality for him, and greatly rejoiced when he told us that your lordſhip approved of the ſentiments he cheriſhed for her. Mrs. Sommers was peculiarly delighted with the idea of ſeeing the companion of her youth, the friend ſhe eſteemed above all other women, united to the moſt intimate, and moſt honoured friend of her huſband.

Fraught with thoſe pleaſing hopes, Mrs. Sommers and I were diſcourſing together, when I received a letter by expreſs from Mr. Proctor, requiring my immediate attendance at Heathfield, on a buſineſs of importance.

The detail I ſhall now give your lordſhip is in conſequence of a very careful inveſtigation of all the circumſtances.

I believe your lordſhip knows that Mr. Clifford, though poſſeſſed of ſeveral eſtimable qualities and accompliſhments, is of a fiery and impetuous temper, which, at different periods of his life, has involved him in dangers and difficulties, and ſometimes has nearly proved fatal to himſelf or others. The affair he had with your brother, in Germany, was of this nature. Mr. Mordaunt is as entirely free from blame on this occaſion as he was on that, which threatened very dreadful conſequences. The recollection of how much he was to blame in that affair might have rendered Mr. Clifford more circumſpect on the preſent occaſion; but, by a ſtrange fatality, it had a different effect. Previous to his leaving London, he had a diſagreement with his ſiſter, on a ſubject with which I fancy your lordſhip is in ſome degree acquainted. He came to the country with unfavourable impreſſions of your brother. An incident that occurred at my houſe increaſed theſe to a rancorous degree; though, had he taken the trouble to examine the caſe, and weigh

the circumſtances, with coolneſs, he would have ſeen, that thoſe which his diſturbed imagination imputed to deſign, were accidental.

Mr. Clifford was diſtractedly fond of miſs Proctor. There is reaſon to believe ſhe did not diſcourage his paſſion. When his ſiſter arrived at my houſe, ſhe diſcovered that there was a correſpondence between them, which ſhe thought might prove dangerous to her young friend; and therefore prevailed on her to break it off. This exaſperated Clifford more than ever againſt his ſiſter, who, he imagined, had interfered at the inſtigation of Mr. Mordaunt, whom he ſuſpected to be fond of miſs Proctor. And he alſo imputed her ſudden coldneſs to himſelf to a riſing paſſion for your brother. All thoſe looſe and incoherent conjectures his irritated and jealous imagination linked together into a chain of probability, which acquired additional ſtrength when he heard that miſs Clifford had conducted miſs Proctor to her father's, accompanied by your brother.

When he was ruminating on these incidents, a letter was delivered to him, which seemed to agitate him in a violent degree. He wrote to your brother, desiring an interview with him at a place which he mentioned. He sent this letter by his servant, who is now here, and from whom I learnt this and other circumstances. Who the letter was from, the servant has no knowledge nor suspicion; but it is clear, from the effect it produced on Mr. Clifford, that the import of it was to irritate him against your brother; and very probably it is the production of an inveterate enemy of both.

This letter was delivered to Mr. Mordaunt at a time when his mind was so much occupied with the charms of miss Clifford, that he was not struck with the style; which, at another time, he would probably have been; and he found himself so agreeably engaged, that he could not think of leaving his company. He therefore answered, " that he wished the meeting to be postponed to some

future day, unlefs Mr. Clifford could conveniently come to Heathfield."

The jaundiced eye of Mr. Clifford viewed this as a new infult. He loaded his piftols, mounted his horfe, and rode to Mr. Proctor's. He afked for Mr. Mordaunt; and, being told that he was with mifs Proctor, he defired to be fhown into his apartment, and that Mr. Mordaunt might be informed "that a gentleman wifhed to fpeak with him."

As foon as your brother entered the room, Mr. Clifford bolted the door, pulled two piftols out of his pocket, laid them on the table, and faid—"They are both loaded, fir; take your choice, and I [illegible] have immediate fatisfaction."

"Satisfaction for what?"

"You well know for what, fir. Come, fir, which do you choofe?"

"I choofe neither."

"By God, fir, you fhall take one."—So faying, Mr. Clifford took up one of the piftols, and went to the wall, defiring your brother to do the fame, that as foon as he fhould pro-

nounce he was ready, they might fire together.

"Mr. Clifford," ſaid your brother, "you are one of the laſt men on earth againſt whom I would fire a piſtol."

"That won't do, ſir.—By heaven! one or other of us ſhall not go alive out of this room."

"You ought to recollect that you were under ſome ſuch miſtake as this once before."

"I do recollect all I owe you, ſir, and am come to ſettle th[illegible] account."

"You have been deceived by ſome villain, Mr. C[illegible]d."

"I [illegible] I have.—D—n you, ſir, take the piſtol.—We ſhall be interrupted," added he, hearing ſome noiſe at the door; then, advancing to the table, and taking up the piſtol which ſtill lay upon it, he held it with the but-end to Mr. Mordaunt, ſaying —"Take the piſtol, ſir, and retire to the wall, as I ſhall; for, by heavens! I am not to be talked from my purpoſe."

" Nor am I to be bullied from mine," replied your brother.

" Sir, I am determined to have ſatisfaction," cried Mr. Clifford with fury, and ſtriking the table with the piſtol :—at that inſtant it went off, and ſhot him through the body.

The company in the parlour had been informed, after Mr. Mordaunt left them, that it was Mr. Clifford who had ſent for him. This diſturbed the two ladies. Mr. Proctor aſked wherefore they ſeemed agitated; but, before they could give any explanation, the report of the piſtol was heard. The women ſcreamed, and Mr. Proctor ruſhed to the room where the gentlemen were. Some ſervants had already burſt into it. Mr. Clifford lay on the floor —a conſiderable veſſel was torn—he bled profuſely.

Miſs Clifford's maid having looked in, and ſeen him in that ſtate, exclaimed, as ſhe returned—" Alas! he is dead."

"Who?" ſaid miſs Clifford, who advanced pale and trembling through the paſſage.

The maid, perceiving the ſituation in which her miſtreſs was, and dreading that it would overpower her entirely to be told at once that it was her brother, ſoftly anſwered —*Mr. Mordaunt*.

Miſs Clifford's limbs failed her: ſhe was ſupported from falling by her maid, and carried, in a ſtate of inſenſibility, to her chamber.

Mr. Clifford alſo fainted, from loſs of blood, as he was carried to his bed. A ſurgeon had been found immediately;—his report was unfavourable.

When miſs Clifford recovered her ſenſes, ſhe deſired to ſpeak with Mr. Proctor. She laid hold of his hand, and ſaid—"I hope you have allowed the unhappy man to eſcape."

"He refuſes to eſcape," replied Mr. Proctor; "and earneſtly intreats that he may be permitted to ſee you."

"Oh! no, no;—never, never. Let him eſcape;—let him fly."

"He declares himſelf to be moſt unfortunate, but aſſerts his innocence."

"Innocence! My God!" exclaimed ſhe. "Did he not come hither?—Did he not ſend a meſſage?—Has he not murd——? Oh, dreadful!—Has he not killed the moſt generous, the moſt accompliſhed, the moſt ſpirited, of the Britiſh youth. Every voice, every heart, will be againſt his aſſaſſ—. Oh! I know not what I ſay.—Dear, good Mr. Proctor, perſuade the raſh, the wretched man, to fly directly."

Your brother, with the ſurgeon, had come to the door of the room with Mr. Proctor, but ſtood without when that gentleman entered. They had heard what had paſſed: but Mr. Mordaunt, having miſtaken the import of miſs Clifford's words, could reſtrain himſelf no longer. He entered; and, addreſſing himſelf to her, who ſat on the bed, ſaid—"I am, indeed, wretched, madam; but wretched by an accident of which I am guiltleſs. I ſent no meſſage. The laſt man I could have thought of injuring is the bro-

ther of miſs Clifford; the perſon on earth moſt ſolicitous for his recovery is myſelf. But, whatever happens, whatever appearances may be againſt me, I will not fly: that, perhaps, is the only thing you could exact, that I would not comply with. Flight or concealment are meaſures I never will adopt: they give the impreſſion of guilt—I am conſcious of innocence. Whether that can be made clear to the eye of law I know not; but I will abide the trial, and leave the iſſue to Providence."

Miſs Clifford was transfixed with amazement while your brother ſpoke. From ſtaring at him, ſhe turned her eyes, with a look of wildneſs, to Mr. Proctor, and others preſent, ſaying—"What does this mean?—Has not there been murder?—Who is dead?"

"Be compoſed, my dear young lady," ſaid Mr. Proctor: "nobody is dead. Your brother has been wounded, but is not dead: perhaps he may recover: there ſtill are hopes."

"My brother!" exclaimed ſhe.

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Proctor; "I thought you had known that it was your brother who was wounded: your great grief convinced me that you knew it was him; but perhaps you have been under a miſtake."

The ſurgeon from whom I had this account ſaid—"That miſs Clifford's face, which was before remarkably pale, became of a crimſon hue; while her eyes, that had been fixed on Mr. Proctor, were thrown down. But he, without attending to her confuſion, added—"Perhaps you thought that he had killed or wounded Mr. Mordaunt."

At this obſervation miſs Clifford threw her face on the pillow. Your brother ſtepped out of the room. The ſurgeon ſaid—"As the young lady ſeems indiſpoſed, ſhe had beſt be left alone;" and immediately withdrew with Mr. Proctor.

For ſome hours after this, nobody was admitted into miſs Clifford's chamber, though ſhe ſent her maid with frequent inquiries concerning the ſtate of her brother; and afterwards deſired to ſee the ſurgeon himſelf, who

has the reputation of being a man of great profeſſional ſkill, and is certainly a man of excellent ſenſe. As he ſpoke dubiouſly reſpecting his patient's recovery, ſhe hinted, not without embarraſſment, that ſhe was ſurpriſed that he did not perſuade Mr. Mordaunt to withdraw. The ſurgeon ſaid— "That he believed the circumſtances of the caſe were not fully underſtood; but he plainly ſaw that Mr. Mordaunt would not conceal himſelf." The young lady remained ſilent, and ſeemed in deep reflection a conſiderable time; after which ſhe ſuddenly rouſed herſelf, as if from a dream, and aſked after her friend miſs Proctor. She was told, "that this young lady was in the utmoſt affliction, and unable to leave her bed-chamber."

The account I have given of the circumſtances that paſſed between your brother and Mr. Clifford, before any other perſon entered the room, I had from Mr. Mordaunt himſelf. To every perſon, thoroughly acquainted with his character, the account he gives will

convey as much certainty as if they had witneſſed the whole ſcene. As I wiſhed him to withdraw, however, and remain concealed till Mr. Clifford's fate ſhould be known, I put him in mind that his own account of the tranſaction would have little weight in a court of juſtice.—“ I know it,” replied he; “ but it will have weight with my friends; and, at all events, I never will withdraw or conceal myſelf for a ſingle moment.”

Your lordſhip will make lady Diana Franklin and Mr. Darnley acquainted with the whole, or as much of this detail as you judge proper. Miſs Clifford was diſpoſed to have written to them, but found herſelf incapable.

I need hardly tell your lordſhip how very ſincerely I ſympathiſe with you on an event which obſcures and renders dubious ſo fair and promiſing a proſpect of happineſs. I, as well as your lordſhip, had long regretted my friend's prejudice againſt marriage. We both rejoiced in the hope of ſeeing it removed, by his union with one of the moſt accompliſhed,

and, in every reſpect, one of the moſt agreeable women in England.

As the ſurgeon was again expected, I kept this letter unſealed until his arrival, in the hope that his prognoſtic would be more favourable than formerly.—I have juſt ſeen him; and ſhould, with great pleaſure, have ſent the news to your lordſhip, had my wiſhes been gratiſied.

I am, my lord,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

RICHARD SOMMERS.

LETTER CXVI.

Miss Horatia Clifford *to Lady* Diana Franklin.

Heathfield.

Oh! my dear lady Diana, what a dreadful incident!—Colonel Sommers assures me that you know all the particulars.—How impatient was I for my brother's return to England!—Rash, headstrong man! he would not listen to the voice of truth and reason. —Nobody was to blame but himself.—It was all owing to his rashness.—Be sure, my dear lady Diana, to convince my aunt, and above all, Mr. Darnley, of this.

My last letter betrayed my whole heart. What levity, you must think, to be so captivated with any person on so short an acquaintance! Yet much had I heard of him. It was said, that, like Harry Piercy,

"He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others *".

* Shakspeare.

Even my dear father had contributed to give me a high idea of Mr. Mordaunt. On his name being mentioned, I once heard him say—"There is something striking in that young fellow: though he leads the fashion, he is no coxcomb. Though men love those who admire them, more than those they admire, yet he is generally liked; and, though often at court, he can neither smile without being pleased, nor caress without affection. At his time of life it is not surprising that he should sacrifice a little to vanity, and seem pleased with the distinctions of dress and equipage; but his mind was formed for more vigorous and more generous emotions."

I formed a very pleasing idea of the person of whom I had heard so much. None of the young men who had professed a partiality for me came up to the idea I had formed. From the day I first met him at the marchioness's, I thought Mr. Mordaunt did.—Indeed, my dear lady Diana, I never intended to conceal any thing from

you; but could I inform you of a chimera, which I was aſhamed of having indulged? My letter diſcovered more than I myſelf knew. Now it is known to the ſurgeon, to Mr. Proctor, to—every one. There was a falſe report—it was thought that Mr. Mordaunt was killed. It was natural that I ſhould be much affected. He was moſt averſe to injure my brother. He had borne inſult calmly: but I did not know that circumſtance then.—No, no, it cannot be concealed. They muſt all have obſerved that I was more violently affected when I thought that my brother had killed him, than when I was told the truth.—Alas! my dear lady Diana, the wound is mortal. I ſee plainly the ſurgeon thinks ſo. Mr. Mordaunt will be conſidered by the world as his murderer: this raiſes an unſurmountable barrier. I know the world is miſtaken—I know I have more reaſon to eſteem that gentleman than ever; becauſe he never gave ſuch a proof of his regard for me, as by the for-

bearance and command of temper he manifefted in the affair with my brother.

But there is no proof of this forbearance but his own declaration.

Alas! the declaration of a man of ftrict honour, one who would not ftoop to the meannefs of falfehood, even to fave his life, will not be truly eftimated by thofe who make falfe or evafive declarations to ferve every purpofe of conveniency.

The majority of the world will never be convinced, therefore, that he did not fire the piftol; far lefs, that he never took it into his hand: of courfe he will be confidered as the killer, if not the murderer, of Mr. Clifford.—Can his fifter, the perfon who fucceeds to his eftate, ever become the wife of the man who—Oh, horrible!—who is looked on as his affaffin?

To avoid the cenfure or reproaches of the world, I could not be induced to commit a crime; but a facrifice of this nature I cannot help confidering as a duty.—Pray, my

dearest lady Diana, write—I intreat you write—advise me: I will do whatever you advise. You cannot imagine how very miserable I am.—I was called to William just now: he looks as pale as if he were actually dead; and still I think he cannot recover. Poor William!—No; never, never, shall I be the wife of Mr. Mordaunt.

They thought William wished to speak to me. When I came to his bed-side, he began to slumber.

Adieu,

My dear lady Diana!

H. Clifford.

LETTER CXVII.

Colonel SOMMERS *to Lord* MORDAUNT.

Heathfield.

YOU judged right, my lord: the favourable accounts in my three laſt ſhort letters * were really written under an apprehenſion that I ſhould be obliged to retract them. This diſcouraged me from entering into any detail. I have no ſuch apprehenſion now: the ſurgeon ſpeaks with confidence of Mr. Clifford's recovery; all hope of which, the direction that, he ſuppoſed, the ball had taken, and the ſymptoms that immediately followed, almoſt entirely excluded. The moſt alarming ſymptoms gradually abated: he became free from fever; but ſtill ſeemed ſo languid that I delayed writing very circumſtantially,

* All the letters written in the interval between colonel Sommers's laſt and this one are omitted. They turned entirely on the ſtate of Mr. Clifford's wound and health.

until I could write with certainty. Mr. Clifford gave no account of the tranſaction: he ſeemed diſpoſed to maintain a gloomy kind of ſilence. Few queſtions were put to him. The ſurgeon had declared, that ſpeaking, and whatever increaſed the motion of the lungs, was improper. But he had ſome idea of what was going on in the family from the whiſpers that he overheard in his bed-chamber. Thoſe which intereſted him moſt regarded miſs Proctor. He learnt that ſhe had been greatly ſhocked at the firſt account of his being wounded, and that ſhe was ſtill in violent diſtreſs on his account. At one time, a little after midnight, when he was thought to be aſleep, he heard the door of his room gently opened, and very particular and anxious inquiries concerning his health made from the nurſe who ſat up with him: he recogniſed the voice of miſs Proctor, as he afterwards told the nurſe, who thought the diſcovery gave him very great pleaſure. And, as the favourable turn in his caſe began about

that time, ſhe is convinced that it was wholly owing to it.

The ſurgeon, as I informed your lordſhip, is a man of ſenſe and diſcretion. He has known Mr. Clifford ſince he was a boy, poſſeſſes his confidence, and has conſiderable influence with him. When he found his patient in ſo promiſing a way, he aſked how he came to be ſo ſtrongly convinced that Mr. Mordaunt had acted injuriouſly to him.

Mr. Clifford, by way of anſwer, took from his pocket-book, which lay on his pillow, the letter which had produced ſo much miſchief, and deſired the ſurgeon to read it. I have ſince ſeen it: there is no name ſubſcribed.

The writer affects to be warmly intereſted in the honour of Mr. Clifford; expreſſes ſurpriſe that he ſeems to be unacquainted with the artifices of a certain perſon who had lately come to Aſhwood, who had before ſeduced his miſtreſs from him, afterwards transferred her to a Bohemian, and ever

ſince laughed at his credulity. The writer next inſinuates, that the ſame perſon who had duped him ſo egregiouſly in Germany had, ſince his return to England, acquired deſpotic ſway over the mind of miſs Clifford; that it was through his influence ſhe had refuſed an honourable, and moſt advantageous, marriage; that he had followed her to the North, with an oſtentation injurious to her character; and, ſince his arrival there, had, from ſheer vanity, interpoſed between Mr. Clifford and a woman he loved, flattering himſelf with a freſh triumph, and that he had influence enough with miſs Clifford, in the infatuated ſtate of her mind, to render her ſubſervient to his views.

The ſurgeon, who was in a very different ſtate of mind from what Mr. Clifford had been in when he received the letter, had no ſooner peruſed it than he exclaimed, "Good Heaven! is it poſſible, that, deceived by ſuch a miſerable impoſture as this, you ſhould have riſked putting to death one of the nobleſt gentlemen in England; rendering your ſiſter

miserable; driving a lovely and virtuous girl to despair; and, at the same time, accomplishing the wishes of some vindictive wretch, who holds you and Mr. Mordaunt in equal detestation, and whose object evidently is the destruction of both?"

This made the stronger impression on Mr. Clifford, because, not only his own reflections, since he had had time to cool, but what he had overheard and observed during his confinement, already suggested to him that there was a probability of his having acted rashly.

Before he could make any reply to the surgeon's observations, Mr. Proctor entered, and, with all the fervour and simplicity of that benevolence and truth which belong to his character, congratulated Mr. Clifford on the favourable account he had received from the nurse; "which," added he, addressing the surgeon, "I hope you, sir, will now confirm, by declaring your patient out of danger."

To this the surgeon no sooner assented, than the good man exclaimed, "God Almighty be praised!" Then, turning to Mr.

Clifford, he faid, "You cannot imagine, fir, how very deeply both my daughter and I have been affected by your illnefs. As for me, this was naturally to be expected, on account of the great refpect and veneration I have for the memory of your parents: my daughter's concern is as eafily accounted for by thofe who know her affection for mifs Horatia Clifford, whom fhe loves as a fifter, and far better than fome fifters of my acquaintance love each other. I will, therefore, be myfelf the bearer of the joyful tidings of your being out of danger; which, I am fure, will make my dear Mary a happy woman."

He had no fooner left the room, than Mr. Clifford, who had been much affected, turned towards the window, to conceal the tears with which his eyes were fuddenly filled. The furgeon obferved this, and withdrew.

Mifs Clifford meeting him in the paffage, faid, "fhe hoped all her brother's good fymptoms continued."—"Not only fo," replied the furgeon, "but I have juft obferved

a new one, and a moſt excellent ſymptom it is. Pray, my good lady, do you go and make the moſt of it; you are more likely to turn it to account than I am." So ſaying, he left her abruptly. Though miſs Clifford did not underſtand what he meant, ſhe proceeded directly to her brother's apartment.

She could not have choſen a more favourable moment for the accompliſhment of her own wiſhes; for ſhe found him meditating on the charms of miſs Proctor, filled with remorſe for his own intended perfidy, and for the raſhneſs of his late conduct.

Meanwhile the ſurgeon found me with Mr. Mordaunt. He had the anonymous letter in his hand, which he ſhowed us directly. —"Some pains have been taken," ſaid your brother, "to diſguiſe this hand: but I know it, notwithſtanding."—"It is the fabrication of calumny and malice, in conjunction with cowardice, I dare ſwear," ſaid I.

" It is the work of a woman," faid Mr. Mordaunt.

——" Mulier fæviffima tunc eft,
Cum ftimulos odio pudor admovet *.

" What furprifes me is, that a compofition fuch as this, in which malignity and meannefs are fo apparent, fhould have impofed on any man of fenfe."

" Some men of tolerable good fenfe have intolerably bad tempers, which hurry them into acts of fury and madnefs," rejoined the furgeon.

Your brother then told him " that he wifhed to fpeak to his patient, as foon as it could be done confiftent with his fafety; that what he had to fay would probably afford him fatisfaction." " In that cafe," faid the furgeon, " the fooner the better." However, finding that mifs Clifford was ftill with her brother, he afterwards told Mr. Mordaunt, " that, on reflection, he thought his feeing Mr. Clifford had beft be poftponed till the day following."

* Juvenal.

It was evident that something highly agreeable had passed between miss Clifford and her brother. Joy sparkled in every feature of her fine countenance, as she tripped from her brother's room to that of miss Proctor,—the only time I saw her that evening, which she passed entirely with that young lady. The surgeon spent the evening in Mr. Clifford's chamber. I passed great part of it with your brother and Mr. Proctor. The latter seemed more thoughtful than usual until the Gazette was brought, when he expressed much satisfaction, saying, "He was certain the news would be good, because it was an extraordinary one;" and, with an air of impatience, begged me to read it aloud. Your brother and I thought he was listening with great attention; but, when I had got about half through the Gazette, Mr. Proctor interrupted me with the following observations: "I could have sworn that it was impossible for any body to have given my daughter a piece of news that would afford her more satisfaction or pleasure,—for I take pleasure and

ſatisfaction to be much the ſame,—than that which I told her; *namely*, that her friend, miſs Clifford's brother, whoſe illneſs affected her ſo much, was now entirely out of danger: and I acknowledge that ſhe did rejoice at the tidings; but, after all, I could diſcern a degree of anxiety in her countenance. And this continued, in ſpite of all I could ſay, until miſs Clifford, who had been a long time ſhut up with her brother, came, and had ſome private converſation with her. Since which ſhe ſeems quite happy, and has not the leaſt appearance of anxiety; though I am certain that miſs Clifford had nothing to tell her but what I had told her a little before. But there is no ſuch thing as underſtanding women: do you think there is, gentlemen?"

To this queſtion neither your brother nor I making an immediate anſwer, Mr. Proctor proceeded. "I firſt made the diſcovery in my late wife's time. It has been ſince confirmed by the conduct of a young woman who ſhall be nameleſs, in whom I took an in-

tereſt; and now it is confirmed again by my own daughter, that women are quite unintelligible. I dare ſay colonel Sommers, who is a married man, has found the ſame. As for you, Mr. Mordaunt, you have reſolved never to marry; ſo the remark does not intereſt you ſo much; yet, if you ſhould chance to change your mind (for men ſometimes alter their minds as well as wome n, I would adviſe you to follow my plan; which is, to make your wife and daughter as happy as you are able, without attempting to underſtand them: that you would find labour in vain; for, though women undoubtedly are the moſt delightful of all creatures, it muſt be acknowledged, at the ſame time, that they are the moſt incomprehenſible."

When Mr. Proctor had given your brother this piece of advice, and finiſhed his remark, he roſe, begged that we would excuſe him, as he had letters to write, and then withdrew, without hearing any more of the Gazette Extraordinary.

Next morning the ſurgeon, having informed your brother that Mr. Clifford had paſſed a good night, and ſeemed in the moſt hopeful way of being ſoon perfectly re-eſtabliſhed, they went to his apartment, and I attended them.

With that engaging eaſe which always accompanies your brother, as if there had been no miſunderſtanding between them,—"What can you and I, Mr. Clifford, have done to Mrs. Demure," ſaid he, "that could prompt her to write ſuch an infernal letter."

"I am convinced of the falſehood and diabolical tenor of the letter," ſaid Mr. Clifford, "and I am extremely ſorry that I ever could be impoſed on by it as I was; but I had no ſuſpicion of its being written by Mrs. Demure."

"I have no doubts on the ſubject," replied Mr. Mordaunt. "The aukward endeavour to diſguiſe the hand, which to me is quite viſible, would remove them, if any exiſted."

"Here is an epiſtle of hers," ſaid Mr.

Clifford, written to me, ſoon after my laſt arrival from abroad;—let us compare this with the other."

The compariſon being made, it evidently appeared that the letters of the anonymous epiſtle were generally diſguiſed; but ſometimes they were formed in their natural ſhape; and, as often as this ſeemed to be the caſe, the unconſtrained letters of the anonymous epiſtle appeared to be the twin brothers of thoſe in that which Mr. Clifford produced.

The ſimilitude ſtruck us all; but Mrs. Demure was ſuppoſed to be in London—the Liverpool poſt-mark was on the cover. While we were ſtill continuing the compariſon, a letter was delivered to your brother, that came by expreſs from Mr. Travers.—I incloſe a copy.

'DEAR MORDAUNT,

'I was ſtepping into a poſt-chaiſe, to ſet out for Aſhwood, when I was informed that

my uncle had been much indiſpoſed the preceding night.

'However impatient I was to accept of Sommers's invitation, I found Mr. Plaintive too ſeriouſly ill to think of leaving him; eſpecially under the care of Dr. Owlet, whoſe conſtant affectation of wiſdom forms ſuch a preſumption of folly, and whom I have ſeen preſcribe ſuch quantities of drugs, for imaginary diſtempers, that I cannot believe he knows how to cure real ones.

'On this occaſion my poor uncle ſuffered under a ſevere one indeed. I perſuaded him to call our friend ——, by whoſe ſkill, I thank God, he is now pretty well reinſtated.

'He became impatient to return to his own houſe in ——ſhire; but, until he ſhould have ſtrength for ſo long a journey, he was adviſed to take ſhort jaunts near town. I uſually accompanied him. As we returned, one day, the chariot was ſtopped by two highwaymen. Had the ſcoundrels been ſatisfied with our money, they might have carried it off in ſafety; but one of them inſiſted

on having Mr. Plaintive's pocket-book; threatening him, in a brutal manner, becaufe it was not delivered with all the expedition he expected. This provoked me to fire a piftol, which I had concealed under my coat, and which I fhould not have ufed if the fellow had behaved more civilly. He fell from his horfe. His companion, feeing a poft-chaife coming, rode away.

'The bone of the wounded man's arm was fhattered by the ball. He was carried to a cottage near the road. I advanced a little money, that he might be taken care of, and promifed to fend a furgeon from town. At his return, the furgeon informed me that the man fuffered greatly; that he knew me, and defired very earneftly to fpeak with me. I was prevented from going the next day, but I went the day after. The fubftance of what he faid to me was, 'that he had heard of two men being taken up for abufing, wounding, and attempting to rob lady Blunt; being confcious that he and another had committed that crime, and thinking himfelf dy-

ing, he wiſhed to appeaſe his conſcience, and prevent the condemnation of innocent people, by making this confeſſion; that he had been drawn into the crime by a man who lived as butler with Mrs. Demure; that the ſame man had lately engaged him to go, in the ſtage-coach, all the way to Liverpool, where he was to make inquiry for a certain foreigner, and deliver a letter to him; on his arrival, he received no intelligence of the foreigner; but another letter had been given to him by the ſame butler, that he was very earneſtly and repeatedly deſired to put into the poſt-office as ſoon as he ſhould arrive at Liverpool, which he had done accordingly. This laſt letter was addreſſed to William Clifford, Eſq. Northumberland; that as he had heard from a ſervant of colonel Sommers's that Mr. Clifford had fought a duel with Mr. Mordaunt immediately after receiving a letter, he conceived that the letter he put into the poſt-office might be that which gave riſe to the quarrel; and he thought himſelf in duty

bound to give me this information, becauſe he knew I was a friend of Mr. Mordaunt, and would make the proper uſe of it, if any uſe could be made.'

'I have long had an ill opinion of madam Demure. I know ſhe harboured malice againſt you. If the letter in queſtion had any tendency to produce a quarrel between you and Clifford, I ſtrongly ſuſpect it to be from her; the author of malicious anonymous letters is capable of any baſeneſs. The contriver of the attack on lady Blunt may, with great probability, be conſidered as the inſtigator of your affair with Clifford. At all events, I thought it right to ſend you this intelligence.

'As for the poor devil who is wounded, I told him he might make his conſcience eaſy with regard to the two men who had been taken up, becauſe they were already liberated. The man expreſſed ſo much ſatisfaction at hearing this, that I aſſured him that neither Mr. Plaintive nor I intended to proſecute him for the robbery. He has ſuffered pretty

ſmartly already. Curſe the pocket-book! I now wiſh I had let it go—it has been found neceſſary to amputate the poor fellow's arm. My uncle, who never could bear to throw away money on any thing but doctors, remarked, ' that to hang this man now would make what he intends to give to the ſurgeon ſo much loſt money, and render an operation, that has been ſucceſsfully performed, good for nothing.'

' I had every thing prepared for accompanying you abroad, if you had thought that meaſure neceſſary; and ſtill am ready, at a minute's warning.

' Yours,

' T. TRAVERS.

' P. S. I have broken up the ſeal to inform you, that I have this inſtant heard that the man's confeſſion regarding Mrs. Demure (for he had made it to others as well to me) had reached her ears. The butler has diſappeared. She has offered a reward for his diſcovery, which has had no effect, except to convince the world that ſhe thinks him in ſome very ſafe lurking place.'

You perceive, my lord, that this letter could not fail to remove all obſcurity and doubt. Mr. Clifford was peculiarly ſhocked: he remained ſilent, with his eyes fixed on the ground, ſome ſeconds after the letter was read, and then exclaimed—"What a dupe, what a deſpicable tool, have I been to this horrid woman!"

"We have all been dupes in our turn, I fear," ſaid your brother. "Don't you remember, Sommers, what a dupe I was made, and how very near I was brought to ruin, by a woman leſs artful than Mrs. Demure?"

"You are a generous man, Mr. Mordaunt," ſaid Clifford with fervour: "I am filled with remorſe at the recollection of my behaviour. I am ſenſible, that to your forbearance, to your magnanimity, I owe my not being at preſent a corſe, or the moſt miſerable of living men.—My gratitude ſhall be endleſs.—May I ever expect any ſhare in your friendſhip?—Can you forget?"——

Mr. Clifford ſpoke with ſuch earneſtneſs and rapidity, as for ſome time prevented your

brother from uttering a word. But here, ſeizing Mr. Clifford's hand in an affectionate manner, he pronounced with energy—"Be aſſured, my dear Clifford, that the earneſt wiſh of my heart is to live with you, not only as a friend, but as a *brother*."

They embraced.—At that inſtant the ſurgeon, who I believe knew that miſs Clifford and miſs Proctor were at the door, opened it, and they both entered.

It is not poſſible for me, my dear lord, to do juſtice to this ſcene. Never did I witneſs ſuch genuine expreſſions of happineſs as in the countenances of the two ladies when they ſaw your brother and Clifford in each other's arms. Never were features more admirably formed for the expreſſion of happineſs than theirs.

A ſtranger coming into the room would have been warmed with a glow of pleaſure at the ſight. You may imagine what it communicated to a heart ſo deeply intereſted as mine. The two ladies exchanged looks of affectionate ſympathy and joy.—" Your friend, colonel

Sommers," said Mr. Clifford, is the most noble-minded, the most generous of men." Then, addressing his sister, he added—" What think you, Horatia?"

At this sudden question, a very deep blush overspread her charming countenance.

" What think you, my dear Horatia?" he repeated, drawing her gently towards him. Her head leaned on his shoulder, when she said, but so softly as to be heard only by him—" He knows what I think."

" He declares," resumed Mr. Clifford, " that it is his earnest wish to be united to me, not only as a friend, but as a *brother*."

" It is the most earnest wish of my soul," said your brother.

" *You* do not object, my dear Horatia?" said miss Proctor, taking hold of her hand, and smiling in her face.

" Not," replied miss Clifford, " provided you, my dear Mary, do not object to being united to me, not only as a friend, but as a *sister*."

" And that," exclaimed Mr. Clifford, " is the supreme wish of *my* soul!

" *Are* we to be ſiſters, my dear?" repeated miſs Clifford.

Miſs Proctor, with a look of inexpreſſible affection, held forth her hand to her friend.

" Nay," rejoined miſs Clifford, " to prove that you agree to the condition, it is not to me, but to this gentleman, that you muſt give your hand"—conducting miſs Proctor's hand, at the ſame inſtant, to her brother, who ſaluted it with rapture; then, ſeizing his ſiſter's hand, he added—" And, to make me brother to the man I love and eſteem above all mankind, it is to this gentleman, my dear Horatia, that you muſt give yours."

" There is no need of force, brother," ſaid ſhe, extricating her hand from his, and, with inimitable gracefulneſs, delivering it to Mr. Mordaunt."

At that moment miſs Proctor was told her father inquired for her.—Miſs Clifford withdrew with her.

" In my life," ſaid the ſurgeon, " I never was witneſs to ſo delightful a ſcene; which,

I am convinced, is only the prologue to much permanent happineſs; but, to render it more ſecure, I muſt inform Mr. Clifford—(as for Mr. Mordaunt, I have no title to interfere with his arrangements)—but I muſt remind *you*, Mr. Clifford, that you are my patient; and no perſon, under my care, ever preſumed to marry without my approbation: this, I plainly perceive, you will have at no great diſtance of time; but, until that time arrives, I expect that you will remain a bachelor."

Miſs Proctor, being ſenſible that what had paſſed ſhould be communicated without delay to her father, and having ſome reluctance to do it herſelf, devolved the taſk on miſs Clifford. He, *whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harm that he ſuſpects none* *, had never the leaſt idea of Clifford's deſign on his daughter, nor of her partiality for him. He was therefore a good deal ſurpriſed, but not at all diſpleaſed, when he underſtood that Mr. Clifford had actually propoſed mar-

* Shakſpeare.

riage, and that the propoſal was agreeable to her.

Mr. Clifford, not knowing that his ſiſter had anticipated him, and finding Mr. Proctor alone, began to broach the ſame ſubject to him. But the old gentleman, who diſlikes all ſuperfluous diſcourſe from any mouth but his own, interrupted him, ſaying—"To ſave you trouble, Mr. Clifford, I muſt tell you that I am already informed of your propoſal of marriage to my daughter; which, by-the-bye, you ought to have communicated, in the firſt place, to me; but, paſſing over that, I will acknowledge that few things could be more honourable, and none more agreeable, to me, than having your father and mother's ſon, the brother of miſs Horatia Clifford, for my ſon-in-law; all three being characters of ſuch diſtinguiſhed worth, that their alliance would do credit to the firſt family in the land. And, were I inclined to make any objection, you may depend upon it that it would be founded on conſiderations, which, in civility to

you, particularly in my own houſe, I decline mentioning; for, in ſpite of all that has happened, I cannot help truſting that the offſpring of ſuch worthy parents will ultimately turn out a man of worth: therefore, ſir, I will tell you at once, that, ſince you are agreeable to Mary, you are not diſagreeable to me:—and I will tell you farther, that, on the day of your marriage, you ſhall have one half of my fortune (for the other half is more than ſufficient for me): the reſidue, you, and your children by her, ſhall have at my death. But the moſt precious treaſure in my power to beſtow is my daughter herſelf, whom I pray God to bleſs, by making you a huſband deſerving of her."

Mr. Clifford ſeemed no way diſſatisfied with this harangue; and, from that moment, harmony and happineſs reigned in the manſion of Heathfield.

Mr. Proctor and I, being rather neglected by your brother and miſs Clifford, as well as by Mr. Clifford and miſs Proctor, have frequent *tête-à-têtes* with each other, in which

we are ſeldom interrupted by any of the perſons above mentioned.

I am pleaſed to find myſelf a favourite with this good man, who, according to Shakſpeare's expreſſion, in all his actions and words, is as downright and *true as truth's ſimplicity*.

All the company being aſſembled this morning at breakfaſt, a thought ſeemed ſuddenly to ſtrike Mr. Proctor, who, drawing me to the moſt remote corner of the room, ſaid, in a kind of half whiſper, "You muſt remember, colonel, what I told you lately concerning the incomprehenſibility of women,—nothing can prove this better than the conduct of my own daughter Mary,—you ſee how much attached ſhe is to Mr. Clifford. So indeed he ſeems to be to her; but that is not to be wondered at, for every body is fond of Mary. But, though ſhe was acquainted with him from her childhood, ſhe never ſhowed any partiality to him until he was ſhot through the body, and greatly weakened by the loſs of blood. Now, what the girl could find in

theſe two circumſtances to engage her fancy, is, I muſt confeſs, what I cannot comprehend."

This long and circumſtantial epiſtle will, I hope, my lord, compenſate for the brevity of thoſe I wrote from the period at which we began to entertain hopes of Mr. Clifford's recovery;—that being now aſcertained, I intend to leave this, for Aſhwood, to-morrow—Miſs Clifford and your brother accompany me. Mrs. Sommers, in a letter I have juſt received, deſires me to inform you, that ſhe flatters herſelf with the honour of a viſit from your lordſhip, and that ſhe has a tolerably commodious apartment prepared for you. You will find it difficult ever to make a journey on a happier occaſion, to join a happier ſociety, or one from which you will receive a more cordial welcome.

I am your lordſhip's

most obedient ſervant,

RICHARD SOMMERS.

THE reader now foresees the marriage of Mr. Mordaunt to miss Clifford, and that of Mr. Clifford to miss Proctor, which took place about a month after; events which were the sources of happiness, not only to the parties themselves, but likewise to their friends, and to many of their acquaintance.

When lady Diana Franklin became more intimately acquainted with Mr. Mordaunt, and saw his continued affection, and the just estimation in which he held the fine qualities of his wife; when her ladyship also perceived the happiness and exultation of her young friend, from the consciousness of having a husband who met her fondness with equal affection, and of whom she was as proud as she was fond; she could not refrain from exclaiming, one day, when they were alone—" What short-sighted creatures we are! Did I not endeavour, my dearest Horatia, to prevent the woman I love best from becoming the happiest woman on earth?"

Mr. Proctor is equally satisfied with his son-in-law, on whose character his own reflections on the adventure at Heathfield, and the mild complacent temper of his wife, made a very favourable alteration. As Mr. Proctor was a stranger to violent passions, had found his fortune continually increasing through his own industry; and, above all, as he was a man of benevolence and undeviating integrity, it is highly to be presumed that he had lived a very happy life; yet, when he saw the mutual affection, confidence, and cor-

diality, that exifted between Mr. Clifford and his daughter, he declared that he never had been fo happy before.

Thofe who feel themfelves happy are generally fatisfied with filent enjoyment, without troubling themfelves with long communications to their friends. The unhappy or dif-contented are more apt to make frequent demands on the fympathy of their acquaintance (even when they require no other fpecies of relief), by circumftantial, and fometimes exaggerated narratives of their misfortunes. After the two events above mentioned, though the different families of this fociety paffed much of their time together, their correfpondence by letters was lefs frequent and lefs interefting. It is not thought proper to publifh any other of their letters, except the following.

LETTER CXVIII.

The Honourable JOHN MORDAUNT, *Esq. to Lord* MORDAUNT.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I AM glad you have prevailed on lady Blunt to decline profecuting the butler;—was it to be expected that a man in his fituation could refift the perfuafions of fuch a woman as Mrs. Demure? Befides, there is no great fatisfaction in the punifhment of underling agents, when the leading criminal efcapes.

But though fhe has efcaped to the continent, fhe has not efcaped punifhment; her real character is known to all the world; a whole life of painful *hypocrify* is now rendered ufelefs to her; infamy has attended her acrofs the fea. She *muft* have found herfelf as much fhunned in Frankfort as fhe was in England before fhe could determine to form the connexion you mention with Grindill—

though, if ſhe knew that he was enraged againſt lady Deanport, that would be an inducement; but, whatever it was, I am convinced they will become the inſtruments of each other's torture; any reciprocal confidence, between people of their character, ſeldom fails to have that effect.

The fate of thoſe two perſons, and other incidents with which I have been acquainted, ſince my laſt return to England, incline me to Mr. Darnley's opinion, that vice, and abjectneſs of conduct, though they ſhould elude the graſp of law, generally meet with ſevere puniſhment even in this world.

I am not acquainted with a man of more thorough good ſenſe, more calmneſs of temper, and what I take to be one of the rareſt qualities to be met with among mankind, more entirely free from every ſpecies of affectation, than that gentleman. His wife was one of the last who gave credit to the rumours against Mrs. Demure; and, of all her numerous acquaintance, the perſon who felt the ſincàreſt concern on their proving true. That

wretched woman's name being mentioned the other day, when I was with Mr. and Mrs. Darnley,—" What a pity," ſaid the latter, " that a woman of ſuch a cultivated underſtanding, and ſo much good ſenſe, ſhould have proved ſo wicked."

" Depend upon it, my dear," replied her huſband, " ſhe has not ſo much good ſenſe as has been imputed to her; for it requires no great penetration to perceive that uprightneſs, integrity, and ſomewhat of an independent ſpirit, lead with more certainty even to *worldly* proſperity than hypocriſy, fraud, and fawning.

" Independent, therefore, of what will moſt aſſuredly take place in a future ſtate, no perſon of a cultivated underſtanding, and thorough good ſenſe, will chooſe the three latter for his guides."

Though I am by no means convinced that the remark is juſt, I quoted, againſt his opinion, merely to draw an anſwer from him, the following paſſage in the Rambler, which had ſtruck me a good deal:

" The moſt obſequious ſlaves of pride, the

most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious of the whisperers of greatness, are collected from seminaries appropriated to the study of wisdom and virtue *."

"If the observation is well founded," resumed Mr. Darnley, "it must proceed from persons of that description not having had sufficient opportunities of seeing what passes in the world; if they had, they might have been induced, even from selfish motives, to adopt a different plan of conduct. I have lived much in the world, have been somewhat of an observer, and I am clearly of opinion, that, bad as the world is, and in spite of many exceptions, the obsequious slaves of pride, and officious whisperers of greatness, oftener meet with contempt than promotion; and those who do succeed by such means, though they may be what is called prosperous, cannot be happy; for who can be happy who is conscious of his own baseness. This consideration ought to deter every person of sound sense from searching for happiness in paths where there is no chance of

* Rambler, N° 180.

finding it; but," continued he, "I cannot help remarking that no man of my acquaintance has more reaſon than you, Mr. Mordaunt, to believe that *ſpirit*, *generoſity*, and *benevolence*, are the beſt guides to happineſs even in this world; ſince, without theſe, you never would have gained the heart and the hand of one of the moſt accompliſhed and agreeable women in it."

You need not doubt that I received this compliment as I ought, and with the more ſatisfaction, becauſe Horatia was included. This leads me to what I wiſhed to inform you of.

Though you were at pains to remove all my objections againſt matrimony, particularly that founded on my unlucky propenſity to tire of every enjoyment, yet I have furniſhed you with ſo many inſtances of it, that I ſhould not be ſurpriſed if your ſolicitude for my happineſs ſtill gave you uneaſineſs on that account.

In the firſt place, however, I muſt acknowledge that no arguments would have

been able to have overcome my prejudice, unaffifted by the attractions of Horatia; I felt them, indeed, fo powerful, that I am by no means certain that I fhould not, contrary to all argument and common fenfe, have offered her marriage, even although I had been fure of repenting in a month. You, fee, my dear lord, what a philofopher your brother is;—but, however enthufiaftically fond I was of her then, I have the happinefs of affuring you now, that the three months I have lived with her have only added frefh efteem to undiminifhed love.

Three months you will think no great trial. But what chance is there of change where the fources of conftancy are always augmenting? I declare to you, that I did not know half the value of this charming woman when I firft fell in love with her. I perceived, indeed, beauty, cheerfulnefs, and fenfibility beaming from every feature of her countenance; I faw politenefs without reftraint, and gaity devoid of boldnefs in the whole of her manner; and I heard obferva-

tions replete with good ſenſe, and characteriſtic of a juſt taſte, flow from her lips; but I could not then know the extent of her benevolence, nor the ſteadineſs and warmth of her friendſhip.—She flew with exultation to me lately with a letter juſt received. "What joyful news!" cried ſhe: "the dear marchioneſs has had a happy meeting with her huſband—they are comfortably ſituated.—Oh, thanks be to heaven!"

The ſenſibility of Horatia's character appears in genuine ſympathy with the good and bad fortune of her friends, and in the zeal and activity with which ſhe endeavours to ſerve them; but ſhe never diſplays ſenſibility, as too many women do, in ſtartings, tremors, and faintings, at every ſudden noiſe or alarm: it is a great misfortune when this proceeds from weakneſs; when from affectation, it is a greater;—one deſerves compaſſion, the other contempt; but both are exceedingly troubleſome to all around.

Her ſerenity on ſuch occaſions, ſhe has told me, ſhe owes to the provident good ſenſe

of her parents, who familiarifed her, from her childhood, with fuch noifes and fights as are apt to terrify without being dangerous.

It is furprifing how very little time Horatia paffes at her toilet; and yet no woman is more becomingly dreffed;—fhe ties a handkerchief around her head, pulls her hair over her brow, and fhe appears in a ftyle of beauty which the frifeur labours to give other women in vain. She is endowed with a graceful elafticity of body, as well as mind, which appears in all her exercifes.—I do not know whether you have remarked it; but I think that thofe women who are fluggifh and ungraceful in their actions are generally drawling in their manner of fpeaking, flovenly in their drefs, and not unfrequently peevifh in their temper.

Peevifhnefs is a difeafe of the mind to which Horatia is an entire ftranger;—cheerfulnefs is the natural colour of her temper, which may be fhaded by grief, but never can be obfcured by a quality, of which Dr. Johnfon has well faid, "that it can be borne only

when it is despised."—She herself once said to me, "If I had originally felt any tendency to peevishness, ill-nature, or envy, the conversation and example of lady Diana Franklin would have removed it."

Next to lady Diana, her most esteemed and confidential friend is Mrs. Sommers;—the delicate and affectionate solicitude that Horatia manifested during her friend's illness, which she *returned with answering looks of sympathy and love*, was the most affecting scene I ever witnessed.

That the woman who captivates my heart is the chosen companion of Sommers's Juliet gives me additional interest in both, and fills my mind with ideas of lasting felicity. *Your* approbation, so warmly expressed, has the same delightful effect.

The business which forced me to town is now almost over;—I shall expect you on Monday; and, if it suits you, we will set out the day after for Oxfordshire. Mr. and Mrs. Darnley express great pleasure in the hopes of seeing you arrive with me:—Lady Diana is al-

ready there; ſhe writes to me, that Horatia is particularly pleaſed with the humour and character of Travers:—I rejoice to hear it—I wiſh her to love all my friends. Sommers ſhe has long eſteemed in a ſupreme degree.

> Friendſhip's great laws, and Love's ſuperior powers,
> Muſt mark the colour of my future hours *.

For ſo much happineſs I am conſcious of owing heaven

> The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude †.

I remain, my dear Brother,
moſt affectionately yours,
J. MORDAUNT.

* Prior. † Milton.

FINIS.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Falcon-court, Fleet-ſtreet, London.